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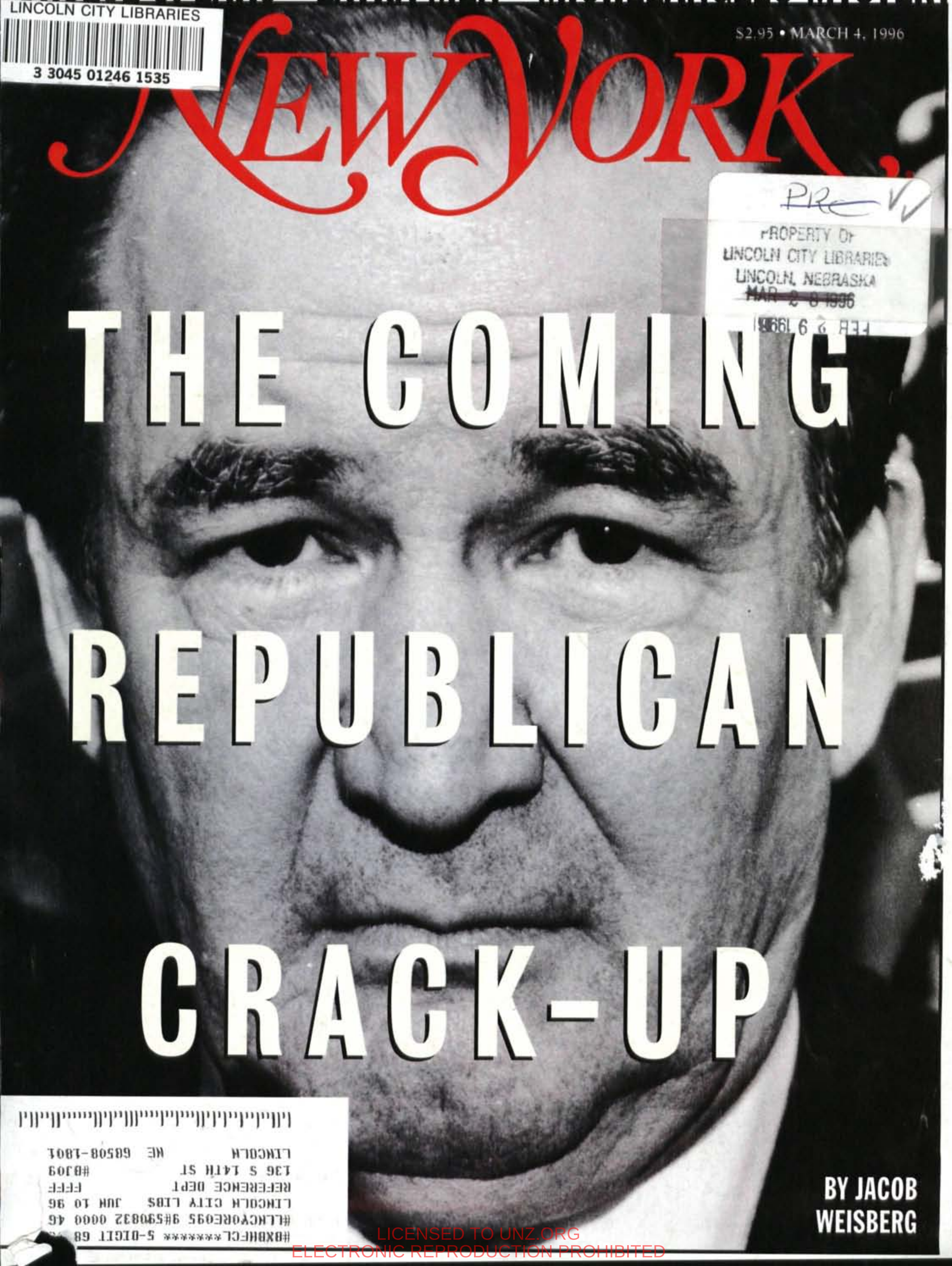

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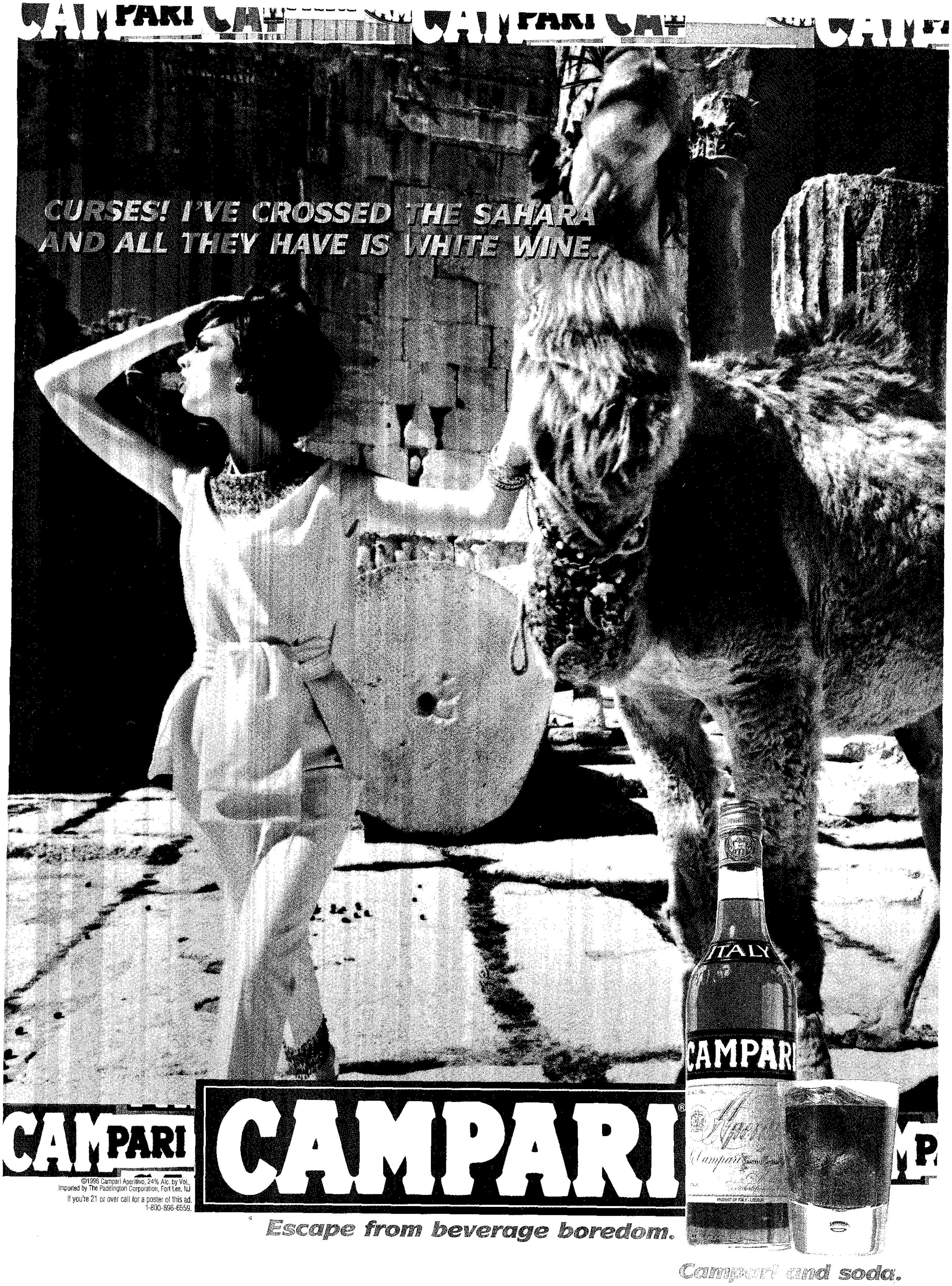
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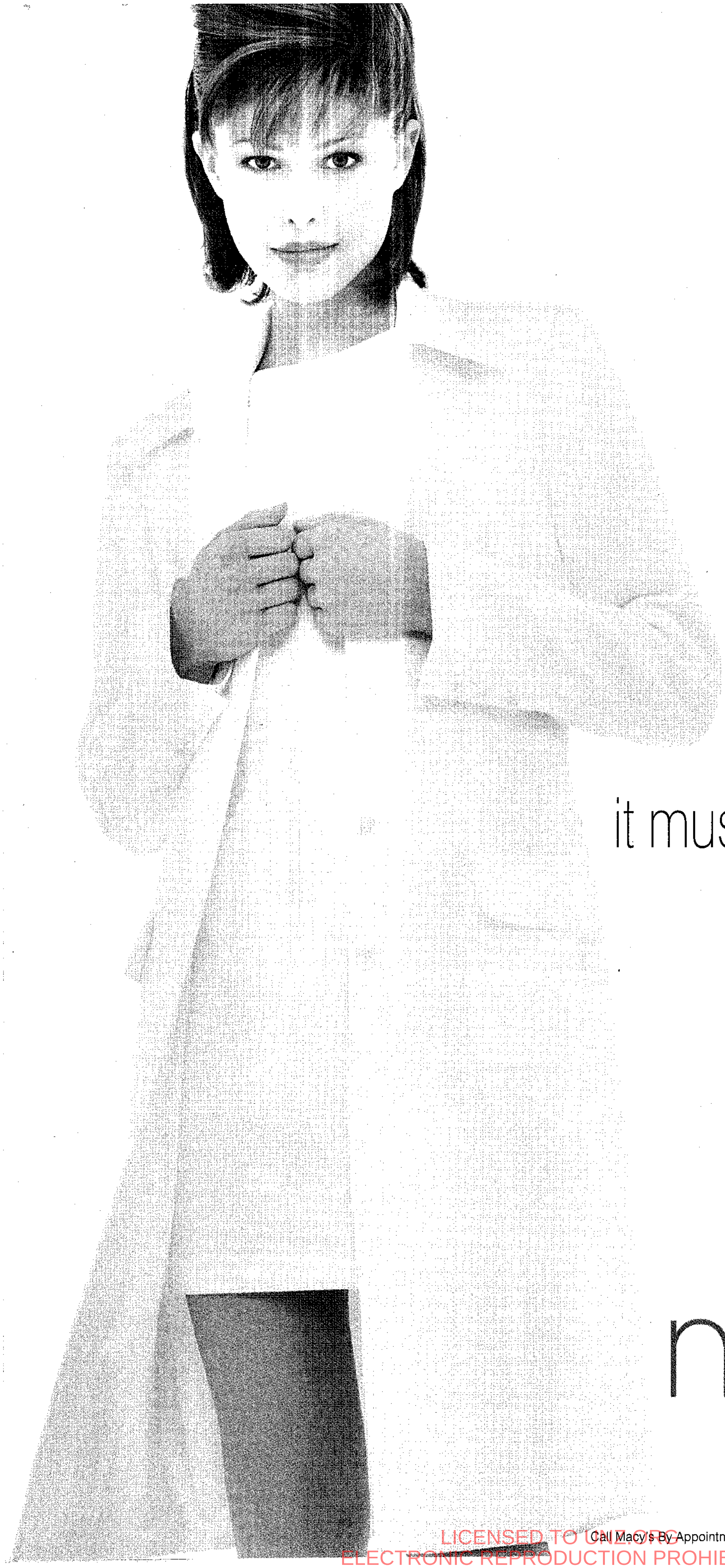

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By Jacob Weisberg

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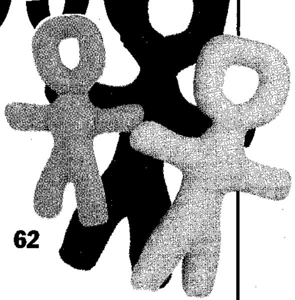

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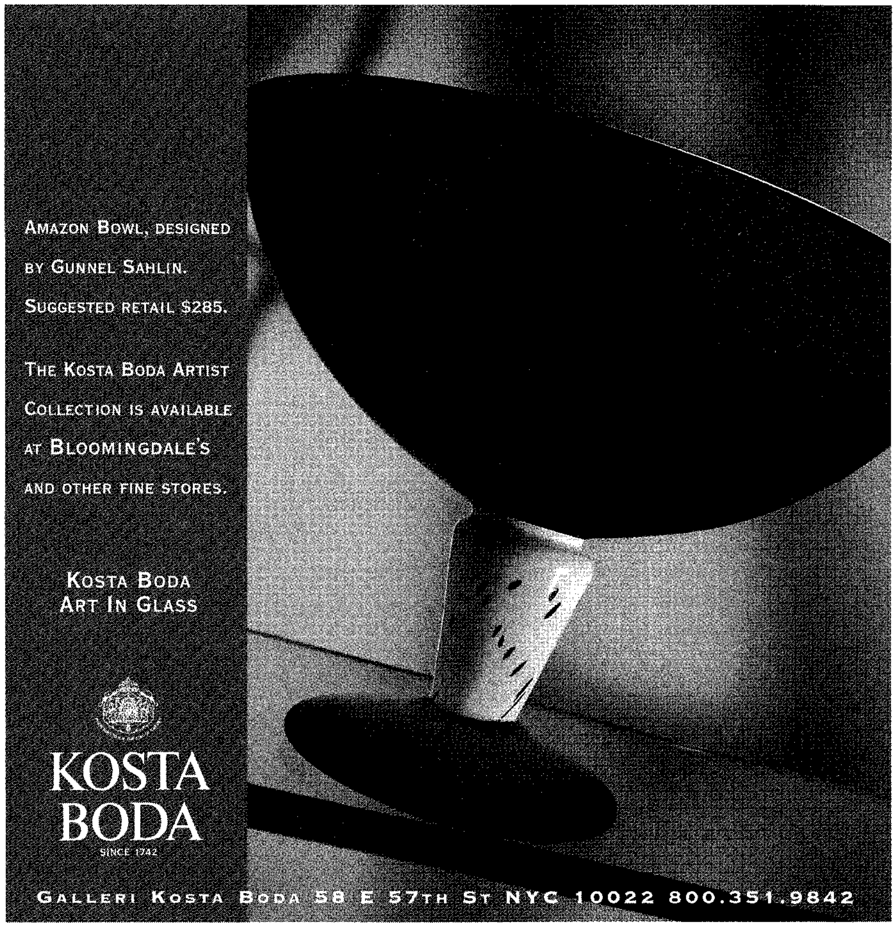
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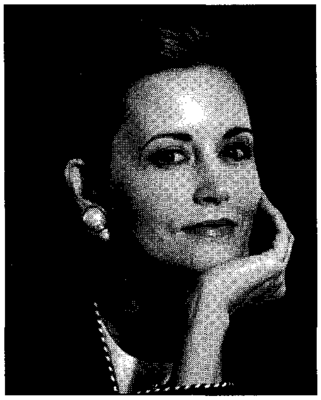

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War Torn

The interventionists vs. the therapists in the continuing debate about the future of American drug policy; an appreciative investor.

I WOULD LIKE TO SET THE RECORD straight concerning my comments on the legalization of drugs in Craig Horowitz's February 5 story "The No-Win War." I do not support the legalization of any currently illegal controlled substances.

My statement last year, "Either legalize them or get rid of them, but quit playing the games that enrich the evil, strengthen the violent, addict our children, and make us look pathetic and helpless," was directed toward a Clinton administration that has submitted budgets with fewer and fewer funds for drug interdiction over the past three years. Furthermore, the General Accounting Office found that the administration's anti-drug strategy in the source countries is badly managed, is poorly coordinated among agencies, and holds low priority in key embassies. In addition, the unequivocal "Just say no!" message of the eighties has recently been replaced by sentiments of defeatism and ambiguity. In this atmosphere, no wonder drug use has risen over the past few years.

As to my personal views on this topic, I refer you to my words just prior to the quote above. I called for stringent measures for drug users, especially the well-off who believe they can escape punishment: "Anybody who's successful who gets caught buying drugs ought to have two days a week, every week, for a minimum of a year, doing public service at the convenience of the court. . . . You show up, or we jail you for five years." I am convinced that the war on drugs can be won. All that's needed is a clear-cut strategy and a focused message.

Newt Gingrich
WASHINGTON, D.C.

CRAIG HOROWITZ ASSERTS THAT WE HAVE lost the war on drugs. He presents the strategies that have contributed to this failure: interdiction and cartel-busting, illegality as a deterrent to drug use, increased police arrests and tougher sentencing. But if we are to have an honest, enlightened debate on America's drug problem, then drug-abuse treatment—all but ignored in his article—must be an essential component of the discussion.

There is strong evidence that drug treatment can be effective in promoting drug-free, pro-social behavior. Most notable are drug-free community- and prison-based programs based on concepts of self-help and peer support. The devastation caused by drug abuse will not change whether the addict obtains his or her drugs on the street or through a legal drug-dispensing program. Unless we target treatment that reduces drug dependence, the drug war will remain unwinnable.

Wendy Geringer
CROTON-ON-HUDSON, N.Y.

UNFORTUNATELY, THE WAR ON DRUGS WILL continue, for the law enforcement–industrial complex is economically replacing the military-industrial complex crippled by the ending of the Cold War. If these prohibitionists are really serious, why haven't they targeted the large pharmaceutical companies that spend millions of dollars promoting the message that for every little ache and pain, there is a drug we can take that will make us feel better?

Tony Vanaria
OLDWICK, N.J.

THE PROBLEM WITH THE WAR ON DRUGS IS that it is being fought as a war in the first place. The win-or-lose rhetoric of war has no place in the debate on a social problem as complex as drug use. Politicians of the past 80 years have failed to understand that government cannot effectively legislate what individuals do to themselves. Drug users have made a moral decision that goes against the greater moral agenda. They are not helping the society around them, but as far as users are concerned, they are not hurting it either—they are the only victims of their crime.

The legalized sale of drugs would virtually eliminate the violence associated with them. Aside from a few black markets, the criminal underworld built around the sale and trafficking of drugs would collapse. Legalizing drugs would free up the money currently used to fight the drug war—not to mention the untold billions the government would reap from the inevitable sin taxes that would be slapped on these products—for programs that would do more social good than harm. Hard-line prohibitionists should stop clinging to their worst-case scenarios and realize that the current conditions of the drug problem *are* the worst-case scenario.

Glenn Derene
MANHATTAN

I WAS MARRIED TO A CRACK ADDICT. IN spite of his arrest record, he continued to buy crack at the same place and continued to be arrested by the same police officers. Threats and lectures did not stop his prodigious drug use. He had to hit rock bottom to enter rehab and stay in a program, which, so far, he has done successfully. It is unfortunate that addicts are not treated as the sick people they are and that "prohibitionists" like Donna Shalala have never lived with an addict to see the destruction they cause to their loved ones. It is a fallacy to believe that addicts can be forced into treatment or forced to stop by threats and lectures. They stop when they are prepared to stop. This is a problem that does not belong in the court system.

Name Withheld
WOODSIDE, N.Y.

Stock Tip

AS A LONGTIME STOCK TRADER, I HAVE NEVER really taken advice from money managers and stockbrokers. James Cramer's "Fortune Telling" [January 15] caught both my eye and my attention. I decided to buy seven of the stocks in the *New York* portfolio. Each one of them is up and making me money. You don't usually carry financial news in your magazine, but you might think about having Mr. Cramer write an occasional article on finances and follow through with his "investment guide to 1996." The article was just loaded with good common sense.

Susan Wilkins
BALTIMORE, MD.

Correction In the "Intelligencer" item "The Devil and Ms. (Barbara) Jones" (February 5) we reported that Senator Al D'Amato sponsored Barbara Jones for a federal judgeship. In fact, Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan sponsored Ms. Jones. *New York* regrets the error.

Letters may be edited for space and clarity. They should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, New York *Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017-5998 or sent via e-mail to 76702.2510@compuserve.com. Please include a daytime phone number.*

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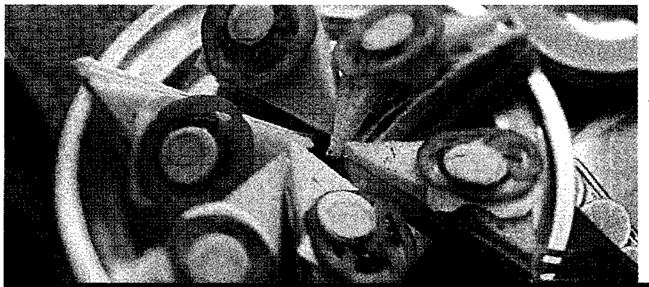

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BY BETH LANDMAN AND DEBORAH MITCHELL

INTELLIGENCER

LOOKING OUT FOR MR. WRIGHT

The carpetbaggers have taken over the Dia Center for the Arts, one of New York's most important contemporary-art institutions. Seattle-based **Charles Wright,** until 1994 Dia's director, has just become chairman, replacing the redoubtable New Yorker **Ashton Hawkins** after two months of bloody infighting. It's a boardroom battle with an *All About Eve* aspect: Wright, after all, was Hawkins's longtime protégé. Hawkins hired him as an extern at the Metropolitan Museum when Wright was at Stanford Law School, and later enticed him to move east and become the director of Dia. Together, they built a glittering, eclectic board that included *Interview*'s **Sandra Brant,** socialites **Jan Cowles** and **William Rayner,** and, more recently, San Franciscans **Mimi Haas** (wife of Levi Strauss's **Peter Haas**) and Frisbee millionairess **Frances Bowes.** Then, on December 12, Wright and another board member visited Hawkins at the Met and essentially asked for his resignation. The next day, at a Dia board meeting, tempers reached a fever pitch. According to minutes of the meeting obtained by *New York,* Wright began by explaining why he was seeking Hawkins's ouster: Dia was promised $2.5 million from four board members—Haas, Bowes, **Fred Henry,** and **Ann Tenenbaum**—but only if they got more control of the center. Tenenbaum, engaged to Snapple billionaire **Tom Lee,** threatened that Lee's promised $1 million donation might not materialize if the board hesitated. Within a month, the coup was complete. Hawkins and his loyalists had resigned, and the West Coast mob was firmly in control. But one old-timer is still hanging on: **Philippa de Menil Friedrich,** the eccentric heiress who founded Dia in 1974, remains on the board, although she's now a Sufi Muslim and goes by the name Fariha.

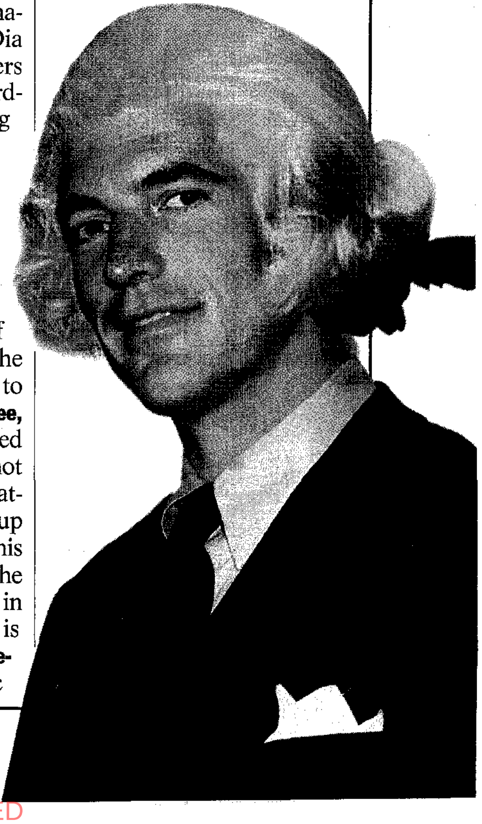
THE QUEEN OF ROCK'S NEW ROLE?

Soul sisters: Etheridge (above) makes a bid for Joplin

Grammy victor **Melissa Etheridge** is so obsessed with **Janis Joplin** that she's campaigning to play the blues-rock queen in a film version of her life. While Bette Midler made *The Rose,* loosely based on Joplin, no one has been able to secure the rights to her music, which are controlled by Joplin's siblings Michael and Laura Joplin. Now an official film version of her life is in the works, and Etheridge is fiercely lobbying for the role. She's even incorporated cover versions of "Piece of My Heart" and "Me and Bobby McGee" into her show. According to L.A. film agent **Ron Bernstein,** who is at work on the project, the film will be a joyous account. "I don't think anybody wants to make a movie about 'I drank too much, I smoked too much.' She was self-destructive, but she was also a great artist, and that is more important to us." What do Janis's intimates think of Melissa in the role? "As a passionate performer, she'd be terrific," says **Robert Gordon,** Joplin's primary lawyer and the attorney for her estate. "How she would be as an *actress* remains to be seen."

UNEASY IS THE HEAD THAT WEARS THE WIG

Now that editor **Eric Etheridge** has been chopped down by *George,* who's going to take up the editorial slack? You guessed it: Editor-in-chief **John F. Kennedy Jr.** "When Eric left," says president and co-founder **Michael J. Berman,** "a decision was made to eliminate the position of editor." But perhaps the folks at Hachette want to hedge their bets, because now comes word that *George* is indeed scouring the town for top editors. "We are speaking to a lot of people," admits Berman. "We'll be going monthly in August, and we're staffing up." *George* is also promoting senior editor **Elizabeth "Biz" Mitchell** to the position of executive editor. "Not all mags have an editor-in-chief and an editor," says Kennedy. "Conventional wisdom is that magazines need one person's vision. If they have too many visions, they fall apart." Kennedy feels his limited journalistic experience will present no problem. "Certainly there are people who have skills that I don't. Am I the best line editor? Probably not. But I can read something and decide what works. I wear the hat of someone who comes at it as an outsider." Meanwhile, the wall reportedly constructed around Kennedy to keep out gawking neighbors turns out to be a myth. "Since we've arrived, we haven't constructed any walls," Kennedy insists. "All we've done is tear them down."



John F. Kennedy Jr.: The head of *George*

JULIE SALAMON'S GREEN CHRISTMAS

Acclaimed author **Julie Salamon** will be able to afford *plenty* of devil's candy if rumors of her big payday are true. Salamon is the former *Wall Street Journal* movie critic who wrote *Devil's Candy* (about the making of the disastrous movie *Bonfire of the Vanities*) and the upcoming *The Net of Dreams* (which starts on the set of Steven Spielberg's *Schindler's*

Photographs: top to bottom, John Bellissimo/LGI; LGI Stock; M. Gerber/LGI.

Courtney Love:
In like Flynt

COURTNEY LOVE: A HOLE NEW LOOK

Playing doomed drug addict Althea Leasure Flynt in Columbia's upcoming *The People vs. Larry Flynt* has apparently taken its toll on ragged rocktress **Courtney Love.** In the past month, the fleshy blonde has morphed into a rail-thin, raven-haired vixen. She's dyed her hair dark brown and she's very skinny, reports a friend, who says, "She's *never* been so thin." Love, who has been on location in Memphis since January, dieted strenuously for the part, which calls for her to do a slow striptease to "Hang On Sloopy." In clothed moments, Courtney is decked out like Stevie Nicks, and she's said to have taken a surprising shine to the New Romantic look. But maybe she's just weak from all the dieting. Two weeks ago, Love and her co-star, **Woody Harrelson,** took a Friday night off to catch a local production of *Death of a Salesman.* Love, exhausted from her twelve-to-fourteen-hour workdays, fell fast asleep during the performance. Meanwhile, casting on the **Milos Forman** film continues. No sooner had word leaked out that Clinton crony **Jim Carville** was to play the porno king's right-wing nemesis than another role was cast: Jimmy Flynt, Larry's brother, will be played by **Brett Harrelson,** Woody's younger brother.

List and then explores the Holocaust experiences of her own family). Her latest book is a fairy tale called *The Christmas Tree,* about the annual tree at Rockefeller Center. Though word is she's been paid $500,000 by Random House for the slim volume, neither the publisher nor Salamon's agent—**Kathy Robbins** of "Anonymous" fame—would confirm the amount.

Bill Fugazy:
Limousine conservative

BILL FUGAZY RAISES HIS *VOICE*

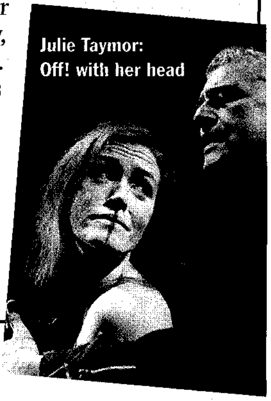
What's behind **Bill Fugazy**'s shrill assault on *The Village Voice*? More than Fugazy lets on, if some sources are to be believed. In the past month, the loopy limousine tycoon and his National Ethnic Coalition of Organizations have mounted a vituperative campaign against the beleaguered weekly, accusing it of disseminating ethnic slurs. On Thursday, NECO and Fugazy are holding a press conference calling for a boycott of *Voice* owner **Leonard Stern's** Hartz Mountain—and, ludicrously, to announce the filing of a hate-crimes complaint against the weekly. Fugazy's attack was ostensibly prompted by an article on State Senator **Joe Bruno,** written by fellow Italian-American **Bill Bastone,** that awarded Bruno "The 'What-Would-You-Expect-From-a-Greasy-Wop' Award"—an intentionally crude, turn-the-tables satire of Bruno's perceived anti-black and anti-gay sentiments. Not surprisingly, *Voice* insiders speculate that Fugazy's counterattack may have more to do with his ego than with ethnic victimization. From 1993 to 1995, the *Voice*'s **Wayne Barrett** lambasted Fugazy in a series of articles pointing out his history of corruption and fraud while much of the New York press was touting him as a hero. The articles stemmed from a 1990 federal racketeering conviction for mail, wire, bankruptcy, and securities fraud, and called for further legal attention to Fugazy's scams. As it happens, the NECO attorney leading the charge against the *Voice,* **Dom Amorosa,** is the very same one who represented Fugazy while he was being investigated for tax evasion by the U.S. Attorney's office in 1995—an investigation prompted in part by the *Voice* articles. Despite apologies by *Voice* president **David Schneiderman,** editor-in-chief **Karen Durbin** remains adamant. "I am disgusted," she says. "The *Voice* apologizes for nothing." Fugazy declined to comment.

THE PRIME OF MISS MAGGIE SMITH: News that **Maggie Smith** (a.k.a. Jean Brodie) turned up in the audience of *Master Class* this month got theater types talking. Speculation is that Smith may replace **Zoe Caldwell,** who recently collapsed on stage—not from "exhaustion," as was reported, but from food poisoning after eating a plateful of oysters from, of all places, Sardi's. Smith attended the performance with Caldwell's husband, producer **Robert Whitehead,** and they all went out for drinks afterward.

Additional reporting by Claude Brodesser, Matthew Pincus, and Maria Ricapito.

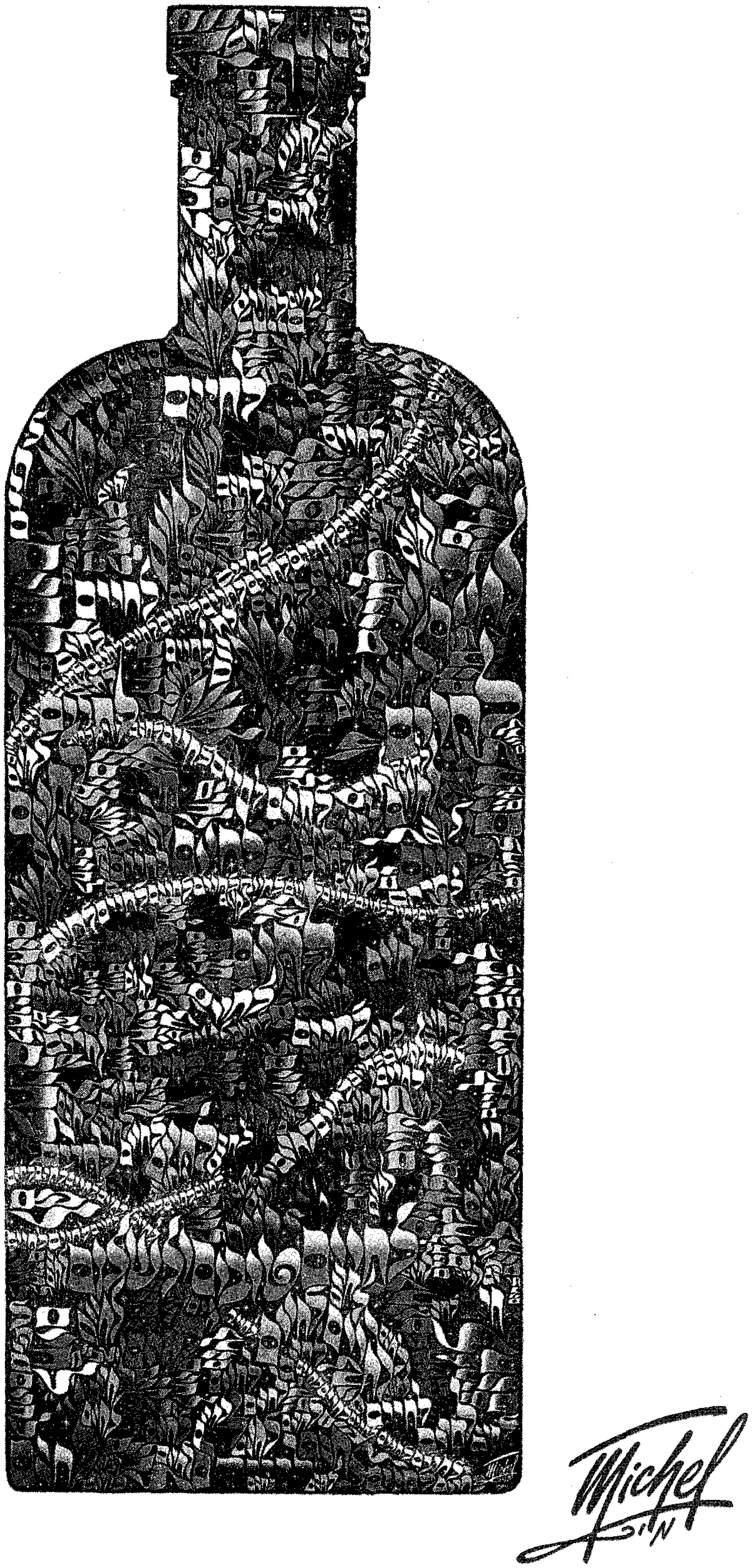
THE LION QUEEN OF BROADWAY

Some people wait until they ascend into power before launching ego trips. **Julie Taymor,** celebrated avant-garde stage director and a winner of the MacArthur "genius" award, likes to rush things along. The 43-year-old *femme terrible*—chosen by Disney to direct the live Broadway version of the animated megahit *The Lion King*—freaked out the company when she prematurely announced her own hiring in a gushy interview with *Variety.* According to Disney sources, executives were so upset by Taymor's indiscretion that they called and warned her to stop talking to the press. Unfortunately, her problems with Mickey are just the beginning. The high-handed Taymor left few fans among the cast and crew of her last project, a major Los Angeles production of *The Flying Dutchman.* After opening night, during which a disgruntled crew member handed out Taymor-repellent spray bottles labeled BITCH BEGONE and someone threw a tomato at her during a curtain call, a war-torn Taymor collapsed backstage in the arms of Los Angeles opera director **Peter Hemmings,** crying, "This is the most awful thing that's ever happened to me." The reviews, sadly, were to provide no relief. The L.A. *Times* pronounced parts of Taymor's *Dutchman* "excruciatingly silly and hopelessly gimmicky." A spokesperson for Taymor's latest effort, *The Green Bird,* which opens in New York this week, dismisses the reports. "I've worked with her all week," she says, "and I haven't seen *anything* like that."



Julie Taymor:
Off! with her head

Photographs: top to bottom, Russell Einhorn/Gamma-Liaison; Fred W. McDarrah; Gerry Goodstein.



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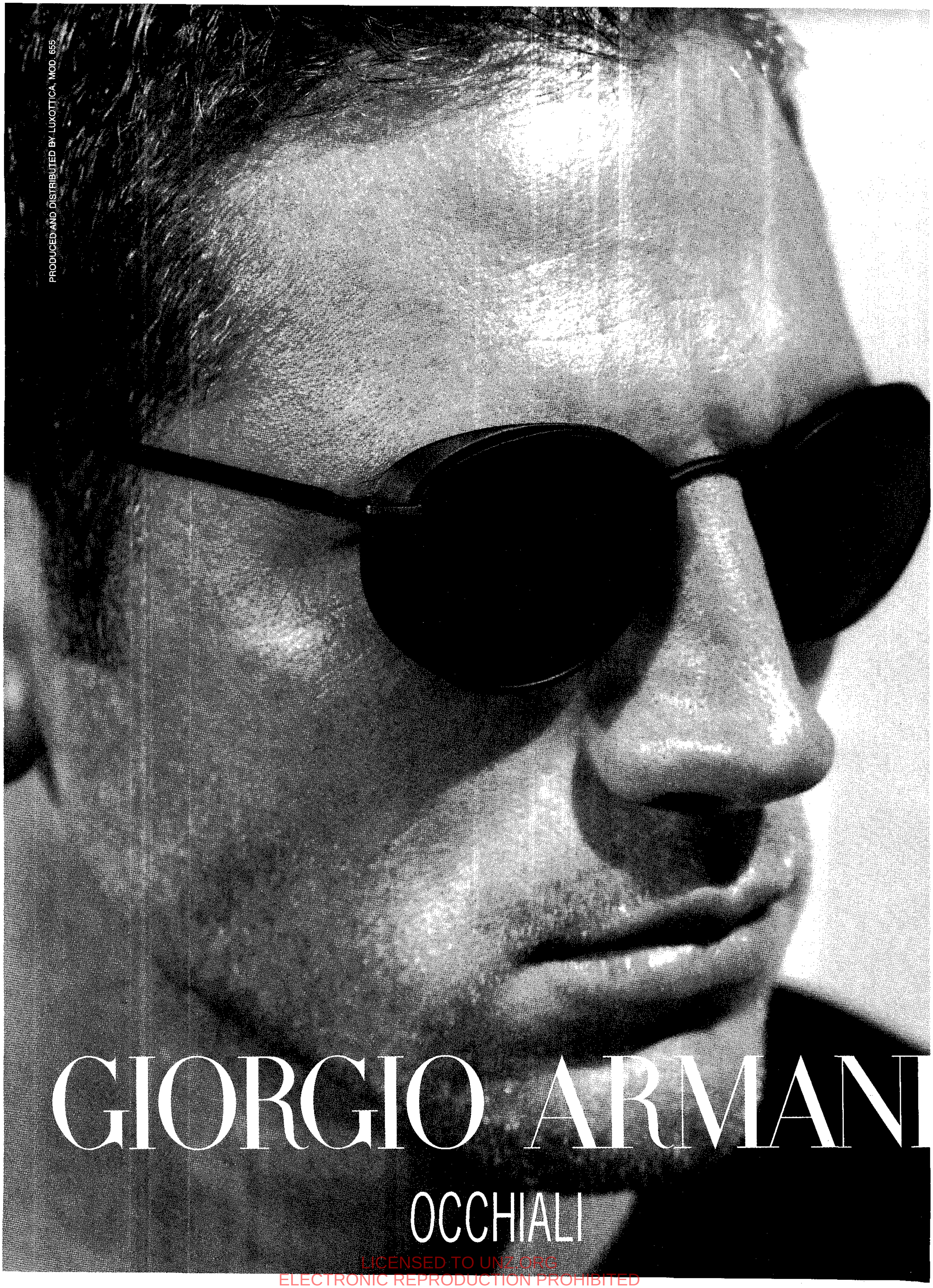

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GOTHAM

Its climate is a scandal, its politics are used to frighten children—*John* **Steinbeck**

THE FRONT PAGE

She's Gotta Have It

Last week, women took a few blows and didn't seem to mind.

Once upon a time, in a news cycle far, far away, strong women (or "feminists," as they were called in those days) sought justice by resisting male domination. Not only was it good politics, but it made for great spectacle—rallies, marches, the incineration of lingerie. It seemed for a while like the fun would never end, but suddenly stick-in-the-mud men seem to have found a trump card: They stopped playing their part altogether. And if they won't even fight, what's the fun in fighting back?

You'd think at least Edward Leary would be good for a scuffle. There he was, as his wife testified in his defense, dragging home all sorts of rusty junk, attacking his facial blemishes with a nail clipper, igniting fire bombs in the subway—by and large, itching for a quarrel. "When I commented on it, he just smiled at me," she said, seeming ever-so-slightly gypped. "I told him the stuff he was bringing home was useless. He just smiled."

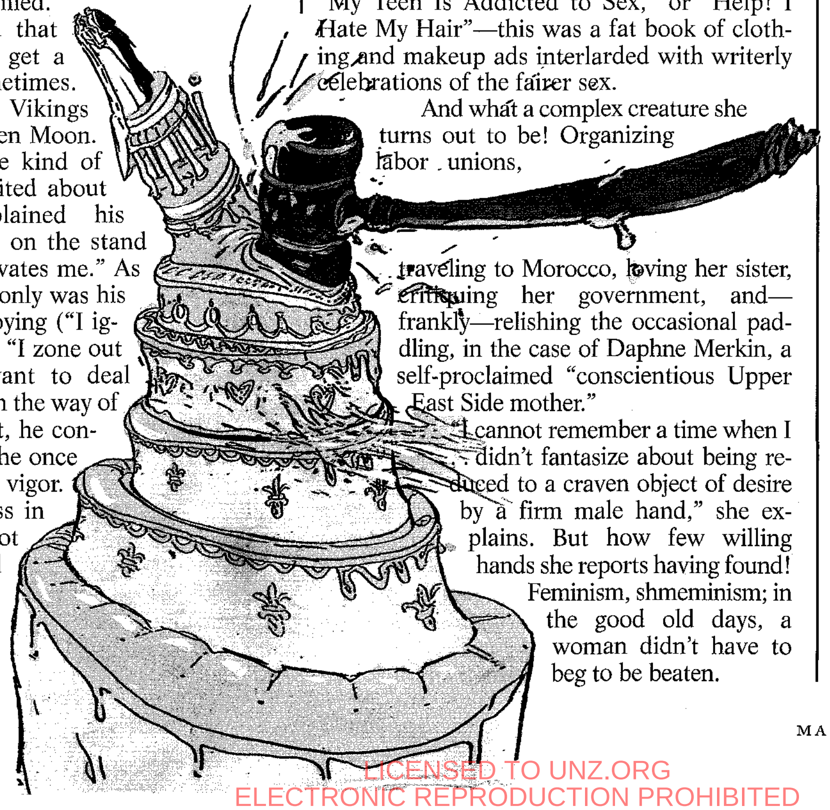
Men are weird that way—so hard to get a rise out of, sometimes. Take Minnesota Vikings quarterback Warren Moon. "He's just not the kind of person to get excited about something," explained his wife, Felicia, also on the stand recently. "It aggravates me." As well it might; not only was his implacability annoying ("I ignore her," he said. "I zone out things I don't want to deal with"), but it got in the way of the drubbings that, he confessed elsewhere, he once administered with vigor. His inattentiveness in this department got so bad, she said when ordered to testify against him, that once in a while she even had to beat herself up. And that, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, is the perfectly simple explanation for the cuts, bruises, and swellings that marked her face and body.

Not the cleanest victory ever won in the name of female self-reliance, perhaps, but things do tend to get muddied when they're dragged through the courts. Not so, however, at the offices of *The New Yorker,* where by contrast it was an old-fashioned hear-me-roar festival all week long.

Amid much fanfare, the magazine brought forth its long-debated and Roseanne-affiliated Women's Issue. Not to be confused with the women's issues you find on the chat shows—"My Teen Is Addicted to Sex," or "Help! I Hate My Hair"—this was a fat book of clothing and makeup ads interlarded with writerly celebrations of the fairer sex.

And what a complex creature she turns out to be! Organizing labor unions, traveling to Morocco, loving her sister, critiquing her government, and—frankly—relishing the occasional paddling, in the case of Daphne Merkin, a self-proclaimed "conscientious Upper East Side mother."

"I cannot remember a time when I didn't fantasize about being reduced to a craven object of desire by a firm male hand," she explains. But how few willing hands she reports having found! Feminism, shmeminism; in the good old days, a woman didn't have to beg to be beaten.



THE CHUCK STOPS HERE More peculiar than last week's revelations that Channel 4 anchorman Chuck Scarborough has given money not only to Bob Dole's and Steve Forbes's campaigns but to Bush-Quayle '92 and Citizens for Arlen Specter as well is Scarborough's apparent reluctance to actually vote. *New York* has learned that the generous Republican hasn't cast a ballot in New York City since the 1990 general election.

THROUGH THE ROOF "One of the challenges is the franchisees say, 'Hey, I'm already running such a high occupancy, why should I spend money just because you'd like me to change the color or the exterior?' But the Tisch family owns the Eighth Avenue one, and they're very progressive type of people," Eric Pfeffer, the president and COO of Howard Johnson, told *New York* when asked exactly how the hotel chain plans to change its signature look from orange and teal to bright blue and multicolored stripes.

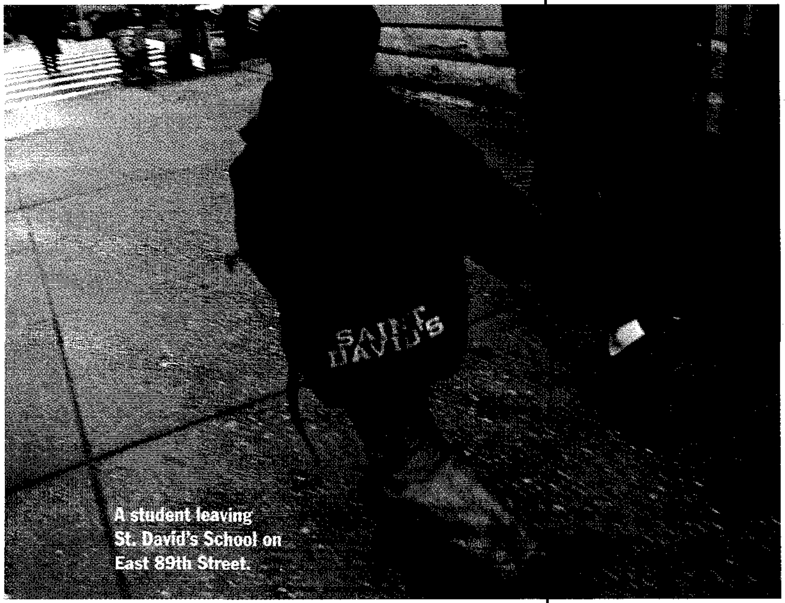
FREE PUBLICITY When Pat Buchanan told Sam Donaldson last week, "You may believe you're descended from monkeys. I don't believe it. I think you're a creature of God," secular humanists fretted.

All but one. "My first thought was, 'Wow, this is going to be great for the play.' It's going to be thrilling to play out a story about a right-wing politician who argues for creationism while the debate is playing itself out again, 70 years later, in national politics," Anthony Heald, who portrays the H. L. Mencken figure in the upcoming Broadway production of *Inherit the Wind,* told *New York.*

Education

IT PAYS TO STUDY

"IT WAS THE DAY BEFORE SCHOOL STARTED," Joan Vecsey says, recalling the first time St. David's notified her of her child's shortcomings. It was two years ago. Her 4-year-old son, Joseph, was about to begin kindergarten at the exclusive Catholic school on East 89th Street, the institution responsible for the education of Mayor Giuliani's cheeky son, Andrew. Vecsey spotted Jane Warwick, the head of the lower school, running out to the curb. "She said, 'You know Joseph's here on trial, don't you?' " Vecsey recalls. " 'I reread his reports, and he's in dire need of help.' "


A student leaving St. David's School on East 89th Street.

Vecsey, the wife of New York *Post* sportswriter Peter Vecsey and a former elementary-school teacher, wasn't sure how Warwick had come to this ominous conclusion, since Joseph hadn't yet started class and the results from his ERBs (the standardized intelligence test used by most New York private schools) had certainly been good enough to get him into St. David's in the first place. But that September morning, Vecsey says, Warwick warned her, "You better decide if you and your husband are willing to make this financial commitment to get him through school, because he'll never make it."

Joseph Vecsey's tutoring began—three hour-long sessions a week at $70 to $80 each, for which Joseph had to be pulled from the classes that were already costing his parents $9,300 in tuition. (At that rate, tutoring and tuition would add up to $17,000 a year—for kindergarten.) Joan Vecsey thought it odd that the tutor Warwick recommended had an office at St. David's, but fear of the unthinkable—her son's failure—suspended her skepticism. "You're caught totally off-guard," she says. "So what do you say?"

Vecsey felt better when she later met Vibeke Steineger, who had been told by the school that her son needed "eight hours a week through the summer if he was going to be able to cope with kindergarten," says Steineger. "Warwick kept saying, 'I believe in early intervention.' "

Vecsey eventually met a mother who had transferred her son from St. David's to Browning after two years of four-times-a-week tutoring failed to remedy his "lag" in reading, as she says Warwick termed it. He started the tutoring in "pre-first"—the intermediate step at St. David's between kindergarten and first grade. He was 6 years old. "It was like a stake in the heart," says his mother. "I was very nervous about him never doing well in school, but Browning said absolutely not, and Allen-Stevenson said, 'We see no problem with this child.' "

Academic pressure is nothing new to private-school culture, and perhaps St. David's, a relative newcomer, has more at stake, having to compete for the same proto-achievers as St. Bernard's, Collegiate, and Dalton, all of which share an interest in propelling students toward the Ivy League. Some St. David's parents estimate that tutoring at the school's request has become so common that more than a third of St. David's lower-school students are being singled out for help at any given time. In contrast, a teacher at a different top-tier school says only about two of twenty first-graders receive tutoring outside of class. Jane Warwick did not return calls, and the headmaster of the school, Donald Maiocco, refused to comment.

According to Rosemary Smyth, whose son attended St. David's through the eighties, the school, where Warwick has worked since 1967, has a history of overzealous tutoring. "It seemed that hardly any child got through there without any tutoring being recommended, or required," says Smyth. "If you didn't have an academic problem, you had a handwriting problem. You were talking about enormous amounts of money."

For some, of course, the added expense is simply the price of excellence in an increasingly intense local atmosphere of primary education. Another St. David's parent, whose son is tutored two hours a week, says simply, "Tutoring is a huge business in New York. The parents are high achievers themselves, and the thought of getting a B-plus is a horror."

But many educators believe that aside from undermining a child's confidence, tutoring at such an early age is totally unnecessary. "Kindergarten—that seems extraordinary," says Catherine Hausman, co-author of *Manhattan Family Guide to Private Schools*. "You shouldn't really need to tutor children until the second half of first grade. But in kindergarten, there are such big developmental differences. By the third grade, all the kids sort of catch up together." At the request of St. David's, Vibeke Steineger had her son tested by neurologists before school started, at the cost of $2,000. "The testing people said it was too early to tell if he had a problem or not," she says. Steineger agreed to only partial tutoring, and eventually, Warwick notified her that her son was not invited back to first grade at St. David's; he is now at Browning, where he has not needed any tutoring.

It wasn't until later that fall at a charity fund-raiser that Joan Vecsey met the first of the dissatisfied parents. She had been talking to a friend about Joseph when the friend interrupted. "I know this story," she said, leading Vecsey over to a woman who had pulled her son from St. David's after receiving almost daily calls from Warwick about his bad behavior. (The mother said Warwick eventually forbade the 5-year-old from sitting with friends during breaks. He had to sit with her.)

Vecsey called the Browning School, where she enrolled Joseph after Christmas break and he is now doing fine. "They said, 'I know the story already,' " says Vecsey. " 'You don't have to finish it.' " ALEX WILLIAMS

Nightlife

SLACKING OFF

THE EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLD CHURCH OF THE SubGenius was once a haven for the hopelessly ironic, who found its ardent endorsement of the pursuit of underachievement highly paradoxical and amusing. (The *faux* cult coined the term *slacker* long before the movie

Photograph by Christophe Agou.

EVELATION
"BOB" APOCRYPHON
Translated by
The SubGenius Foundation, Inc.

Slacker did.) By the time its book came out in 1983, cartoonist R. Crumb was a big fan; so were Ken Kesey and the members of Devo. Although its weekly radio broadcast, "The Hour of Slack," can still be heard here on WFMU, albeit at 1 A.M., the turnout at a recent gathering at Wetlands downtown was not exactly inspirational.

A crude sign tacked to the door advertised the midnight event and price of admission: $10. That cover charge was quickly knocked to $5, and by 12:30, it was down to $0. No question, the church has fallen on hard times. About 60 well-scrubbed kids are clustered around the stage, listening to a man named Brother Ginsu—looking very eighties in his stonewashed-denim jeans, ill-fitting white T-shirt, acrylic black vest, and lite-metal hairdo—bellow his message, inspired by imaginary deity J. R. "Bob" Dobbs, from the podium: "Keep up your faith in the love of life! You can have slack forever!" This is met with some mild tittering. *"Can I get a 'Praise Bob'?"* he implores. The most stylish people in the house—all ten of them—stroll out, single file.

A shempy-looking 19-year-old boy wanders around the room, trolling for a cigarette. His name is Justin, and he says that until tonight he was unfamiliar with the church and its teachings—though he's a recruit if ever there was one. When asked why he's here, he replies, "Well, there were six steps. One: I did some cocaine. Two: I went down to Alphabet City." Justin drags on his cigarette. "Then I scored a bag of heroin from some Spanish kid named Pépé . . ." He pauses. "It's hard to remember. . . . Then my friend came over and said, 'Do you want to go to this thing? There'll be lots of girls there.' " As for tonight's gospel, Justin's unimpressed: "It's nothing I didn't know before." He thinks for a moment. "I'm really thirsty," he announces, and he's off to the bar. Another minister is at the pulpit, proselytizing about the joys of "failing spectacularly"; about twelve more kids begin marching out, eyes fixed firmly on the exit.

A stocky guy in a business suit, meanwhile, is standing in the back of the club at the bulletin board, shifting his weight from one foot to the other. He says that while he can appreciate slack ("I love to sleep"), his 70-hour-a-week job as an accountant won't permit it. Then why is he here? "Well, I'm from Philadelphia, and I was trying to get to this bar called Naked Lunch, but I didn't know where I was going and the cab dropped me here. Why?" he asks earnestly. "Don't I look like I fit in?"

By a little after 1 A.M., the room is virtually empty—though Billy, a short man with frizzy gray hair and glasses, would beg to differ. Billy has worked for the church since 1981 but says he has a legitimate job at a radio station, although he refuses to get more specific than that. He's heartened by tonight's turnout. "I've been to meetings *a lot* less crowded than this," he says seriously. Billy's staring at the Reverend Ivan Stang, a founding church member, who is spewing non sequiturs to an unappreciative audience. "You look like you were injured in the war on drugs!" he shouts at one kid. Later, to the crowd: "Don't lose that will to hate!" An old guy yawns, and the Reverend Ivan gives up. He thanks the stragglers, all of whom look like unwanted guests at a floundering party. But disciple Billy's faith is unflagging. "The conspiracy would like you to believe that the church is losing ground, but it's more popular than ever!" he says, sounding a lot like the eighties televangelists whose rants the church used to spoof so acutely. Justin reappears, vodka-and-OJ in hand. "What happened?" he asks, then answers his own question. "I know. Nothing." MAUREEN CALLAHAN

Advertising

FRIEND OR *FAUX*?

IN THE PAST FEW MONTHS, AN UNUSUAL piece of mail has been turning up on the desks of well-placed executives across the country. It arrives in a first-class, hand-addressed envelope; inside there is a single, dog-eared page torn from the January issue of a magazine called *Executive Focus*. On its front is appended a Post-It note with a

POLITICS

A Politician's Best Friend

When you're running for president, it helps to have a wife. (Jerry Brown's single status was seen as one problematic eccentricity among many.) But when it comes to whom candidates *really* love, it's often their canine companions who win out.

"I am a happy person. I have the best wife in America. I have one of the best dogs, best retrievers in the country. I wouldn't trade my dog for any dog on this planet. You only get one of those in a lifetime, and I got one of them right now. If you get a really good dog in your life, you're a very fortunate man."—Phil Gramm, February 1996

"Steve [Forbes], I brought some pictures. Me and my wife, and that's my little dog Leader, in this picture. He's the one on the right."—Bob Dole, New Hampshire debates, February 1996

"I'm headed back to D.C. to see my dog and my wife. . . . May I make a correction here?"—George Bush, January 1992

"Pat doesn't have a mink coat, but she does have a respectable Republican cloth coat. We did get something, a gift after the election. It was a little cocker spaniel dog in a crate that [was] sent all the way from Texas—black and white, spotted. And our little girl Tricia, the 6-year-old, named it Checkers. I just want to say this right now, that regardless of what they say about it, we're going to keep him."—Richard Nixon, September 1952

"These Republican leaders have not been content with attacks on me, my wife, or my sons. No, not content with that, they now include my little dog Fala. Unlike the members of my family, Fala resents this. He has not been the same dog since."—Franklin D. Roosevelt, November 1944

Photograph by UPI/Corbis-Bettmann.

handwritten message: "Anne," it reads, or Bob, or Peter. "Try this. It's *really* good!" It's signed with the initial *J*.

Not until one gets to the seventh paragraph of the poorly written article does one realize that "J" is hawking a bimonthly newsletter called *The Trend Letter*. On the flip side, there's a form you can clip out to get your $195 subscription started.

The only indication that it is not, in fact, a real article ripped out of a real magazine by a real friend is a tiny disclaimer at the very end that reads, "Personalized Promotion by Global Network."

"The whole point is to get somebody to open up the letter and read it," says Carline Anglade-Coal, vice-president for marketing at the company that owns *The Trend Letter*, explaining the obvious. "Yes, we've gotten some complaints from people who say they feel like they're being tricked. But we've also gotten a lot of calls from people saying, 'This is wonderful. You guys got my attention. I would never have read it and now that I've seen this, let me subscribe.' "

Marsha Goldberg, the director of the ethics and consumer-affairs department for the Direct Marketing Association, says, "I have gotten a handful of letters from people who really *don't* like the technique. They complained that they thought it was a personal letter and that they spent a lot of time trying to figure out who "J" is. Obviously, that's what the promoters wanted them to do. But one woman said she was worried that it was a hint from somebody in her company that she had to bone up on her communication skills or something."

Which is why many advertisers wouldn't deign to put handwritten Post-It notes on *their* direct mail. "It's a fairly new technique that's being used a lot in the business-to-business area where people are advertising seminars or newsletters, because they can mail it to your office instead of your home, and things like Post-It notes often accompany real interoffice mail," says Ray Roel, vice-president of public relations for Ogilvy & Mather Direct. "But we don't recommend doing it, because it appears deceptive and might reflect negatively on our client."

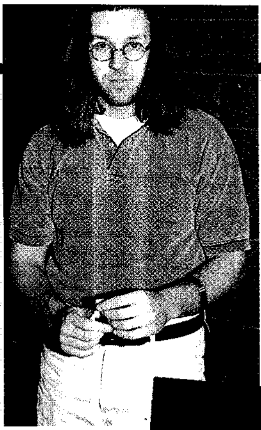
"Everything you receive in the mail now is personalized," counters Anglade-Coal. "I mean, how many times have you gotten a sweepstakes saying, 'You've just won $5 million'?" And, she adds, "no matter what marketing piece we do—and this is true with all marketing—somebody's complaining about something."

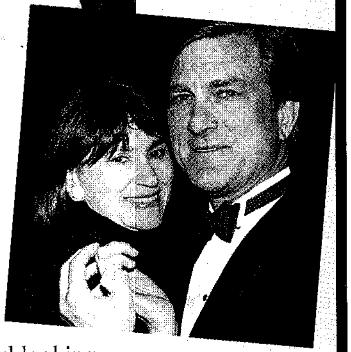
NORMAN VANAMEE

Heat Seekers

At the book party for David Foster Wallace's 'Infinite Jest' at the Tenth Street Lounge.

By Ariel Kaminer
Photographed by Patrick McMullan





Left, David Foster Wallace at the *Infinite Jest* party. Below, Warren Hoge and sister-in-law Sharon at the Citizens Committee's New Yorker for New York Awards banquet.

THE APARTMENT HOUSE BURNING DOWN across the street seemed an unnecessary touch. *Infinite Jest's* status as hot literary property of the moment was already a lock; that its debut party was now causing nearby buildings to combust was just gilding the lily.

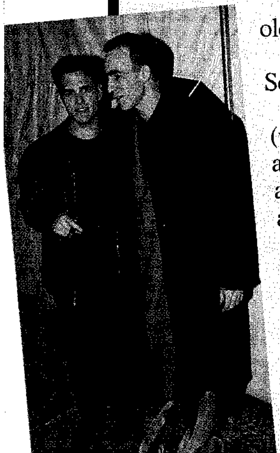
Unlike all the book's reviewers, the crowd—whom *Jest* author David Foster Wallace's agent called "the hippest, most beautiful-looking children I've ever seen"—was too cool to talk about the novel's staggering length. Instead they talked about Wallace, the famously brilliant philosophy scholar who gave it all up to be a famously brilliant literary cult figure.

"Even the people who know him have discussion groups about him," said Gerald Howard, his first editor. "He's very sweet and shy."

"He's kind of shy, but he's got a lot of sweetness to him," said his old friend Mark Costello.

"He's very smart and very sweet, and I suppose he's very shy," said Scribner's Nan Graham. "And he's hiding in the hallway."

"I'm not very good at talking to more than one person," Wallace (who is very good at talking to one person) apologized. He bore up admirably, but after four hours, America's most-talked-about young author had to move on. "I thought I might go back to my hotel, eat a tuna-fish sandwich, and watch 45 minutes of *Baywatch*."



At the Mercer for the masked ball marking the centennial of Louis Vuitton's trademark: Above left, Matt Dillon and John Lurie in search of a coat check; left, Blaine Trump *en costume* with Isaac Mizrahi. Above, Patti Smith, Harrison Ford, and Natalie Merchant celebrate the Tibetan New Year with Tibet House New York's annual concert at Carnegie Hall, in which they all participated.

F D S C

SMITH & WOLLENSKY 24 17 19 $48

201 E. 49th St. (3rd Ave.), 753-1530

- "A real man's place," this noisy "NYC institution" is a "rock solid" steakhouse that "makes you want to light up a cigar" and enjoy "super," "brontosaurus-sized" steaks and "great wine" serviced by "old-time waiters" amid a "sea of suits"; you get "no surprises," except possibly seeing the large number of your fellow citizens prepared to join in this coronary trauma.

THE POST HOUSE 24 21 22 $52

28 E. 63rd St. (bet. Madison & Park Aves.), 935-2888

- "Among NYC's top steakhouses," this "handsome" "Americana-decorated" Eastsider is a "safe bet" and "not just for steak"— its seafood, desserts and wines are all first-rate; though some call it a "chauvinist monument to meat and martinis," this is one of the few steakhouses where women feel welcome.

CITÉ AND CITÉ GRILL 20 20 19 $41

120 W. 51st St. (bet. 6th & 7th Aves.), 956-7100

- "Steadily improving," this "pretty" if rather "slick" Midtowner's strengths include "solid" steaks, "great frites" and "efficient" service, but it really hit on an "inspired idea" with its prix fixe dinners including fine wines (a "best buy"); it's roomy and "handy" for theatergoers, and the adjoining, more casual grill offers much the same quality at lower prices.

MANHATTAN OCEAN CLUB 26 24 24 $52

57 W. 58th St. (bet. 5th & 6th Aves.), 371-7777

- "Polished" and "swimmingly wonderful," this Midtowner is "one of the best seafood restaurants in town" and many think it is "*the* best, especially for a business lunch"; come for fish that's "fresh and simple" and plan to "stay for fine wine and desserts."

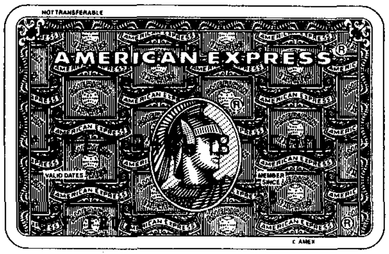
PARK AVENUE CAFE 25 23 23 $51

100 E. 63rd St. (Park Ave.), 644-1900

- "A class act in every way"; chef "David Burke's mastery in the kitchen rivals the "beautiful interior" of this "sophisticated" yet "fun" filly; his "novel" American fare is of "Faulknerian complexity," but "superb" according to the "do-I-know-you?, haute East Side crowd"; for something "special" have a party in the kitchen.

There are over 1,500 restaurants listed in the Zagat New York City Restaurant Survey.

We've done a little editing for you.



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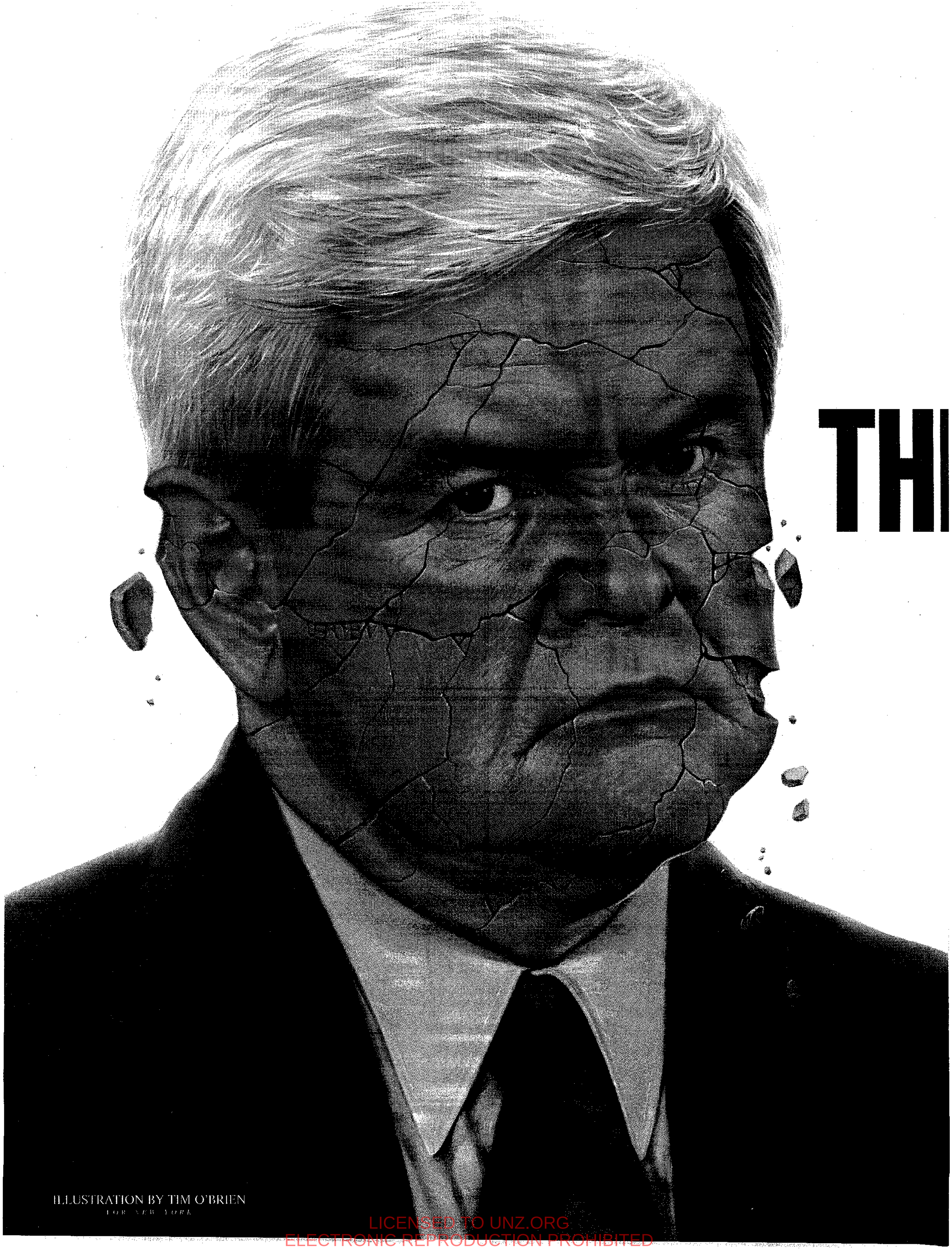


ILLUSTRATION BY TIM O'BRIEN
FOR NEW YORK

COMING REPUBLICAN CRACK-UP

BY JACOB WEISBERG

WHILE BUCHANAN LOCKS AND LOADS AGAINST DOLE AND ALEXANDER, A MORE CENTRAL AND SUBSTANTIAL CONFLICT SEEMS CERTAIN TO DERAIL NEWT GINGRICH'S CONSERVATIVE REVOLUTION NO MATTER WHO GETS NOMINATED. WHAT IS GOVERNMENT GOOD FOR ANYWAY?

NO ONE WATCHING THE PRIMARIES CLOSELY WAS TRULY SHOCKED THAT PAT BUCHANAN BEAT BOB DOLE IN NEW Hampshire, but once it happened, there was no more denying the conservative predicament. A year ago, Republicans thought they had it all made. Now, having passed through stages of anger and denial, most readily acknowledge that their internal differences are severe enough to cost the party the November election.

Beyond the prospect of an American Le Pen discrediting them on an epic scale, Republicans explain their conflict along the lines of the now conventional media analysis. There is a deep cleavage, we are told, between so-

CLOSET LIBERTARIANS

They really *do* want to shrink drastically the size of government. But if they spoke their minds about not minding sex, drugs, and rock and roll, social conservatives would have to kill them.

Dick Armey

Christopher Cox

Phil Gramm

Dana Rohrabacher

Milton Friedman

John Kasich

cial and economic conservatives, which is playing out as a fight between "lock and load" types and the party Establishment, the hunters versus the golfers. Signs of this schism have indeed been growing in frequency and intensity. On February 14, the *Wall Street Journal* editorial page warned of a split and proclaimed it "totally unnecessary." Two days later, with the Christian Coalition gloating over its takedown of the *Journal*'s favorite candidate, Steve Forbes, the editors denounced religious conservatives as "McGovern Republicans" who would turn the GOP into a "party in which the only people who can win can't be nominated, and . . . the only people who can be nominated are people who can't win."

The economic/social dichotomy encompasses a number of major ideological divides within the GOP: pro-choicers versus pro-lifers; the religious versus the secular right; moralist versus tolerant. So long as Pat Buchanan represents hot-blooded conservatism, this dichotomy can also be extended to include the disputes between free-traders and economic nationalists; immigrationists and restrictionists; royalists and populists. Buchanan himself has been going at these cracks with blasting caps and nitroglycerin. The party Establishment, the "knights and barons," he asserted at a memorable rally in Nashua the weekend before his victory, were "pulling up the drawbridge" to try to save themselves from his supporters, "the peasants coming with pitchforks after them." The GOP class war is suddenly hotter than anything seen in American politics since the days of Truman.

The bad news for the Republicans is that Buchanan is actually the least of their problems. The fissures Buchanan is trying to deepen are real ones, but the earthquake will happen somewhere else. The hopes of conservatives will eventually be dashed by a fundamental internal conflict, not over social issues or trade but over their equivocal and contradictory beliefs about what kind of government the country should have. The common ground that unites them—Buchanan, Forbes, Alexander, Dole, Gingrich, and everyone else—is the anti-government, anti-tax, anti-spending line that they all echo to one degree or another. Yet at the same time, the rhetoric of anti-statism conceals a vast chasm. Buchanan may lose his party the next presidential election. But the still largely unspoken conflict over the role of government portends a crisis far more dire. It means that the Republican revolution ushered in by the 1994 election cannot succeed in fundamentally reshaping the country, now or at any time in the foreseeable future.

WITHIN THE GENUS CONservative, there are two dominant species: closet libertarians and pseudo-libertarians. Closet libertarians, like House majority leader Dick Armey and presidential nonstarter Phil Gramm, really do mean to shrink the government, despite the political costs of doing so. They recognize that Ronald Reagan punted when it came to taking on the size of government, and they want another chance. You can rant all you want about how Reagan was a fraud, and you won't offend the closet libertarians. They agree with you.

Pseudo-libertarians, like Dole, Alexander, and Gingrich, on the other hand, are Reagan's true disciples. They, too, use the rhetoric of smaller government but either do so cynically or, like Reagan himself, have no idea what's really involved.

Closet libertarians are the more intriguing cluster. Though they have learned the game of politics, they are not conventional politicians. Many of them have academic backgrounds, mostly in economics. Several are writers. They are inspired by books, but to call them intellectuals suggests a degree of open-mindedness they do not possess. More precisely, they are ideologues, animated by the simple idea of strictly limited government. Closet libertarians are Jeffersonians. The adage that sums up their philosophy is Thoreau's: "That government is best which governs least."

While one can reject this notion of a stripped-down state, libertarianism is a principled and coherent worldview. It provides an answer to every question. Police departments and the army—yes. Just about everything else—no. Ask most politicians, from Gingrich to Clinton, what the role of the federal government is, and you'll get a stream of mush. Poke a libertarian and you'll get a response like the one Dick Armey gave shortly after becoming majority leader: "Defend our shores, build a system of justice, and construct some infrastructure. Gee, I'm running out of other suggestions." Armey's best-known proposal, a 17 percent flat rate to replace the progressive income tax (usurped by Steve Forbes as the basis of his campaign), is an attempt to produce a libertarian utopia by the back door. By slashing federal revenues, it would leave Congress with insufficient means to do much beyond the minimum he describes.

But Armey's candor is unusual. Libertarianism remains a philosophy, by and large, that dares not speak its name. Of the leading congressional Republicans who fall roughly into this category—Armey, Phil Gramm, House Budget Committee chairman John Kasich, Representative Christopher Cox, and Representative Dana Rohrabacher—only Cox so identifies himself. The word *libertarian* appears nowhere in Armey's 1995 book, *The Freedom Revolution*, though it is in every other way a (turgid) libertarian tract. Even the Cato Institute, the leading libertarian think tank, muddily calls itself "market liberal."

There are reasons for such reticence. Libertarians cite as progenitors Jefferson, Tocqueville, Adam Smith, and John Stuart Mill as well as economists of the Austrian school Ludwig von Mises and Friedrich von Hayek, author of *The Road to Serfdom* (1944). But most Republican libertarians were first inspired not by these classical liberals but by the author of *The Fountainhead* and *Atlas Shrugged*. Ayn Rand's philosophy of "objectivism," hyperindividualism tinged with Nietzschean power worship, has long attracted

THE REVOLUTION USHE
TALLY RESHAPING THE

Adapted from In Defense of Government: The Fall and Rise of Public Trust, *to be published next month by Scribner. Copyright ©1996 by Jacob Weisberg.*

Photographs: top, left to right, Mark Peterson/SABA; AP/Wide World Photos; Ron Haviv/SABA; bottom, left to right, AP/Wide World Photos; Doug Minuez/SABA; Rick Bloom/SABA.

bookish adolescents who in most instances eventually move on to more nuanced thinkers. To call yourself a libertarian thus implies that you were a bright teenager but that you suffer from a stunted intellectual development.

If the Rand connection weren't enough, the loopiness of some self-proclaimed libertarians would surely drive the rest into hiding. Libertarians first emerged as an organized political faction in 1969, when they split off from the conventionally right-wing Young Americans for Freedom (who jeered them at their convention as "laissez-fairies"). Since then, they have emulated Trotskyists, splitting into ever-smaller sects whose differences are comprehended only by a diminishing number of initiates. The biggest cluster in the early seventies was the California-based Libertarian Party, which quickly abandoned its Republican origins and devolved into a kind of ponytailed anarcho-pacifism. The party seemed based around the elevation of drug use to a philosophical principle; it made its reputation with a relentless consistency on such issues as "voluntary" funding of defense, abolishing government currency, privatizing sidewalks, and permitting child pornography.

Libertarians who aspired to political influence began to distance themselves from such frivolity in the late seventies. The signal event was the Cato Institute's move from California to Washington in 1981. Cato grew out of the Libertarian Party, but in the past fifteen years it has matured, positioning itself deftly for the conservative ascendancy. Stephen Moore, Cato's director of fiscal policy, is a close adviser to Armey and the author of the party's post–Contract With America platform, *Restoring the Dream.*

But Cato's striped-tie conformity with the mores of Washington hasn't quite assuaged the suspicions of more conventional conservatives. Libertarianism is a philosophy that implies, after all, that victimless indulgences—drugs, pornography, gambling—are no business of the state's. Such a view does not have to imply a pro-vice agenda, but try telling that to Pat Buchanan or Bill Bennett. Every so often a Republican will reveal his libertarian leanings by getting caught doing something rather unconservative, like trying to dance onstage at a Grateful Dead concert (John Kasich), financing a porn film (Phil Gramm), hanging around with heavy-metal musicians and reportedly dropping acid once upon a time (Dana Rohrabacher), or seducing a minor (Dan Crane). When Robert Bauman, a socially conservative Maryland congressman, was caught in a tawdry sex scandal in the early eighties and as a result came to grips with his homosexuality, he realized that he was actually a *libertarian* conservative.

The problem libertarians have in the Republican Party isn't just their proclivity toward sex and drugs and rock and roll. There is a profound variance between their vision and that of conservatives. Libertarians do not think in terms of community; the individual is their largest unit of measurement. They are congenial to liberals because of their belief that the state should have nothing to say about morality or private behavior. But for the same reason, they are poison to true conservatives, who exalt and seek to enforce tradition, order, and virtue.

The reaction of conservatives to even moderate libertarianism, openly expressed, may be gauged from the career of Bill Weld. Weld, the brainy and energetic governor of Massachusetts, is an out-of-the-closet libertarian. This gives him no trouble with the tolerant Republicans in his state, and attracts liberal votes. But because he supports a right to abortion and has no problem with homosexuals, he has become anathema to the socially conservative party activists. Weld wisely passed on a presidential run this year, opting instead to build credibility with distrustful conservatives by endorsing Bob Dole and trying to topple the liberal Democrat John Kerry from his Senate seat.

Other libertarians have absorbed the Weld lesson. Thus the movement may best be understood—like the Communist parties of the thirties—as having both an open and a clandestine membership. Most but not all of the congressional libertarians named above believe drug laws are folly and that the Civil Rights Act of 1964 was unconstitutional. But they are secret members and thus do not break the taboo by saying such things to nonbelievers. Milton Friedman and William F. Buckley, who don't have to run for anything, are free to call for, say, an end to the war on drugs. Robert Bork became a closet libertarian during his Supreme Court–confirmation hearing in 1987, when he disavowed his oft-expressed belief that civil-rights enforcement was an infringement on the First Amendment freedom of association. These days, his political career at an end, Bork can speak his mind.

The mutually advantageous alliance with conservatives directs closet libertarians toward economic issues and focuses their attention on reducing the size of the federal government. But in applying their philosophy selectively, they become rather absurd figures. Like Armey, they attack federal intervention on behalf of the poor but not efforts to impose prayer in the schools. Like Gramm, they defend the Second Amendment more forcefully than the First. Like Christopher Cox, they argue for equal rights—except for homosexuals who want to serve in the military. Electoral politics has a way of making libertarians into hypocrites—or retired politicians.

CURIOUSLY, AS THE CLOSET-LIBERTARIAN minority pretends to be less opposed to government than it really is, the majority faction does just the opposite. As the name implies, pseudo-libertarians echo anti-statist ideas. Listening selectively to the statements of Dole and Gingrich, one might come away with the idea that they are bona fide libertarians. As a group, pseudos emit a constant chirp about shrinking federal government, making it cheaper and less powerful, chopping it up and handing it back to the states. At the same time, their actions belie this emphasis. A draft report of the House Republican welfare task force leaked to the Los Angeles *Times* last November suggests that while Gingrich wants to abolish the liberal welfare state, he ultimately hopes to replace it with a conservative welfare state of his own. The plan includes funding for 100 "economic opportunity zones" and for turning the earned- income tax credit, which goes to the working poor, into a direct cash payment. When a new problem arises that troubles pseudo-libertarians, they tend to respond reflexively, like liberals, with new laws, new programs, and new spending. In reality, pseudo-libertarians are practitioners of big government par excellence. Think of them as vegetarians who eat meat.

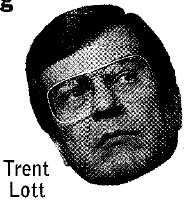
Self-contradiction is in fact a defining trait of their politics. Pseudo-libertarians champion states' rights one minute and vote for federal override of the most basic local prerogatives the next. They describe general principles, like block grants, then fail to apply them in the case of popular programs like school lunches. Railing against inessential government while supporting vast federal projects like the superconducting supercollider, they live with magnitudes of inconsistency that would keep any self-respecting anti-statist up nights. But they remain untroubled because their politics are not based on the pursuit of principle. The pseudos as a whole have less intellectual fiber than the closets. With the exception of Gin-

N BY THE 1994 ELECTION CANNOT SUCCEED IN FUNDAMEN-
TRY, NOW OR AT ANY TIME IN THE FORESEEABLE FUTURE.

grich and a few others, they are not much interested in ideas, though, like Lamar Alexander, they often pay lip service to the *idea* of ideas. Instead of not being able to say what they really want to do, they avoid doing what they say. Their avatar is Reagan. Without the Cold War to justify overspending, however, their failure to shrink government is even more of an abdication.

RADICAL PSEUDO-LIBERTARIANS

They spend their days denouncing the liberal welfare state and most everything Washington does but have little real understanding of what a smaller government would look like—or much intention of producing one.



Trent Lott

Rick Santorum

Bob Livingston

Bill Paxon

Tom DeLay

Ronald Reagan

John Boehner

THERE ARE ACTUALLY TWO subspecies of pseudo-libertarians: radicals and moderates. The ones who sound most anti-statist are the radicals. This group is led by Gingrich and includes the Newtoids, his followers. The most prominent are Gingrich's choices for leadership positions: Tom DeLay, Robert Walker, Bob Livingston, Bill Paxon, and John Boehner. These lieutenants are backed up by a majority of the House freshmen who ran on the Contract With America and were elected with the help of Gingrich's organization, GOPAC. There are a smattering of radicals elsewhere: Rick Santorum and Trent Lott in the Senate, and, somewhere in Indiana, Dan Quayle.

There is a collective profile that applies fairly well to this group. To begin with, they are men. They are white. They come, in the main, from the South and the West. Almost all are in their late forties or early fifties. Thus they share the experience of having been young during the sixties. Most attended conservative-minded or sectarian colleges where recreational drugs were fewer and sexual experiments farther between. But even at such institutions, they defined themselves in opposition to the political radicalism and countercultural experimentation of the era. Gingrich alone among them has admitted to trying marijuana. Though most avoided the draft, they supported the Vietnam War. Instead of wallowing in solipsistic spirituality, they married young and went to work.

Reaction against the sixties continues to form a dominant theme in their politics. At times, they seem like a grown-up group of unpopular high-school kids. Their instinct to even the score with the in clique tends to outweigh their more superficial and recently developed urge to shrink government. The radical pseudos take more readily to such moralistic ideas as conditioning welfare on marital status or putting churches in charge of it than to sweeping libertarian proposals for eliminating welfare altogether. They are more apt to vote to create a new category of federal crime than they are to remind themselves of their firmly held conviction that crime is a local problem. The radical pseudo-libertarians are also in the forefront of bills to restrict abortion (though many have expediently dropped this tack), flag burning, and pornography, and to encourage prayer in schools—all at the national level. They wanted federal censorship of the Internet before most of them knew what the Internet was (Gingrich, to his credit, took the side of free speech). But talking about contradictions to their anti-government philosophy is giving them too much credit. Unlike closets, pseudos have no anti-government philosophy, just a veneer of anti-government paneling.

More than anything else, the radical pseudo-libertarians are defined by Gingrich, whose views of government are deeply equivocal. His mission in life has been leading congressional Republicans into the promised land of majority status, and to that end he has continually retrofitted his rhetoric. The Newt Gingrich elected to Congress in 1978 was for taxing the rich and saving the environment. And though he drew closer to the New Right in the early eighties, he continued to believe that his party needed to modernize itself by dropping the vestiges of Goldwaterism. In 1983, he told the New York *Times* that Republicans had suffered from "a maniacal anti-government belief" passed on by Herbert Hoover. Even now, he'll drop his federal aversion on matters about which he is passionate. Early last year, Gingrich was much ridiculed for a plan to help out the inner-city poor with government-subsidized laptop computers; after the laughter subsided, he proposed the subsidy again.

This contradictory attitude befits a legislator who represents Cobb County, a prosperous jurisdiction that ranks third among suburban counties in federal dollars returned per resident. According to the Atlanta *Constitution*, the federal government spent $4.4 billion in Cobb County in 1994, some $10,000 per resident, or nearly twice as much per capita as it spent in New York City. The largest amounts come in the form of defense contracts, small-business loans, and Social Security and Medicare. Gingrich surely knows how well his constituents do by government, but he has nonetheless encouraged the illusion that public money flows mostly to the poor in places like New York, which he calls "a culture of waste."

There is nothing intrinsically hypocritical in a Republican's wanting strong federal government. The party's greatest presidents, Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt, desired exactly that. The problem is that Gingrich has in the past couple of years grown increasingly strident in his articulation of anti-government sentiments. "We are in the declining phase of a failed welfare state," he often says. Weeks after the Oklahoma City bombing, Gingrich asserted that popular fears of federal power were "well justified." In his disappointing book *To Renew America,* he links the idea of "big government" to Lenin and Mussolini. "Politicians and intellectuals everywhere were

THERE'S A GAP BETWEEN GINGRICH'S WORDS AND ACTION
BY WHICH HE MEANS WELFARE, IS DESTROYING CIVILIZATI

Photographs: top, Cynthia Johnson/Gamma-Liaison; center, left to right, Nina Berman/Sipa; Richard Bloom/SABA; Jeffrey Markowitz/Sygma; bottom, left to right, John Ficara/Sygma; Richard Bloom/SABA; illustration by Tim Carroll.

attracted to the idea that their power and intelligence could put them in control of other people's lives and wealth, which could then be used to great purposes," he writes. Curiously, one of Gingrich's heroes is Kemal Atatürk, a nation-building autocrat of the same era.

Gingrich's wild inconsistency can flourish in a single speech, like the one he delivered to the Association for a Better New York last March. "The welfare state has failed, and it has failed in its most basic requirement," he began. "How can any American look at local television news and watch the rapes, the murders, the child abuse, the spouse abuse, the ignorance, the drug addiction, and have any conclusion except that the 30-year experiment in a federally controlled redistribution system run by bureaucrats is a failure? It is a failure at the level that matters. It is destroying the children." But a few sentences later, Gingrich was denouncing those who had accused him of meaning to cut welfare programs. Over five years, he noted, Republicans were proposing to raise social spending from $842 billion to $1.03 trillion, as against the Democrats, who wanted to spend $1.096 trillion. That people thought programs were actually going to be cut was the result of a media disinformation campaign. "What you have is a Washington press corps, Washington lobbying community, and Washington liberals banding together to defend Washington bureaucrats and shamelessly, shamelessly lying and exploiting children," he added, red-faced and puffing. "Tell us how you really feel," someone shouted from the ballroom floor.

There's a logic gap here. If the welfare state, by which Gingrich means welfare, is destroying American civilization, why not abolish it? This is the view of Charles Murray, Marvin Olasky, and Myron Magnet, the social thinkers Gingrich often cites, and he frequently implies that he shares their views. But so drastic a step as actually ending welfare would put Gingrich into backlash territory. It conjures all the symbols of Republican hardheartedness he has no desire to revive: Hoovervilles, soup lines, and the rest. The solution he proposed in 1995 was to hive the whole problem off on the states; let the federal government continue to pay, but remove it from a position of substantive responsibility. It hardly needs to be said that such a compromise is a betrayal of his professed beliefs. If welfare is corrupt and evil, giving a bit less through an intermediary hardly removes the taint. It is the solution of a cynic, one who flourishes by slandering his enemy without actually fighting him.

HE WELFARE STATE,
IY NOT ABOLISH IT?

To Gingrich, such a fandango comes naturally. His adepts have to learn the steps. Occasionally one catches a glimpse of the choreography being taught to the baby elephants: "Eliminate entire departments, but soften opposition with assurances that 'truly important' programs will survive. . . . Individual programs have friends. Bureaucracies and bureaucrats don't. . . . Every budget statement by every Republican official should include the words 'cutting the Washington bureaucracy.' " Those are the lessons of Frank Luntz in a memo to the House Republicans, which was leaked at the start of the new Congress. Luntz goes on to explain that his focus-group participants didn't mind the elimination of the Department of Education. It was just the department's most expensive program—student loans—that they were afraid of losing. Thus Luntz suggests doing away with the department but keeping its major functions. Here we have the pseudo-libertarian creed at its most bald. Talk about cutting government, Luntz recommends, but for God's sake don't really do it. He likes the clang and thunder of a revolution but suggests it be produced by banging on steel sheets.

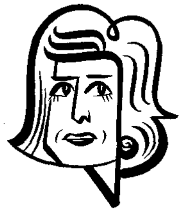
THE HYPOCRISY OF THE rival subset, the moderate pseudo-libertarians, is a matter of one's perspective. This group consists largely of people who had no problems with big government until the day before yesterday. These are the successors to the old Rockefeller Republicans. But in an age when the only good Republican is a conservative Republican, ambitious members of the group, like Dole, Alexander, Pete Wilson, Arlen Specter, Richard Lugar, Jack Kemp, Christine Todd Whitman, and George Pataki, flee such designations in terror—*Are you now or have you ever been a member of the Ripon Society?* Compared with the radicals', the group profile is older, less male, more northern and eastern, better educated, better dressed, more secular, and more divorced. These Republicans don't scare liberals; they don't ask for a glass of milk at the dinner party. None was excessively disappointed by the presidency of George Bush. In private, they say nice things about him.

Most of the moderates have spent long careers in government; they date from the era when the antiquated idea of public service held sway and a broad consensus favoring a growing federal social role still obtained. They tend to be uneasily pro-choice, environmentally concerned, and sympathetic to limited gun control. By their actions, if not their words, they acknowledge that government has an important role to play. As Bush's education secretary, for instance, Lamar Alexander championed a strong federal role and ignored school vouchers, a pet issue of the family-values crowd and today's GOP generally. Now Alexander denounces "the arrogant empire" of "hypercentralized," "coercive," and "monopolistic" federal government and promotes vouchers. His conversion from moderate Republican insider to populist Beltway-basher in a lumberjack shirt is one of the more telling episodes of the still-young primary season.

Many of the moderates are uncomfortable with their party's thrust these days. The Nancy Kassebaums, William Cohens, and Mark Hatfields of the Senate avoid gratuitous government-bashing themselves and grimace slightly when they hear it from others. Despised by the new House Republican powers that be, they look like old-timers on their way out—and indeed, Kassebaum, Cohen, and Hatfield are all retiring. Some moderate pseudo-libertarians, however, are

MODERATE PSEUDO-LIBERTARIANS

They try to keep up with Newt by bashing bureaucrats but aren't prepared to pay the political price for slashing popular programs.



Christine Todd Whitman

Richard Lugar

Pete Wilson

Nancy Kassebaum

Bob Dole

Photographs: top to bottom, Ron Haviv/SABA; Shepard Sherbell/SABA; illustration by Tim Carroll.

young and active, like Christine Whitman, a star pupil in this class. Whitman's governorship amounts to a replay of Reaganism at the state level. Though she hasn't cut programs much, her rhetoric alarms liberals who take her at her word. Few Democrats realize that Whitman's call for smaller government is just talk. Thus she finds herself in the *echt* pseudo-libertarian position of boasting about downsizing government while simultaneously denying she has cut anything meaningful.

THIS TAXONOMY ENCOMPASSES THE vast majority of active Republican politicians. There is, however, one significant minority that doesn't quite fit in the scheme: authoritarians. The reason they don't is that authoritarians are true conservatives—in the sense of resisting social change. They have no natural inclination to bother about the size of government; like the New Right from which they emerged, they are worried instead about the soul of the nation. Moral questions, not budgetary ones, quicken their heartbeats. Authoritarians Buchanan and Bennett disagree violently on issues like trade, foreign intervention, and immigration. What they have in common is that neither really cares how much Washington spends on NASA, or whether the government restricts the use of wetlands or lowers the capital-gains rate. Their goal is getting government to act in accordance with traditional values, cost be damned.

This leaves authoritarians oddly out of synch with the party today and helps explain why Gingrich has been quick to set himself apart from the Buchananite rabble. Contemporary Republicanism is defined by its attack on the size and scope of government, and breaks down according to its levels of insincerity. Authoritarians are sincere, and they're not against government. In fact, they would like to see government do more to safeguard and improve the virtue of the community. Thus, despite the obvious electoral potency of Buchanan's brand of populism, authoritarians have been and will remain irrelevant to most of what has gone on in the 104th Congress. In a few instances, they have openly broken with parts of the Gingrich program. In the fall of 1995, for example, Buchanan came out against Republican budget cuts in Medicare, which he deemed too harsh. He has no use for the social upheaval wrought by the workings of the free market. Like other authoritarians, he dislikes government where he believes it undermines morality, as in the case of welfare or grants to artists or Census Bureau sex surveys. Buchanan has said his first act as president would be to "fumigate" the offices of the NEA. But where government merely helps out average, normal people, he thinks it ought to be left alone.

CONTEMPORARY REPUBLICANISM IS DEFINED BY ITS RHETORIC
SCOPE OF GOVERNMENT, AND BREAKS DOWN ACCORDING TO

Why, then, have authoritarians—Buchanan more or less excepted—allied themselves with the Gingrich revolution? The main reason is that they see themselves accomplishing more by shrinking federal power than by increasing it. To them, Washington is irredeemably "liberal" and preempts the assertion of "conservative" moral authority at a lower level. Authoritarians dislike the Feds, especially the federal courts, for not letting local governments restrict abortion, homosexuality, pornography, adultery, and the content of school textbooks. For most Republicans, devolution means less government. To authoritarians, however, it really does mean states' rights—over and against individual rights.

The anti-federalism of the authoritarians creates the basis for a tactical alliance with the libertarians. On education, for instance, both factions agree that the federal government should keep away. But at the local level, the authoritarian and libertarian views diverge. Authoritarians want Washington out so they can Christianize the schools and purge Judy Blume from the library. Libertarians, by contrast, are against censorship and for the separation of church and state. Libertarians simply want to end welfare; authoritarians are divided on the issue because they fear more abortions. All sides were more or less mollified by Gingrich's block-grant solution, but the conflict is far from resolved. Once power is devolved, there's nowhere to pass the buck. Should the states create a work requirement, which is tantamount to a prohibition on mothers' staying home with their kids? There are analogous splits between libertarians and authoritarians over abortion, pornography, and homosexuality, all equally insoluble at the local level once Washington butts out.

Libertarians and authoritarians can walk together as far as the bridge. But once they cross it, they find themselves in naturally antagonistic positions: the libertarians pursuing their romantic vision of a nation defined by individuality and freedom, the authoritarians pursuing theirs based on community and a rigid morality. Thanks to the Buchanan insurgency, this fight's already happening and bringing ugly class sentiments along with it. Patrician libertarians are appalled by the uncouth prejudices of the populist authoritarians. The down-market populists do not hide their contempt for the elite.

Because of these internal divisions over the role of government, almost any action can threaten the coalition. To take decisive steps against social programs or environmental regulations risks alienating moderates. Not doing so infuriates the freshman radicals. Restricting abortion upsets closet libertarians. Ignoring it enrages authoritarians.

In Congress, Gingrich's plan was to quiet these internal conflicts and keep the army marching forward. For a while, it seemed to be working. Part of the strategic shrewdness of the Contract With America was its broad, almost generic appeal. No Republican of any variety dares object to a constitutional amendment requiring a balanced budget, deportation for "criminal aliens," victim restitution, a "Sexual Crimes Against Children Act," a "Family Privacy Protection Act," tort reform, forcing Congress to obey its own laws, or a ban on placing American troops under United Nations command. Most of the Contract was symbolic action, with little effect. It carefully skirted the party's splits on social issues and steered clear of a direct assault on anyone's cherished programs. In this sense, Gingrich's selling of the Contract was an act of *faux* machismo, like a circus weightlifter's hefting a plaster barbell.

Building on the Contract, Gingrich and the party leadership attempted to develop actual unity within the GOP. From a distance, their discipline looked impressive, but the tensions were actually visible from the start of the budget battle. One of the first acts of the Republicans upon their assumption of congressional power last year was to vote a $16 billion "recision" package of cuts in spending for the then-current fiscal year. Moderate northeastern Republicans threatened to bail out over pork and small reductions in education spending. Even the minor cuts in social spending contained in the bill had to be swaddled in a cushy layer of new largesse: $7.2 billion in bailout funds for disaster victims in California and Louisiana and assorted other programs. The Republicans were going after the welfare state with a feather duster. When Clinton vetoed the bill on the basis of cuts he didn't like, Republicans criticized him for blocking *new* spending. It would be "a major mistake for President Clinton to veto a bill that does all these good things," Gingrich said.

Gingrich's major accomplishment last year was holding his coalition together for a series of votes in favor of a balanced-budget plan and a big tax cut. But increasingly, that unanimity looks like a transitory event. Last fall, Democrats hit the jackpot, by assaulting Republicans for supporting a relatively modest reduction in the rate of growth in Medicare expenditures. Pressed by the need to find savings, Gingrich had been forced to whack a middle-class constituency of people who vote, not those at the margins of society. His personal popularity, never high, has plummeted accordingly. In recent months, moderates who went along reluctantly in the first place have urged compromise with the president. Meanwhile, the freshman radicals have grown increasingly intransigent, preventing Gingrich from bending at all.

And all this is just the response to the prospect of cuts that *have yet to happen.* There is a huge distance between a promise to balance the budget and the hundreds of billions in actual reductions that will be required to wipe out the deficit over the next seven years. Gingrich's (and Dole's or Alexander's) task, in maintaining a majority and holding together a coalition to follow through, remains immense. Significant cuts in social spending—something Americans have never really experienced before—threaten Republicans politically from without and within. They give otherwise idea-starved Democrats something to bark about, and risk separating pragmatic moderates from the coalition.

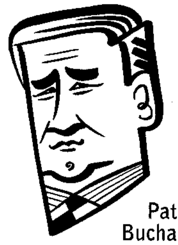
To avoid this, the GOP must turn to social issues. But this is hazardous. After welfare reform, which commands a strong conservative consensus, moral questions tend to sunder rather than unite the party. Stress exists between libertarians and authoritarians, who suffer from a fundamental philosophical incompatibility on anything having to do with education, sexuality, or free expression. The same goes for absolutist positions on environmental and industrial-deregulation issues, where to prevent defections Gingrich has had to steer a middle course away from his original "revolutionary" position. He understands that to prevent a crack-up, he must negate his negation of government. Pulling punches is a trick Gingrich may have learned from Reagan, who understood that on certain issues, like abortion, a Republican leader must appease his party's extremists while not actually doing much of anything.

TACK ON THE SIZE AND
VEL OF INSINCERITY.

Gingrich's marriage of contradictory philosophies has not yet collapsed, but it cannot survive a real revolution. A government that is actually smaller in a meaningful way would mean things not yet contemplated even by most of the radicals—the removal of at least some of the major federal functions and responsibilities added since the New Deal, and the reduction of federal spending from its present level of 22-plus percent of GDP. One cannot categorically rule out Republicans' trying to get the government down to, say, the 18 percent where it stood before the Great Society. They have defied doubts about their seriousness of purpose before. But such a course does seem unlikely. To really shrink the federal government would alienate not just the middle-income voters who have been drawn away from the Democrats over the past 30 years but almost everyone who depends on government for anything.

AUTHORITARIANS

Taxes and spending don't really bother them. What the moralists want is for government at all levels to promote virtue.



Pat Buchanan

Bill Bennett

Ralph Reed

A significantly smaller government would allow for large, across-the-board tax cuts, which might spur the national rate of savings and investment, and in turn foster some additional economic growth. But smaller government would also visibly increase social misery. The unemployed and underpaid would, under a true conservative regime, have to do without not just welfare and housing subsidies, Medicaid, and food stamps but fuel assistance, training programs, the earned-income tax credit, and extended unemployment compensation (which would *really* piss off Buchanan's pitchfork-wielding peasants). Though the radicals—and situational radical Lamar Alexander—argue that charity is a substitute for government, there's little basis for believing private philanthropy will be able to do more than dull the blade (it's telling that the virtually untaxed citizens of New Hampshire also give less to charity than residents of any other state). Charities mitigate misery, but they cannot create jobs; only the private sector and the government can do that. And where would charities get the money to help millions of indigents? From government?

The boom in suffering that would result from radically smaller government would mean political disaster for Gingrich. Thus, though the Speaker appears bolder than Reagan, his conundrum is the same. Gingrich has said, for instance, that changes in Social Security need to wait a decade. He has promised to step down as Speaker in eight years. This winking acknowledgment that the New Deal is untouchable is meant for the moderates. But not saying he opposes touching Social Security holds open the hope of fundamental change and prevents libertarians from getting too upset.

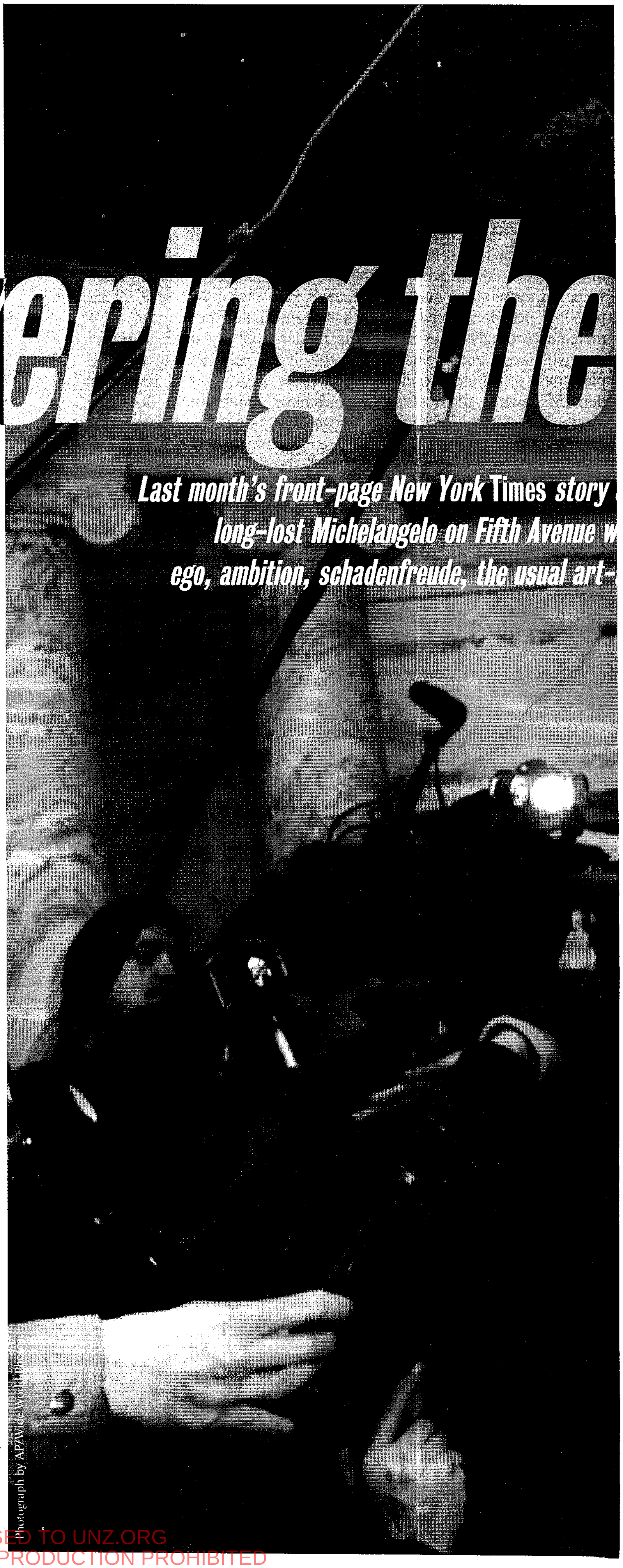
Gingrich names "big government" the enemy of civil society, the free market, and opportunity. He thrives on the resentment he helps to generate. But what he really offers is still an echo, not a choice. As he is unable to consummate his attack, his rhetoric grows increasingly baroque. He portrays the government as an external malevolent force. But he dares not strike at its heart. Our Republican is left huffing and puffing on a stationary bicycle, trying to convince us that he's going somewhere. Is it any wonder those seeking real change are ditching him for a truly unconflicted conservative like Pat Buchanan?

The Republican crack-up is likely to occur in one of two ways. If Gingrich tries to change the size and scope of the federal government by reversing the New Deal, he will surely fracture his coalition. If he decides faking it is the safer option, the gap between his words and his actions will grow unmanageable. Especially if Republicans capture the White House this fall, he cannot continue to castigate the liberal nanny state without finally doing something serious about it. If Gingrich cops out, he will lose the dedicated support of the freshmen as well as that of the closet libertarians. What Gingrich cannot do and knows he cannot do is reverse the New Deal and survive.

Liberals should be comforted, but only slightly. The inevitable Republican crisis will not bring back faith in government by itself. It will only create an opportunity for supporters of public activism to do so. Unless Democrats reassess and renew their own governing philosophy in the meantime, the conservative crisis won't rescue them; it will simply leave American politics as a standoff between two exhausted armies. ■

Photographs: top to bottom, Shepard Sherbell/SABA; Mark Peterson/SABA; illustration by Tim Carroll.

Discovering the



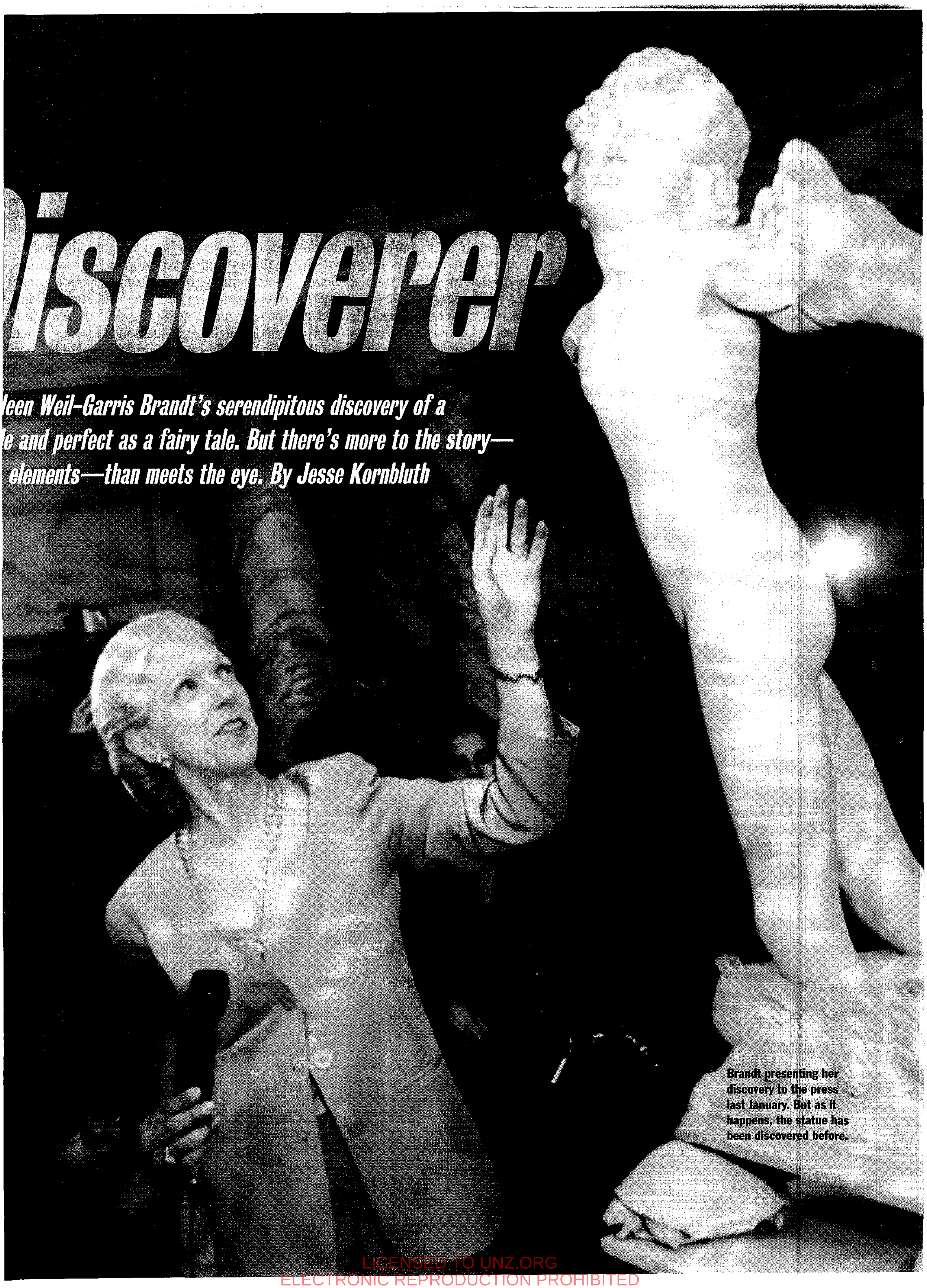
Photograph by AP/Wide World Ph

Last month's front-page *New York* Times story
long-lost Michelangelo on Fifth Avenue w
ego, ambition, schadenfreude, the usual art-

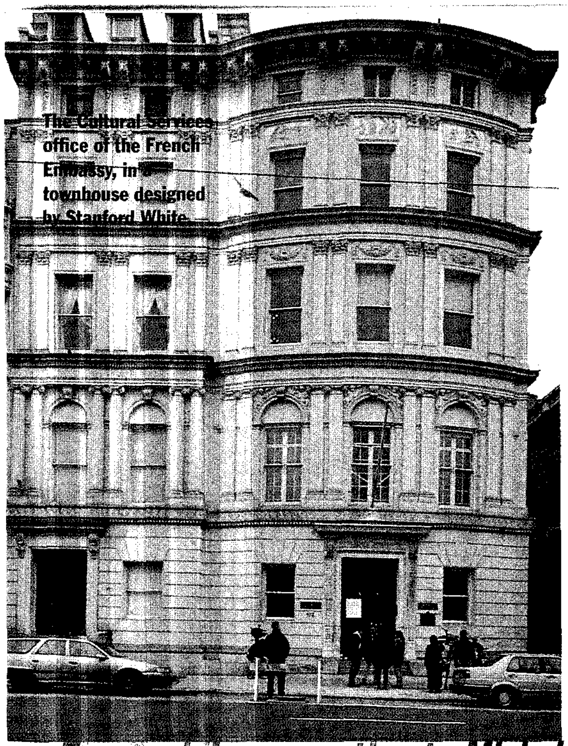
IT WAS THE PROVERBIAL DARK AND RAINY night, a mid-October evening that saw Kathleen Weil-Garris Brandt work late at New York University's Institute of Fine Arts on East 78th Street and, on her way home, pass the French Embassy's Cultural Services building at 972 Fifth Avenue, between 78th and 79th Streets. This was a route she had walked for almost three decades, but on this particular night, the French were hosting a party, and the foyer was brilliantly lit. "I pressed my nose against the glass door," she says, with a laugh at the image of herself as a 61-year-old incarnation of

iscoverer

leen Weil-Garris Brandt's serendipitous discovery of a
e and perfect as a fairy tale. But there's more to the story—
elements—than meets the eye. By Jesse Kornbluth



Brandt presenting her discovery to the press last January. But as it happens, the statue has been discovered before.



The Cultural Services office of the French Embassy, in a townhouse designed by Stanford White.

The Cupid's connection to Michelangelo is "table talk" in Brandt's circle. An Italian scholar made the attribution in 1968. Later, an IFA colleague of Brandt's came to the same conclus but didn't publicize it. "It had already been published," he said. "I didn't see the point."

the Little Match Girl, "and I saw the centerpiece of the rotunda: the figure of a nude boy."

A beautiful story. "I always assumed this account is embellished," says a graduate student who spent months researching the sculpture with Brandt. He didn't say why, but an explanation can be found at the entrance to the French cultural center. The building has huge glass doors, two sets of them, both always closed, backed by heavy black ironwork. To look into this building is to see mostly metal. Even with the interior uncommonly well lit, someone standing outside and observing the three-foot-high marble statue from perhaps twenty feet away would be visually challenged.

Nonetheless, Kathleen Weil-Garris Brandt says she was strangely fascinated by what she saw that night last fall. Soon she was back, with a student photographer and her own brace of lights. She researched the history of the townhouse. She gathered scholarly opinion. Two months later, she had assembled quite a nifty package: Expert validation that this was indeed a Michelangelo. A house designed by Stanford White and once owned by the Whitney family. The possibility of an international dispute over the statue's ultimate home. And, not least, herself—an erudite, witty, and striking female art historian.

These were irresistible elements. And on January 23, the New York *Times* ran a rare piece of scholarly news on the front page: All these years, a Cupid possibly made by Michelangelo in the mid-1490s and last seen in a 1902 Christie's auction catalogue had, in all probability, been a chip shot away from the offices of some of the world's greatest art scholars and curators.

I read the *Times* article with particular interest, for I had briefly been involved with an earlier attempt to authenticate the statue. In April 1986, two women—Barbara de Portago, a fixture on the East Side social circuit, and Lorraine Dyess, her friend and co-worker at the New York Academy of Art—showed me a photograph of a marble statue described as "whereabouts unknown" in Umberto Baldini's *The Complete Sculpture of Michelangelo,* then took me to the French cultural center. I looked at the photo. I looked at the statue. No doubt about it: They seemed to be twins.

That night, I went to a cocktail party at the home of Mark Hampton, the interior designer who is also a graduate of the NYU Institute of Fine Arts. He suggested that I call John Pope-Hennessey and Everett Fahy, both Renaissance experts. I did. They were completely uninterested in leaving their offices to look at the statue with me. My investigation for a piece I intended to publish in *New York* languished.

Reading John Russell's story in the *Times* a decade later, I suspected that I'd soon hear from one of the women who had contacted me. The subject, I thought, would be the ironies of life. But when Lorraine Dyess Villere did call me from New Orleans a few days later, she was all business. "There's a complicated chain here," she said. "It leads from a New Orleans sculptor to a local art dealer to me, then to you. The chain stops for eight years, then picks up again—and if I'm right, it's no small coincidence that Kathleen Brandt is the scholar who made this discovery."

And so, for the second time, I began to investigate the "missing" Michelangelo.

KATHLEEN WEIL-GARRIS BRANDT delivers a word like *quattrocento* in a Continental accent so evocative you can almost imagine Pico della Mirandola scribbling in the next room. That's a product of her training and travel, not her background: Though born in England, she came to New York during World War II and was enrolled at the Brearley School. "I was terribly shy, and my parents were advised to send me to Dalton, to 'bring me out,' " she says. "Dalton did bring me out—and then it was too late to put me back in again."

At Vassar, she studied art history and taught sculpture. After graduating Phi Beta Kappa, she won a Fulbright Fellowship to the University of Bonn and got her Ph.D. at Harvard in 1965. The following year, she began teaching at the IFA and making her way into the ranks of art scholars. She met predictable resistance, in part because she was a woman.

"She was a blonde goddess, the shiksa all men aspire to," says a curator who, like everyone else I interviewed in the small and treacherous world of art scholarship, believes that attribution is for sculptures and paintings only. "From an early age, she wore her hair piled like Madame de Pompadour and made a big deal of her handmade, slightly old-fashioned clothes. Then she married [art historian] Donald Posner, and they became a couple on the scene."

Brandt's non-scholarly activities—her stint as an instructor on television's *Sunrise Semester* series, her participation on an Emmy-winning "Nova" show, and her consultancy on the Sistine Chapel restoration project—brought her to the attention of her second husband, the late physicist Werner Brandt, who introduced himself by saying he'd seen her "between my toes" as he watched television in a hotel room. These media appearances also made her a better performer as an instructor; her students, as a result, tend to admire her. "She was patient," says Barbara Serwin, who left the IFA in 1992. "She gave deserved praise. She was definitely a grande dame, but she wasn't ludicrous in the role."

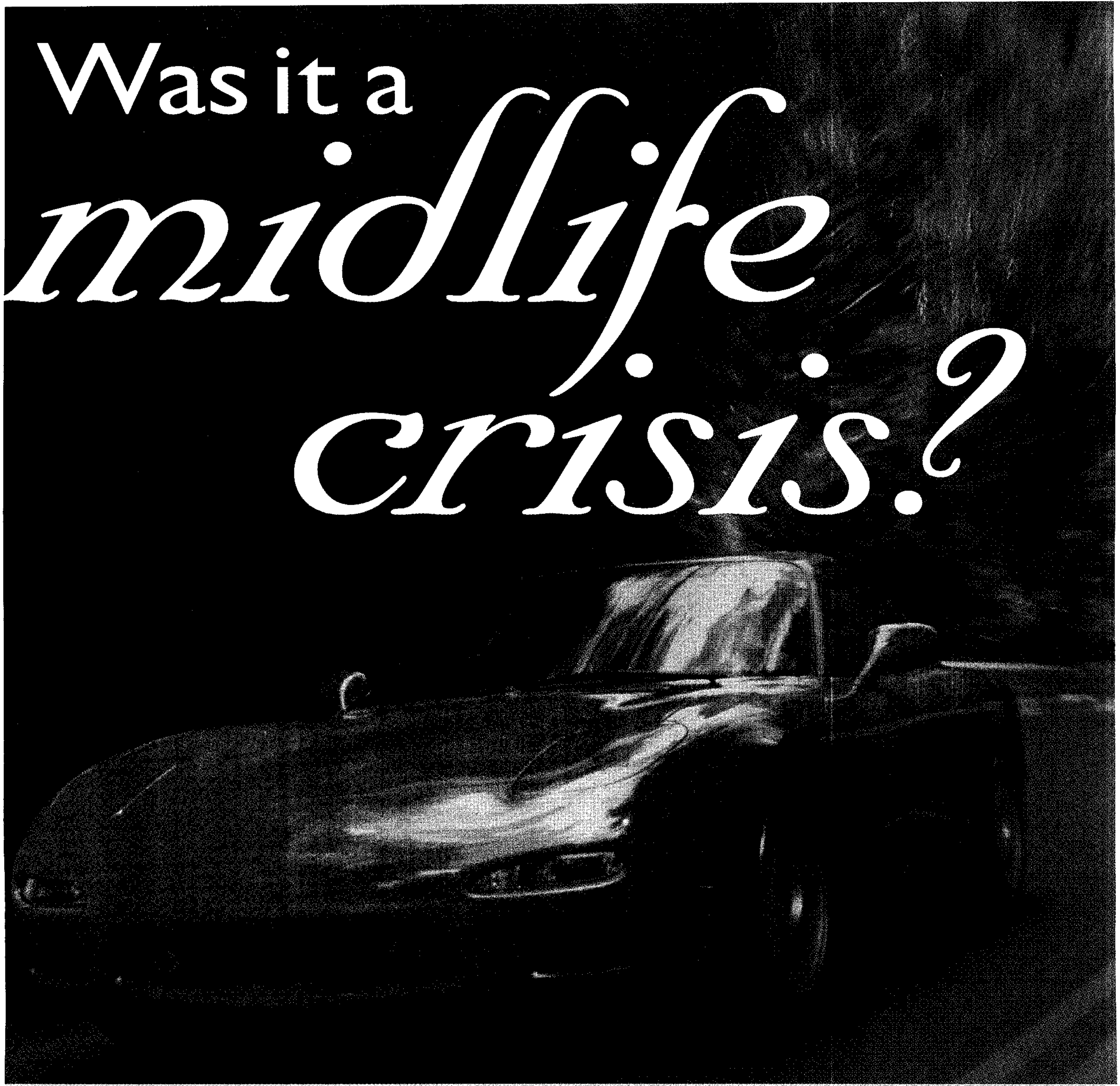
Conversations with Brandt's colleagues suggest that Serwin's view is far from universal. They credit her as a teacher—"the best art lecturer going," one colleague told me—but find her erudition thin. They emphasize that she has published just three books.

"She crosses our threshold like a combination of Maria Callas and Michael Jackson," one says. "She was an impresario for the Vatican much more than she was a consultant," another adds. "She's a *langue mauvaise*—she speaks badly of us and then believes we never hear what she says," notes a third.

Brandt is steely about this sniping. "If you look at the output of this faculty, you see the widest range of quantity," she says. "My reputation must speak for itself."

ROBERT SCHOEN AND KATHLEEN BRANDT have never met. They're not likely to—he's a sculptor who does his homework on his artistic heroes but much prefers connecting with them on emotional, empathic levels. And so when he decided he wanted to

Photograph by Seth Jayson/Sygma.


Was it a
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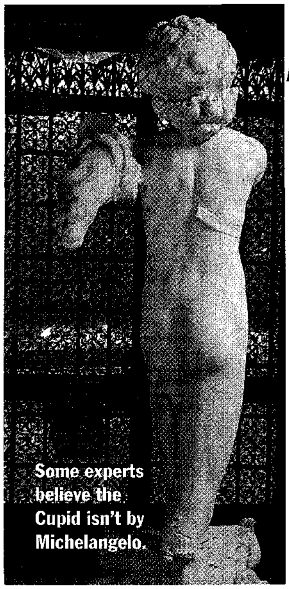
One day in 1984, he was sitting in an Italian café reading the newspaper when he saw a ten-inch-tall photograph of a "lost" Michelangelo sculpture. It appeared to be a boy angel, Schoen says, "with the same languid gesture of the Louvre's *Dying Slave,* one of my favorite pieces."

In November 1984, three months after leaving Italy, Schoen wandered into an exhibition at the French cultural center on Fifth and saw that very statue. The "rich mop of curls, the elongated pubic crease, the same supple nose with deep nostril cavities"—this had to be a Michelangelo. In his excitement, Schoen raced to a pay phone and called Philippe de Montebello, director of the Metropolitan Museum, to announce his find. He didn't get past the secretary.

Schoen returned to New Orleans and contacted Tim Foley, a local art dealer. Foley flew to New York, inspected the statue, and formed a partnership with Lorraine Dyess, who was then a young art dealer and curator living in New York, and Schoen, who wanted his name to be kept from Dyess. Their mission: to buy the statue from the French and sell it to the Getty Museum in California.

> **The onslaught of hostility from her colleagues is taking a toll. "This person material is outside the acceptable," Brandt pleads, her voice trembling. "It does harm that can't be made right. . . . Please . . . be my white knight.**


Some experts believe the Cupid isn't by Michelangelo.

"When I contacted the French, I had to be careful not to arouse too much curiosity, so I offered to pay them and put a wonderful Maillol in its place," Foley told me. "They weren't interested in selling. 'It came with the house,' they said. 'It's decoration.' "

Dyess, then 28, had already known considerable success in the art world. Before she was 25, she says, she had made a million dollars selling art without a college degree, assembled a corporate art collection that was shown at the National Gallery in Washington, and met the man she thought she would marry—the stepson of the curator of Giverny. This last connection made her uneasy about a plan to hoodwink the French, so she left Foley's project early.

Dyess moved back to New Orleans, married a management professor, and, in the early nineties, enrolled at New Orleans University to get her undergraduate degree. In 1994, when it was time for her to write her senior thesis, she proposed a study of the alleged Michelangelo to her adviser and two other faculty members. Though she ultimately wrote about a Neapolitan Baroque painting in a New Orleans museum—the Michelangelo would have required too much travel—she made one more suggestion about the statue. Lawrence Jenkens, one of her favorite professors, was going to New York to defend his doctoral thesis at the IFA in December 1994. She urged him to see the Cupid. But on his return, Jenkens had nothing to report.

Thirteen months later, when the Brandt news broke, the connection seemed too strong and suspicious for Lorraine Dyess Villere to ignore. "In class, Jenkens showed Dr. Brandt's film about the Sistine Chapel," she recalls. "She was on his thesis committee [at the IFA in New York]. I know he admired her greatly. I could see how, after his presentation, they might chat. And he might tell her about his student. He's about to leave, she goes with him, they look."

That's not, Jenkens insists, what happened. "I was in New York for twelve hours," he told me. "I had other things on my mind. I didn't see the statue. I never mentioned it to Dr. Brandt. I knew nothing about Brandt's investigation until I saw it on the evening news."

OF ALL THE PLAYERS IN THE NEW ORLEANS part of this drama, Jenkens has the most to lose. "I'm at the beginning of my career," he says. "If this becomes common knowledge—true or not—there's a mark I might not recover from. Ten years from now, people will say, 'Jenkens . . . Jenkens . . .' "

Jenkens then delivers the correct response to Villere's scenario: a scholarly one. "In 1992, Jim Draper [the Met's curator of European sculpture] published a study of Bertoldo di Giovanni," he says. "In it, he put a picture of the statue, discussed its attribution, and gave the address of the French cultural service. So the information known only to Lorraine was widely available."

It was. So widely available, in fact, that Brandt's story of her discovery has come to trouble some of her colleagues. Because this statue's connection to Michelangelo is not exactly obscure; in her circle, a friend of Brandt's told me, it's "table talk."

The first significant effort to attribute the Cupid to Michelangelo came in 1968, in a book by Allessandro Parronchi. Brandt is no fan of Parronchi: "He's not primarily an art historian—he's made a career commitment to discovery, and because of the number and diversity of his 'finds,' he's seldom believed." But almost two decades ago, Colin Eisler, one of her IFA colleagues, connected the statue in the French cultural center to Michelangelo and planned to publish his find. Then he read Parronchi. And although Parronchi had no idea where the statue was located, Eisler put his own research—which includes postcards of the statue that the French freely handed out—in the IFA basement. "It had already been published by Parronchi," he told me, "and so I didn't see the point."

James Draper, the scholar mentioned by Lawrence Jenkens, first encountered the statue in 1983. He was, he says, on a Fifth Avenue bus when he spied it. Later, he went in and looked more closely, ultimately deciding the piece was not a Michelangelo. He wrote about the statue both in his doctoral thesis, for which Brandt was a reader, and in his more recent book, which warmly acknowledges her.

Standing outside the French cultural center last fall, why didn't the woman who describes herself as "the IFA's specialist on Michelangelo" immediately recall Draper's writing? "I knew Parronchi," she says. "I didn't recall Draper, and I should have—I had every opportunity to do so. After a little reading, I got that Draper had preceded me. And I have said so." (She has, although the popular press has tended to omit these references.)

The more relevant point for Brandt is that this is a scholarly—not a journalistic—matter. "I didn't set out to prove the piece is a Michelangelo; I set out to do research," she says. "I fought against the attribution. I consistently played devil's advocate. I asked, 'Could it be a nineteenth-century fake? Could it have been made by a follower of Michelangelo?' But it was patently none of those things."

BRANDT HAS PRIVATELY BEEN faulted in academic circles for contacting the *Times* rather than writing an account of her discovery for a scholarly art history journal like *The Burlington Magazine* (where she will, in fact, soon be publishing an article). She was not, she insists, courting publicity. Rather, she says, she was concerned that the word was getting around and that a less scrupulous scholar might jump her claim.

It would be tempting to conclude that the hostility Brandt is getting from her colleagues is motivated by envy or chauvinism. The problem is that there are aspects of this story that don't add up. Draper's

Photograph by Seth Jayson/Sygma.

first sight of the statue, for one. I called him and asked if he was sure he saw it from a bus.

"From a bus, yes," he said.

I reminded Draper of the heavy ironwork of the doors.

"Maybe I was waiting for a bus."

"Across the street from the building?"

"Yes. Across the street."

That would place Draper some 60 feet from the sculpture. I find his eyesight impressive. Then there is Brandt's story. Brandt's been at the IFA for 30 years; why, at one of the innumerable parties the French give, hadn't she spotted it before?

"I wouldn't say I'd never been in there," she replies. "But I haven't had much to do with the French. All I can say is, that night is when the penny dropped, belatedly."

Brandt's detractors suggest that the answer to my questions can be found right at the IFA, where Brandt teaches half-time. She has a dual affiliation: professor of fine arts at the IFA and at the downtown campus of NYU. "That's not a mark of prestige," a senior IFA professor explains. "The thing to be is a member of the core faculty at the IFA. Brandt has always wanted that, and she's never made it."

Last fall, several members of the core faculty say, Brandt's supporters made one more push for her inclusion in that elite group. Sensing that she was again being rebuffed, these colleagues theorize, Brandt took another, worldlier path to prestige.

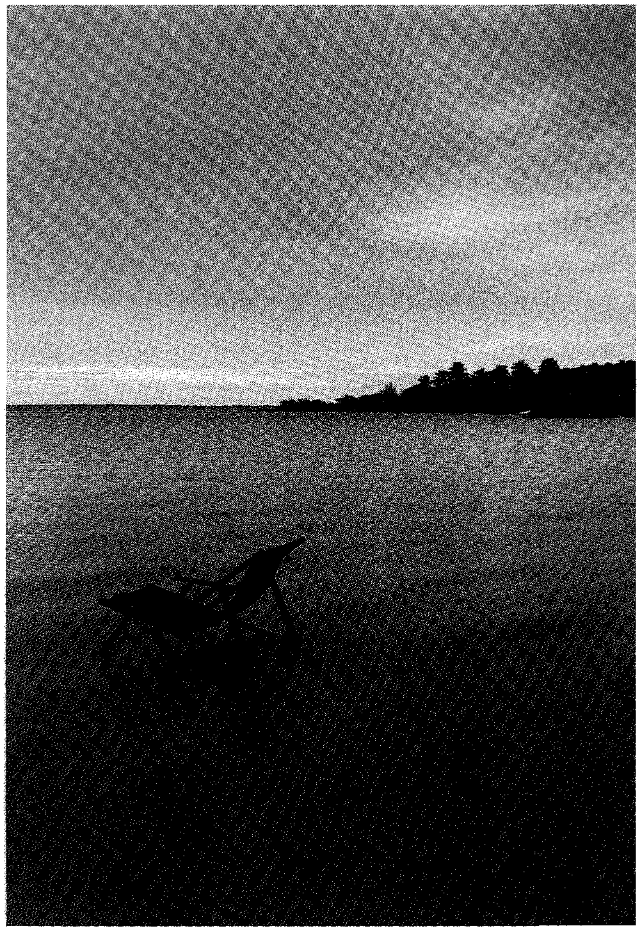
This outrages Brandt. "There was a time when I might have wanted to be only at the IFA," she told me. "Over time, I discovered—as have others at the IFA—that the most creative ideas come in interaction with the young and supposedly ignorant. In the end, it's a blessing to teach downtown."

But the onslaught of hostility from her colleagues has taken a toll; she can no longer take only the high road. "This personal material is outside of the acceptable," she says, her voice trembling. "It does harm that can't be made right. It does false harm. Please . . . be my white knight."

AT THE IFA, BRANDT'S VINDICATION is improbable; the battle lines, drawn long ago, are now irretrievably public. Outside those walls, Brandt has already had her Galahad: John Russell of the *Times.* She presented him with an attribution that could not possibly be definitive, spiced it up with a fetching tale of discovery, and could hardly have been surprised when he elevated her find to the level of a breakthrough.

Brandt is, for the moment, in a position that many scholars would envy. She has impressive support, not only from James Draper but from Nicholas Penny, chief curator for the Italian Renaissance at the National Gallery in London, and from Everett Fahy, who was far more willing to leave his office for her than he was for me. She has appeared in *Time, Newsweek,* and *People,* and on *Charlie Rose,* CNN, and CBS; her bravura performances have led the producer of a high-toned news program to begin discussions with her about more frequent appearances. Publishers have come calling, and she is pondering the right choice of agent. Of the inevitable but as yet unannounced exhibition of the statue at the Met and the Louvre, she's certain she'll be closely involved.

"This is the dishiest moment of our professional lives," one of the biggest stars in the art-history field told me, sensing it was about to end. Not so. Robert Schoen, chafing in New Orleans, has called Alessandro Parronchi in Florence and hopes to join forces with him to publish a piece in a scholarly journal. And in two weeks, *Art News* will publish a series of articles—including one by the renowned scholar Leo Steinberg—that suggests that the statue may not be a Michelangelo after all. Kathleen Weil-Garris Brandt, it appears, may soon need a legion of white knights. ■



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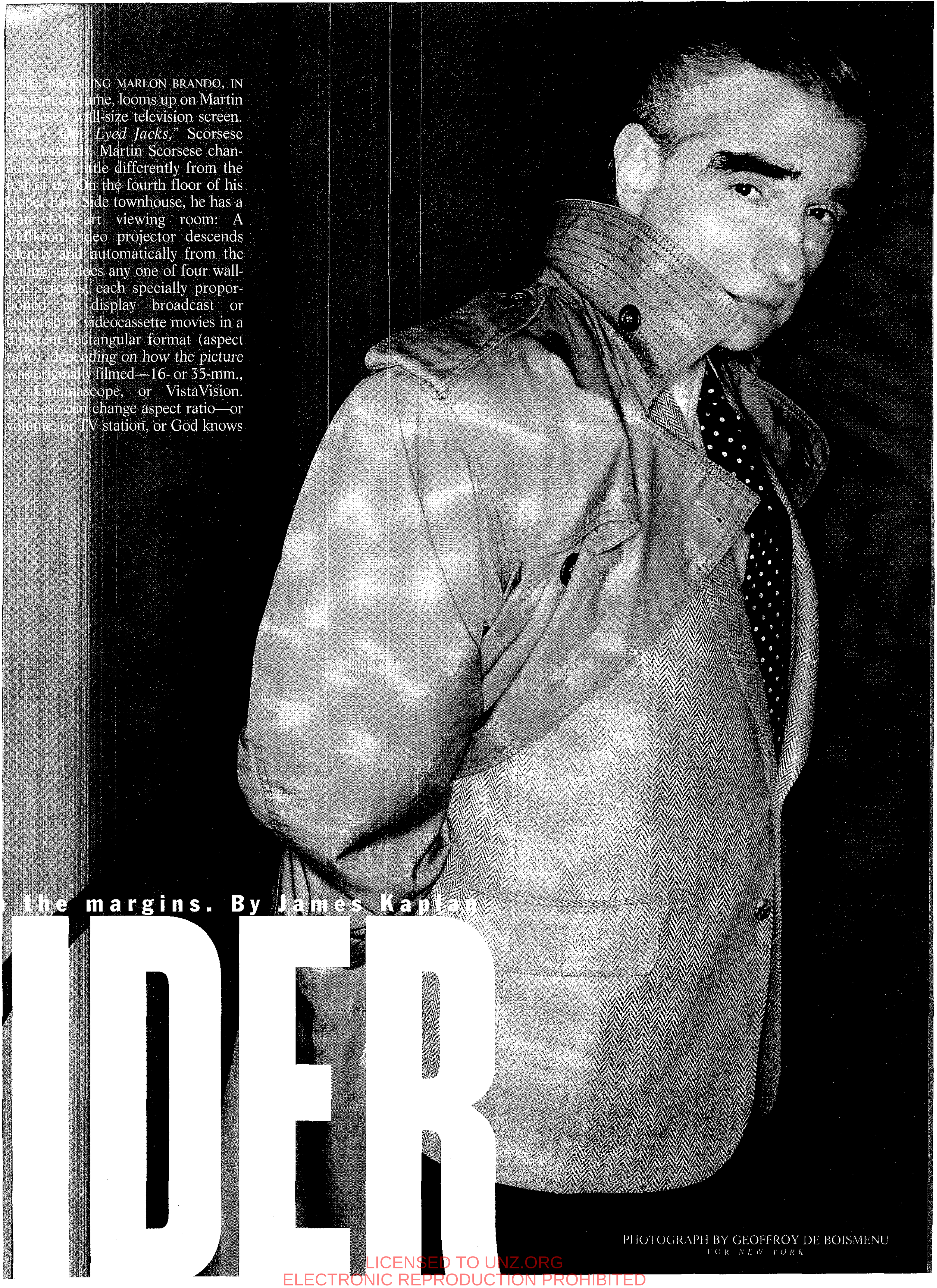
Even as the accolades fly, Martin Scorsese remains, he insis

THE OUT



A BIG, BROODING MARLON BRANDO, IN western costume, looms up on Martin Scorsese's wall-size television screen. "That's *One Eyed Jacks,*" Scorsese says instantly. Martin Scorsese channel-surfs a little differently from the rest of us. On the fourth floor of his Upper East Side townhouse, he has a state-of-the-art viewing room: A Vidikron video projector descends silently and automatically from the ceiling, as does any one of four wall-size screens, each specially proportioned to display broadcast or laserdisc or videocassette movies in a different rectangular format (aspect ratio), depending on how the picture was originally filmed—16- or 35-mm., or Cinemascope, or VistaVision. Scorsese can change aspect ratio—or volume, or TV station, or God knows

the margins. By James Kaplan

IDER

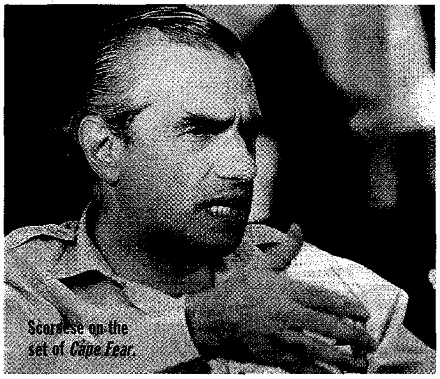
PHOTOGRAPH BY GEOFFROY DE BOISMENU
FOR *NEW YORK*

what else; conceivably the temperature of the refrigerator—merely by touching a computer screen at his side. It's a lot like having a multiplex in the attic, the viewing room. It's a fantastic luxury, of course—and an agoraphobe's dream—but it's also a professional necessity: As a producer and director, Scorsese constantly has to evaluate filmmakers and performances, and only a director truly understands what violence can be done by cathode-ray tube and videotape.

Brando and Ben Johnson are planning a bank robbery. Scorsese is putting the Vidikron through its paces. "You're watching television, American Movie Classics," he says. "Now, there's a way to go which kind of forces more of the image in, and it's more like the actual way *One Eyed Jacks* was actually projected. I'll show you." Scorsese talks fast—faster, it seems, than any human being should reasonably be able to speak. He talks fastest when he's most excited, and he's most excited when he's talking about movies. Which is most of the time.

Scorsese is squinting fiercely at the screen. His heavy eyebrows loom Eckleburgishly in the semi-darkness, like twin gatekeepers of the American archive. He has an actor's big head, with a long, eventful nose and mobile, expressive features: tragic in repose, gummy and boyish when smiling. He has been clean-shaven for the past five years: While the full beard he first grew as a young director gave him a Mephistophelian aspect—he was once asked to play Charles Manson in a movie; he declined—his face without it is remarkably vulnerable and sensitive, like the face of the altar boy he used to be. One is reminded that he studied briefly for the priesthood.

His own larger-than-lifeness, curiously, begins with his physical smaller-than-lifeness: He is minuscule, maybe five two or so. There are photographs of him looking up at Spike Lee, up at Joe Pesci. He is at all times beautifully barbered and manicured—his hands and feet are tiny—and usually dressed to the nines. (He's famous for having taken his cuff links to Woodstock.)



Scorsese on the set of *Cape Fear.*

Right now, he's relatively casual, in gray wool slacks and a blue custom-made shirt with contrasting white collar. Odd touch: His belt is undone. It fits with his distracted concentration. He's avid and remote. Movie directors, of necessity, put up walls, to concentrate on the killingly complex work at hand; Scorsese's walls also have to do with counteracting a congenital oversensitivity to his environment. "He picks up things in a room no one else does—how someone's hands are placed on a chair," says Thelma Schoonmaker, Scorsese's editor since his NYU student-film days.

"Let me just go through my favorite channels here," he says, touching the computer screen. "The Learning Channel . . . Oh, here's an example." He stops at a familiar black-and-white movie. "This is Fellini. *La Dolce Vita,* of course. They're showing it *flat.* Look at that, her face is cut off. This is a disgrace." He shakes his head, flicks down the dial. A giant image of Bosnia—an armored vehicle in the snow—appears. Scorsese sighs. "God forbid," he says. "The news is murder on this big screen. That's why this is mainly for projecting films. I always leave it on American Movie Classics, because it's usually a benign image that comes up when you push it back on."

"Do you watch any dramatic television?" I ask.

"No."

"No *NYPD Blue, ER*?"

"No, no, never. It's scary to me. I don't know what it is. A close friend of mine made me watch *Seinfeld,* and I thought he was really funny. But unfortunately, I no longer belong in that world. I mean, I just don't know, *really* know, where the hell I do belong. I am American. I belong in this country somewhere, and I happen to be living in this house. I don't belong back on the Lower East Side. I kind of grew up a little bit and wanted to go out. But I don't belong to this society. It's kind of strange. I just don't know what it is anymore. It's not speaking for me."

THINGS MAY BE GOING VERY WELL FOR MARTIN Scorsese these days, but he isn't especially comfortable about it. He's rich: He has a big, brand-new four-year, three-picture deal with Disney. And widely revered: On February 16, he was fêted at the Artists Rights Foundation John Huston Award banquet, in Hollywood; last Thursday night, the American Museum of the Moving Image threw him a tribute at the Waldorf, and on Friday, Miramax and the British Film Institute honored him at MOMA with a screening of the documentary *A Personal Journey With Martin Scorsese Through American Movies.* He may be near the peak of a 30-year career, the most consistently great American movie director working today, but as he sees it, he's virtually passé.

Scorsese mentions something Paul Schrader, the screenwriter of *Taxi Driver* and *The Last Temptation of Christ,* and co-screenwriter of *Raging Bull,* told him. "Paul said, 'You know, as much as [Quentin] Tarantino likes *Taxi Driver,* it's still *Taxi Driver.* It's the Existential Hero.' Schrader feels that the world today deals more with the *ironic* hero, and that's the hero of the twenty-first century, where we're not taken seriously anymore, or won't be. And I said, 'Well, that's okay, but I just don't know how to do anything else.'

"Schrader said the ironic hero says, 'Who cares?' Well, not my guys. They don't say, 'Who cares?' They usually say, 'Can I trust you?' Or what's worse, they don't say anything.

"Maybe I'm an old twentieth-century guy," Scorsese says. "You know. On the way out. Maybe my roots are in another world, and they aren't in America. Maybe they're in Sicily. And it has to do with whom you give your word to, which side. And then which rules you'll obey, and which rules you'll cross. And then you know what's going to happen to you when you cross those rules."

SCORSESE IS FAMOUS FOR USHERING ACTORS TO

Scorsese's last movie, *Casino,* is a true-life morality play about the consequences of crossing rules. It is also a somber reflection on the limits of power. But power—as concentrated in the remote central character, the gambler Ace Rothstein, played by Robert De Niro—is the main reason *Casino* fails to be great. Scorsese's greatest pictures—*Mean Streets* and *Taxi Driver* and *Raging Bull* and *Last Temptation* and *GoodFellas*—are about the strivings of powerless heroes; *Casino* is about the struggle of a powerful hero to hold on. The conclusion is foregone.

Casino's budget finally topped out at more than $50 million; to date, if you're keeping score, it's grossed a little over $40 million domestically. The math is all too simple: Though the foreign box office will help considerably, as would Sharon Stone's winning an Oscar next month, the long, cold, violent movie is not, by anyone's standards, a runaway hit. "That's the most money I've ever spent on a picture," Scorsese admits. "But it's a long picture. It's a lot of money; you got more picture for the money. What do you want? What do they want from me?"

IT'S AN INTERESTING QUESTION. COULD IT POSSIBLY BE *Kundun,* HIS next movie and the first picture in the Disney deal? *Kundun*—the story of the selection of the fourteenth Dalai Lama and the Chinese annexation of Tibet, with an all-Asian cast? "Look," Scorsese says. "My pictures are not big box-office pictures. I mean, *Cape Fear* made a lot of money; *GoodFellas.* But. What's happened in the last six, seven years is that there are people out there in Hollywood who want to make pictures with me, which is good."

This is good; the Disney deal is solid evidence. And in one way, it makes perfect sense. Michael Ovitz, who used to represent Scorsese

Photograph by Foto Fantasies.

when Ovitz was in charge of CAA, and who's now No. 2 at the Walt Disney Company, put the deal together. Ovitz first went to work for Scorsese in 1987 with the promise that he could bring the director's longtime dream project, *The Last Temptation of Christ,* to the screen; he fulfilled the promise the following year by setting up the picture at Universal. The movie aroused virulent controversy and failed to make a profit, even at a barrel-scraping budget of $7 million. So when Universal, with which Scorsese had a six-picture deal through *Casino,* balked at making yet another religion-themed Scorsese dream project, *Kundun,* who should step up to the plate but Ovitz? In another way, of course, it makes no sense at all: Scorsese at Disney? When you call Disney Studios and get put on hold, you hear music from *Snow White* and *Cinderella*—not the kind of thing Martin Scorsese immediately brings to mind.

"My whole life has been movies and religion," Scorsese has said. "That's it. Nothing else." In other versions of the quote, he leaves out religion. On one wall of his big Park Avenue office hangs a huge wooden crucifix in a glass box. Flanking it are big, garish movie posters (RKO PRESENTS ROBERT MITCHUM AND JANE GREER IN *OUT OF THE PAST*) and black-and-white photos: Robbie Robertson. A location snapshot from *Last Temptation of Christ.* A group portrait of the cast of *Ocean's Eleven,* in Vegas—Frank and Dean and Sammy and Joey and Peter and Norman Fell. B-pictures, rock and roll, Christ, Vegas: Scorsese.

Movies and religion. And he, in turn, has been worshiped. And stoned. The critical Establishment was tough on *Casino,* and while Scorsese received a respectful Golden Globe nomination for it, and Sharon Stone picked up a Globe for her starring role (Scorsese is famous for ushering actors to award-winning performances, then failing to win alongside them), the movie received only Stone's Academy Award nomination. Once again, Scorsese, who has been nominated for five Academy Awards—three for Best Director, two for Best Screenplay—but has never won one, will be passed by. Does he care? He cares. Is it killing him? Hardly.

"*Raging Bull*"—in 1980, the first time he was nominated as a director—"was when I knew, but I accepted it: 'This is totally understandable. *I don't belong there,*' " Scorsese says. "I'm just not part of it. I don't know if I'm more ethnic, more—I mean, the kind of movies I make deal with a certain subculture. The themes I'm dealing with are just not what a group like the Academy would like to endorse."

-WINNING PERFORMANCES, THEN FAILING TO WIN ALONGSIDE THEM.

The room falls silent for a moment. Very silent—there are no street sounds at all. Scorsese has a thing about noise, and the windows are triple-paned. "Look," he continues, "in *GoodFellas* we got hit—and in *Casino*—with accusations of immorality. What would you rather have your kid go and see, if you were an average person, the picture that wins the Best Picture of the Year, *Dances With Wolves,* or *GoodFellas*? Whether you like the picture or not, [*Dances With Wolves*] undoes a lot of damage that was done in the past 70 years by Hollywood around the world. That doesn't say it's a better movie. Only time is going to tell that. But an organization like that—when people see 'Academy Award Winner,' people go to see that movie. So the [Academy voters] feel a sense of moral responsibility.

"Now, you can criticize their values. But somebody like me criticizing them doesn't mean anything, because I come from the other side of it. I come from *Mean Streets,* I come from *Taxi Driver,* and I come from *Raging Bull.* I'm outside of them. I don't live in their world and your world. My family is different. They're blue-collar. It's a different thing. A different thing. I deal with aspects that people would rather not see. They'd rather keep it underground. And I'll put it up there. I don't give a damn."

It's true. Many a studio executive will tell you that *Mean Streets,* or *Raging Bull,* or *GoodFellas,* is his or her favorite movie, ever. But from a Hollywood standpoint, Scorsese has two big flaws—his pictures rarely make money (they aren't made to make money), and they don't uplift. "People say Marty's not popular, but there's no one more personable and well-liked in the business," says Jay Cocks, an old friend and co-screenwriter, with Scorsese, on *The Age of Innocence.* "It's the movies. He's never made one that made people comfortable. The only picture Marty ever made that had a happy ending was *The Last Temptation of Christ.*"

This is a major problem for a director who wants to work within the system, which is what, early in his career, Martin Scorsese decided he wanted to do. And the system spoke back, loud and clear: In 1977, the dark, violent, brilliant *Taxi Driver* got four Oscar nominations, for Best Picture, Best Actor (Robert De Niro), Best Supporting Actress (Jodie Foster), and Best Original Score (Bernard Herrmann). Neither Scorsese nor screenwriter Paul Schrader was recognized. ("Apparently the picture made itself somehow; it didn't have a script or a director," Scorsese says.)

Four years later, the dark, violent, brilliant *Raging Bull* got eight nominations. Robert Redford won Best Director, for *Ordinary People.* In 1991, the dark, violent, brilliant *GoodFellas* got both Best Picture and Best Director nominations; *Dances With Wolves* won Best Picture, and Kevin Costner—*Kevin Costner*—was named Best Director.

In 1992, Scorsese made the darkish yet totally nonviolent *The Age of Innocence,* which didn't quite uplift but at least made money. And he was rewarded for it—with another Best Screenplay nomination. He didn't win. But Martin Scorsese didn't make *The Age of Innocence* to win an Oscar; he made it as an exercise, to stretch himself. The dark, violent, fitfully brilliant *Casino* was closer to his heart, but for many, the territory felt all too familiar. "It isn't Nick Pileggi, Martin Scorsese, Robert De Niro, and Joe Pesci doing *Le Morte d'Arthur,*" Scorsese admits. "It's the mob in Vegas, and one could bring certain expectations to it, and hopefully, they will be fulfilled."

The same cannot quite be said of *Kundun,* which he will shoot this spring in India. Scorsese in India? Scorsese and an all-Asian cast? "Whatever year they come out, they always come out of left field," Jay Cocks says. "Marty says every time you make a movie, you feel you snuck one by them."

"Is *Kundun* budgeted?" I ask Scorsese.

"It's in the twenties." He smiles.

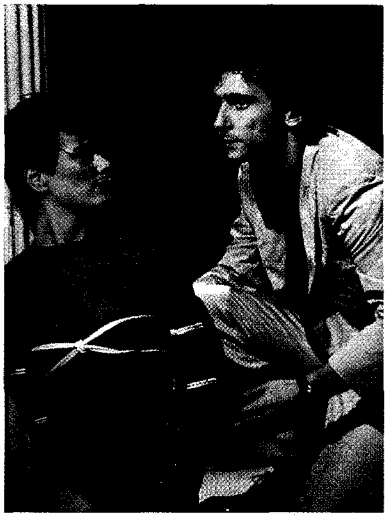
"This is my myopia speaking," I say. "How can you have a studio picture budgeted in the twenties with all Asian actors?"

"God willing, the promise of doing another picture from me that will have no Asian actors. Or if there are Asian actors in it, recognizable names!" He laughs loudly.

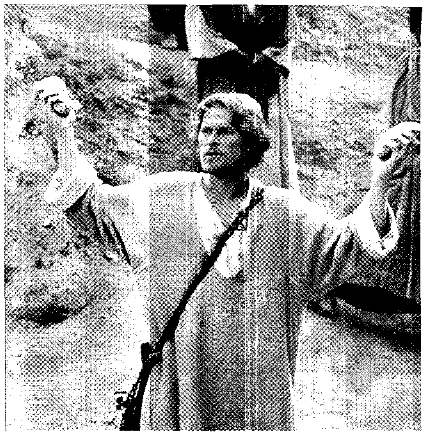
WHATEVER HE PRACTICES, MARTIN Scorsese is Catholic to his bones, believing in the impermanence of all worldly things. Even where he is now, something in him tells him that it could all go away tomorrow. Honor, money—everything. It's hard to imagine, but then, imagining the worst has always been one of Scorsese's chief talents.

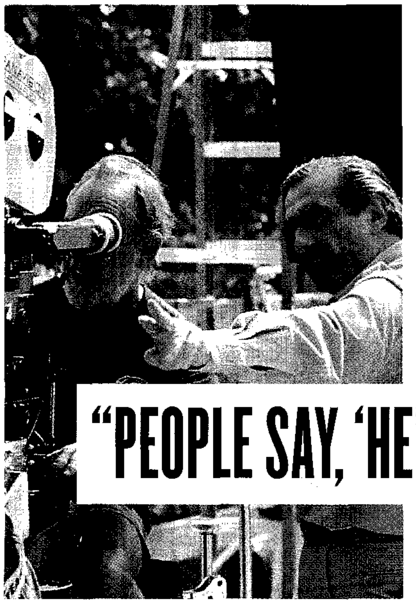
"Right now, in the nineties, it's been wonderful for me, even despite certain pictures not getting certain critical attention and not getting Academy Awards," Scorsese says. "I cannot complain at all. But in the mid-eighties, I was really in the diaspora. And you know, it could happen again. That's why I have to kind of steel myself and keep thinking, *Just make the pictures you really believe in, and throw it out to the elements. If it flies, it flies; and if it doesn't, hey, you did your best.*"

He has always done his best, even when he was trying, misguidedly, to be a studio director, with *Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore,* in Hollywood in the early seventies. Even when, in 1984, broke, spiritually banged up, and recently divorced from his third wife, Is-

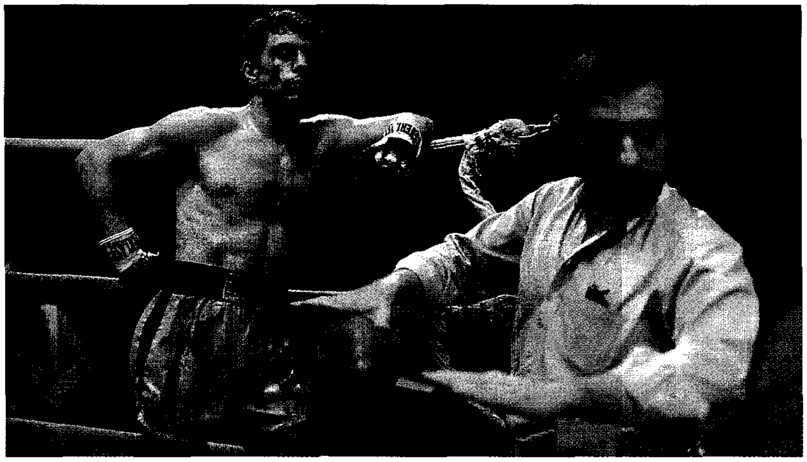


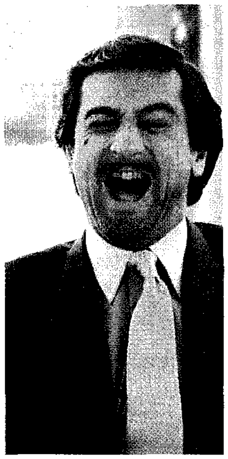
Left to right, from top: Scorsese with then-fiancée Isabella Rossellini in 1979; Linda Fiorentino and Griffin Dunne in *After Hours,* 1985; Willem Dafoe in *The Last Temptation of Christ,* 1988; Scorsese on the set of *Cape Fear;* Robert De Niro and Nick Nolte in *Cape Fear;* Jodie Foster, De Niro, and Scorsese on the set of *Taxi Driver,* 1976; Scorsese directing Michelle Pfeiffer in *The Age of Innocence,* 1993; Scorsese directing De Niro in *Raging Bull,* 1980; De Niro in *The King of Comedy,* 1983; on the set of *Casino* with De Niro and Sharon Stone; the *GoodFellas* crew: Ray Liotta, De Niro, Paul Sorvino, and Joe Pesci.





“PEOPLE SAY, ‘HE’S THE BEST DIRECTOR GOING.’ I FEEL GOOD FOR A FEW





abella Rossellini, he found himself back in Manhattan, shooting a low-budget dark comedy, *After Hours,* just to keep his hand in, to keep learning.

Scorsese had just been through the worst period of his life: having almost died, in 1978, from the combined effects of asthma medication and cocaine; having survived to put his whole heart and soul into *Raging Bull,* which sank along with United Artists when the studio released *Heaven's Gate* ten days after *Raging Bull;* having further abused his body (pills) as he directed *The King of Comedy,* which proved a costly flop; having spent almost all of 1983 trying to get *The Last Temptation of Christ* into production, only to have Paramount pull the plug two days before Christmas. After he'd tried on the studio system and seen it didn't fit, he'd done *Taxi Driver,* "as a labor of love." But when the Academy failed to nominate Scorsese and Schrader, the director began to understand where following his heart might lead. "I didn't like it, but I understood."

"In the beginning, it was fun. We were all young guys together, young men and women, making a name for ourselves. In Hollywood, in the mainstream. The seventies was like another golden age in American cinema. You had Altman, Hal Ashby, Spielberg, Coppola, Milius, Bogdanovich, Friedkin, Cimino, so many good people. Remarkable films being made.

"What happened, though—the end of the era—*Heaven's Gate* ended a certain carte blanche for the director in Hollywood. And so, by 1982, '83, when a picture like *E.T.,* which was only made for like $10 million, could make $300 million, that's where the industry's gonna go. Totally understandable. Because they are in it to make money, so you could make more pictures and everybody live well. Fine. There's no arguments about that. But personal filmmaking in the eighties became very difficult to do. In the mainstream."

After Hours made a little money, and won Scorsese points for being able to work fast and cheap, clean and sober. The year it was released, 1985, he cashed in the points to get another studio gig, directing *The Color of Money,* with Paul Newman and Tom Cruise.

S. THEN I REALIZE, 'I'VE SEEN MORE MOVIES THAN *THEY* HAVE.'"

"While I was working on the script with Richard Price," Scorsese says, "a novelist—I was trying to get the rights to his book—said, 'I was talking about you in L.A., and So-and-so said that you're washed up. Is that true?' I said, 'Why do they say that?' 'Well, because you're doing independent films; you're no longer working in the business.' So I said, 'Well, maybe I am.' "

The Color of Money, Scorsese's most conventional film, came in on time and under budget; the movie made a profit, and Paul Newman won his first Oscar. Scorsese was back. He'd made his first production deal, with Disney's Touchstone Pictures. He was newly married, for the fourth time, to producer Barbara De Fina. But where was his soul?

"Whether I had Robert De Niro or not didn't matter, because we weren't going to make pictures like that anymore—they weren't going to give me the money. That was the new world, in a way. We were out. And basically, to make any kind of movie that I really wanted to make, like *Last Temptation of Christ*—it couldn't get made.

"To make a movie, for me, is hard, very hard," he says. "I've got to draw the images out of my head, I've got to draw them on paper. It's a process of great excitement and great suffering at the same time. Not to sound pretentious, but it's painful. Because you're always questioning yourself—is that what you really want to say with this image?"

"In my career, the next film to make was *Last Temptation,*" Scorsese says. "Not *After Hours,* not *Color of Money.* Those were digressions. But I used the time of digression to get myself psychologically and emotionally back into shape.

"I always think of *Yojimbo,* where [the samurai] breaks his arm and has to learn how to use a sword again," Scorsese says. "[*The Color of Money*] was a perfect vehicle for me to exercise, and to learn to work with people like Paul Newman, and to be trusted again with that kind of money. And right at the end of it, I met Mike Ovitz, and I joined with him January 1, 1987. Then everything changed."

Scorsese: death, resurrection, Kurosawa, Ovitz.

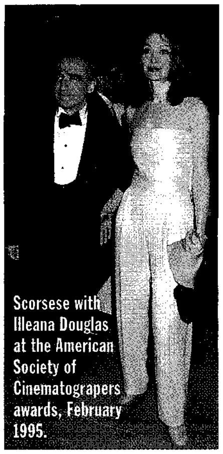
MARTIN SCORSESE WON'T GO DOWNTOWN. It's like something from a dream: I keep trying to get him to go, pushing, pushing, figuring the old neighborhood—Little Italy, Elizabeth Street between Houston and Prince—would make a great interview location, but he keeps, unmistakably, pushing back. For one thing, he says, the old neighborhood isn't the same; it's changed irrevocably. But it's more than that. The first time I mention the word *downtown,* a look of horror crosses his dark eyes. "Not downtown," he says. Why? I ask. "Too much traffic," Scorsese says.

Traffic? He usually has the services of a driver; what's traffic to him? Answer: Traffic is time. Traffic is energy. *Energy* is a word that crops up constantly in his conversation. Time and energy: precious reserves. "I'll be 53 next week," he said the first time we met last fall. "And God knows how many more years I have to make pictures." Making a movie, an unimaginably arduous two-year process from writing to financing to casting to shooting to editing, is like war without the guns. Making a movie is like having to put the money together to buy the wood and sailcloth, building the ship, hiring the sailors, and, then and only then, setting off to hunt the white whale.

Accordingly, Scorsese leaves home—an 1860s townhouse on the Upper East Side—only when it's strictly necessary. He used to walk to the office, but then he found that there were a lot of *people* on the sidewalks; navigating through took up too much energy.

"In the past five years, the more work I've been doing, the more I don't want to go out," he tells me. "In New York, I don't even know the new restaurants. The only places I do go are official events; I rarely go to anybody's house for dinner. I have no life-style. I just make these movies—that's *it.* That's *all* I can barely do at this stage of the game." Maybe we could talk in the car on the way downtown, I suggest, through his office. Save time. Save energy.

Marty doesn't like to talk in cars, an assistant tells me. *You never know who's listening.*

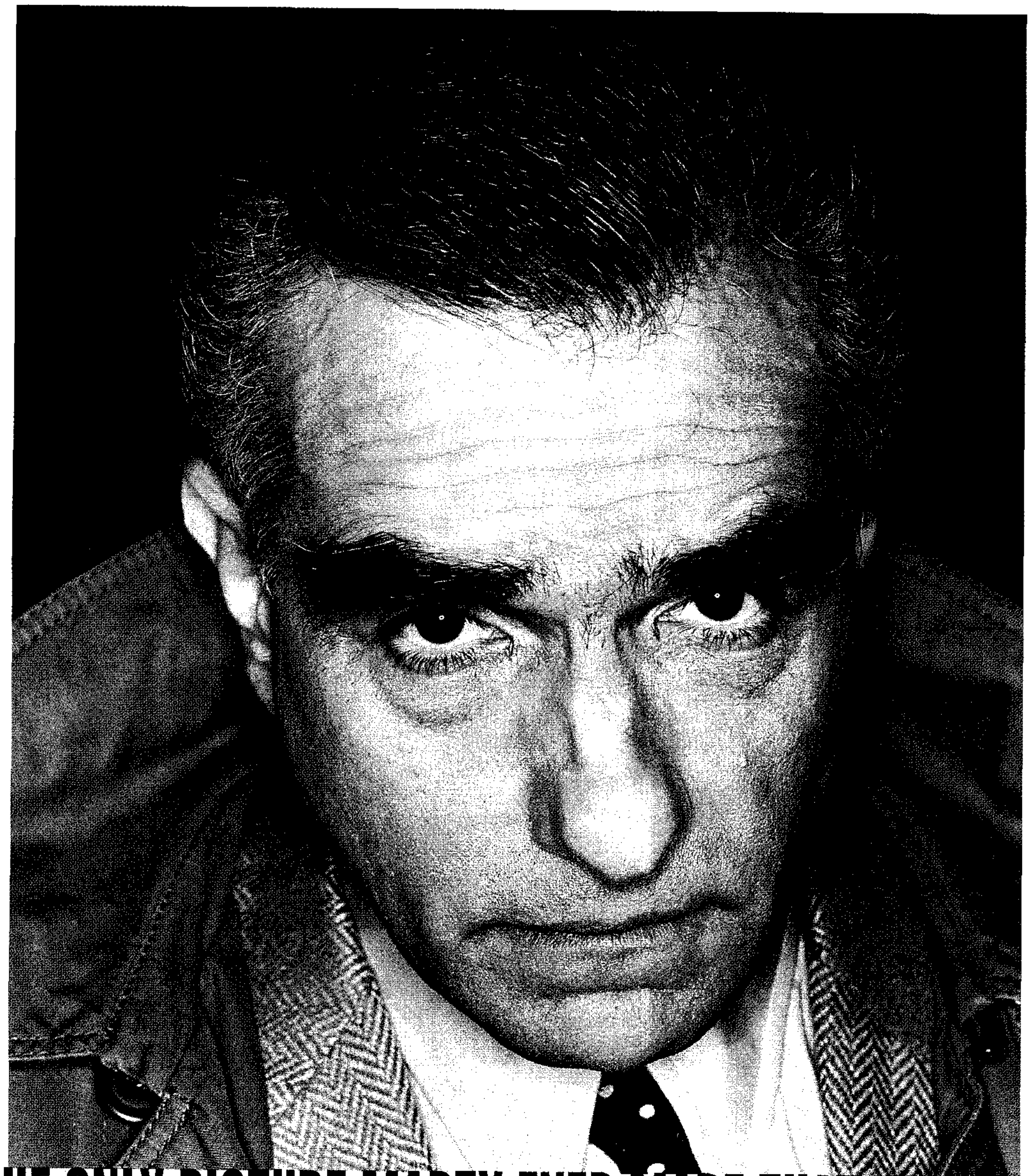

Scorsese with Ileana Douglas at the American Society of Cinematographers awards, February 1995.

MOVIES AND RELIGION. A RECENT SCORSESE WEEKEND: "ON SUNDAY, I checked out a print of an old movie called *Come Next Spring,*" he says. "Directed by R. G. Springsteen. Made at Republic Pictures back in 1955. Very sweet Americana. Very good movie. Then checked out a Chinese film called *The Day the Sun Turned Cold,* by Yim Ho, which I found to be excellent. And then saw another Chinese film, called *Chungking Express.* By Wong Kar-wai. Oh, and the night before, I watched *The Scent of Green Papaya,*" he adds. "Why the Springsteen?" I ask, vamping. I haven't the faintest idea who R. G. Springsteen, of Republic Pictures, was, but somehow, in Scorsese's presence, I manage to care. Even if you know a bit about movies—and a bit is exactly what I know—when you're with Scorsese, you learn a lot more.

You sit with him, hanging on for dear life, as the titles, the dates, the directors shoot by you at hyperspeed. There is simply nothing the man doesn't know. And the cascading information goes far beyond quiz-show trivia: It constitutes a worldview. Albeit a very strange one.

It is the worldview of the asthmatic genius son of first-generation Italian-Americans on the Lower East Side, who, unable to participate in sports, spent an entire childhood going to the movies. His fa-

Photographs opposite page: clockwise from top left, Sygma; Photofest (5); Phillip Caruso/Universal Pictures; Photofest (2); center top, Photofest, center bottom, John Bryson/Sygma. Photograph this page by Jim Smeal/Ron Galella.



"THE ONLY PICTURE MARTY EVER MADE THAT HAD A HAPPY ENDING," SAYS A CLOSE FRIEND, "WAS *THE LAST TEMPTATION OF CHRIST.*

ther, a garment presser, mainly took him. "I'll tell you, these days when I look back, I can't believe he took me to see these movies," Scorsese says. "He took me to see Jean Renoir's *The River.* A very sensitive story of young girls coming of age in India. It was so beautiful, with sitar music and incredible Technicolor. He took me to see *An Outcast of the Islands,* Carol Reed's film. *The Red Shoes.*"

"Your dad took you to see *The Red Shoes?*" I say.

He nods. "He loved it. He thought it was really beautiful. He would tell my mother what he thought afterwards. He kind of liked fantasy pictures. I remember one that he particularly liked, which I looked at again this week—*The Day the Earth Stood Still.* He didn't tell me much about it," he continues. "We didn't speak very much. Oh, I asked him a few questions. But you know, he didn't really have an education."

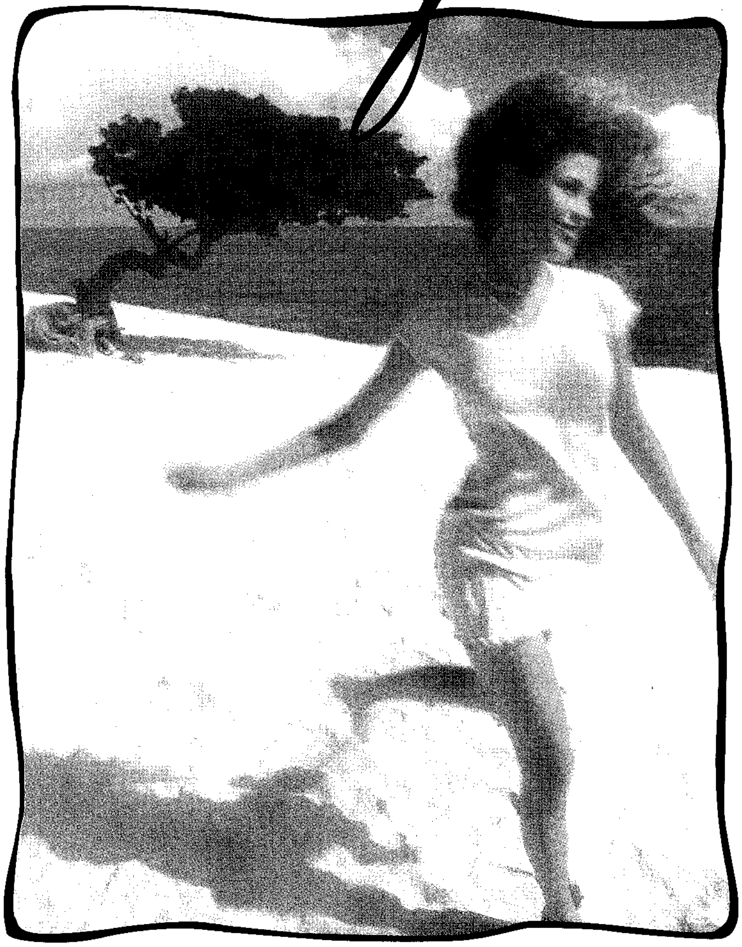
In grade school, Scorsese drew intricate, shot-by-shot storyboards for his own dream movies, much the same way he draws the storyboards for his real movies today. One of them, circa 1955, for an imaginary Roman-centurion movie, lists a bevy of stars: Jack Palance, Rita Moreno, Richard Boone, Anthony Quinn, Elsa Martinelli, "and a cast of ten thousands." In the middle of the storyboard, in very bold print, are the words DIRECTED AND PRODUCED BY MARTIN SCORSESE. Global cinema and B-movies and horror movies and Westerns and *la nouvelle vague,* all mixed into one enormous black-and-white and multicolored whirling glop, any bit of it instantly accessible: This is the mind of Martin Scorsese. One afternoon, I heard a publicity woman muse, in his presence: "There's a scene from a movie in the fifties, a Mexican girl running, trying to get in a door—"

"*The Leopard Man,*" Scorsese said instantly. "Jacques Tourneur." His hunger seems infinite. "What I do now is—besides looking at very new films, in blocks, to get a sense of where new directions are coming from: Asia, et cetera—I look at very old films," he says. "Very old. Usually the fifties or the forties. I just feel comfortable with those. When I was shooting *Casino,* on a Sunday I would run old 16-millimeter Cine-color prints of old horse movies, like *Last of the Red Stallions.* From 1948. I think what's happened is that I've regressed so much that I want to remember those times when I felt comfortable in the womb of a movie theater, when I had asthma and I couldn't play sports, and they'd bring me to the movies, and I'd see these Cine-color movies about horses and cowboys—terrible stories, terrible movies."

"AS YOU GET OLDER, AND THINGS GET WORSE AND WORSE, I THINK I get relegated to a corner of the world and kind of put a fence up, I guess, and hide away," Scorsese says.

His Manhattan fortress of solitude is beautiful, an oasis of elegant sanity in a nondescript neighborhood, among the soulless towers of Third Avenue. Not "done," in an oppressive sense, but very grown-up and slightly old-world in its décor—the polar opposite, perhaps, of the wild bachelor pad on Mulholland Drive Scorsese shared with Robbie Robertson, a lifetime ago. This place exudes spotlessness. A quiet young Asian woman with muscular forearms takes my coat. There are movie posters everywhere, naturally—especially for the films of British director Michael Powell, whose *oeuvre* Scorsese almost single-handedly resurrected in the seventies and eighties. Walls and walls of books and bound scripts. Religious objects, both Catholic and cinematic: In the living room is a glass case full of Japanese theatrical dolls, a gift from Akira Kurosawa. There are many televisions. Some of them stay on all the time.

Photograph by Geoffroy De Boismenu.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Even amid the luxury, the place has a solitary, almost monastic air about it. Ever since his divorce from Barbara De Fina—she continues to produce his movies—Scorsese has been linked with actress and filmmaker Illeana Douglas, but they appear to maintain separate residences. And though there are tantalizing hints of female presence in Scorsese's house—a glimpse of frilly bedspread and stuffed animal, through a doorway on the third floor—it feels, somehow, like a presence kept at bay. Scorsese has two grown daughters by his first two wives, girls who, he admits immediately and bluntly, were raised by their mothers. "Anything that gets in the way of the work, personal or otherwise, I have to let go of," he said in one of our talks, and the brutal honesty stopped me cold. But there it was, right out in the open: the artist-priest's creed.

He seems to be feeling otherwise as the housewoman serves us a vegetarian dinner she's cooked, but then he works around to the same point. When I ask him what's important to him these days, he says, "The first thing I can think of is a person I like to spend time with—just one person. Also family. Trying to balance professional life with family life. I've tried a few times, and never quite got through to it. And I don't know if I'll be able to. But ultimately, if your life falls apart again, I can expect it, and I don't know if it will affect the work in such a devastating way. Maybe the work can be a sustaining element."

He won't go downtown, but he tells me about it. "When they came to America, the Sicilians settled in the Lower East Side on Elizabeth Street," Scorsese says. "Different villages are in different buildings all on the same block. So it turns out that 232 Elizabeth Street becomes Ciminna. Across the street, 241 is Polizzi. My mother and father were born in those two buildings in 1912 and 1913.

"We lived first in Corona, Queens, and we had to move out, because my father got into some difficulty with the landlord. That was 1949. Then we moved back to the block my parents were born in, and we lived with my grandmother until we got rooms at 253 Elizabeth Street.

"When I came to Manhattan, I remember looking out the window of my grandmother's apartment, the room my father was born in. And I saw the street, and it was *alive with people,* jukeboxes outside and people eating food, all kinds of things going on, garbage being collected, and kids running up and down the block playing with the garbage pails. I said, 'Oh, my God! How am I going to survive in this?'

"It was hard, because I was not a tough kid. But they got to like me, and I played in the streets with them after a while; it was really great. It was a real neighborhood. The police were Italian. I learned about people of power. My father taught me. Because my father was never involved with those guys, but had to get their respect. Otherwise you couldn't survive."

"Which guys?" I ask.

"Oh, wiseguys," he says casually. "That's part of the neighborhood. In the old days, 1910, 1912, you get the village elders. But then, when they become Americanized, there's more money, their sons become a little worse. And sure enough, you have a bunch of wiseguys around, and it's a whole other thing going on. And with some of them, my father had to be very careful and give the respect where it was due. Learning to survive and flourish without being one of them, just basically being a decent guy who goes to work, was pretty interesting.

"So he taught me little things. Certain people acted big, dressed a certain way, spoke loud in the street or especially in the barber shop. The barber shop was where everything happened on Elizabeth Street. My father said those guys were not really anybody with power—they were just braggarts.

"And the kids and I would go around these places. I was working, helping my friends do things, and in some cases some of their fathers' friends were these guys. Some of the most powerful guys were really very sweet, they were very nice to kids. We would know, though, not to go too close. You would just see them, and it was always this little cup of coffee. And we didn't know what the hell they did. But they would always be talking, talking, talking, looking around quietly in the back someplace. And we knew not to make too much noise. You'd walk differently by them.

"One day, back at their restaurant, I heard them yelling at some guy, and suddenly, I was standing by a car—I was about 9 years old. And I hear *bang bang,* two or three hits with a club, and this poor old guy comes falling out of the back of the restaurant, bleeding, and just goes stumbling-stumbling-stumbling, *bang,* hits the car that I'm standing next to, and hits the ground. I just walked away, you know. I saw the guys. It was apparently a misunderstanding.

"MAYBE I'M AN OLD TWENTIETH-CENTURY GUY. YOU KNOW. ON THE WAY O
MAYBE MY ROOTS ARE IN ANOTHER WORLD, AND THEY AREN'T IN AMERIC

"Don't interfere—that's something that I grew up with, which is gone in this society. I find in the outside world, outside that neighborhood I grew up in, I guess there's a part of me that finds that I'm in a diaspora in a way, a moral diaspora, and it's scary, and you can't trust anyone—because they don't have those rules.

"Over the years, I've read stuff written about me, and it's clarified some of the things that I think I was doing," Scorsese says. "I can't articulate it, because my first impulse of expression was visual, not verbal, and it's very, very hard for me to do that. I think it has something to do with behavior and something to do with what's right and what's wrong, the morality of people in a world that is really primitive and cruel. Now, that could be anything. That could be Elizabeth Street—which at times was quite beautiful, by the way—and it could be Washington, D.C., and it could be Iraq."

The young woman removes our plates. "I mean, I come out of the sixties," he says. "Even though I'm an Italian-American kid coming out of the Lower East Side, and I started growing my hair in 1970, not 1963. I could never fully understand what the bohemians were doing in the Village when they wore the black turtleneck sweaters and they snapped their fingers instead of applauding. I didn't understand Lenny Bruce until years later. But I knew one thing. We had hopes that maybe the country could be turned around, and it wouldn't be so based on material matters and greed, and cheap, fast fame. We hoped that there were different aspirations for the country. Like a sense of spiritual matters, a sense of love. And what we got was a hundred times worse the opposite.

"I'm disappointed, is all. It's still a great country. It's still the country where I made *The Last Temptation of Christ.* No other country in the world did it. But we're, I think, on the way out. At least I think I am."

And who's on the way in? Quentin Tarantino?

"I *couldn't do* what Quentin does," Scorsese says. "He does it so beautifully. I couldn't do it. They're not the same kind of people in his films and my movies. Now, you tell me. What is the difference between the violence in *Pulp Fiction* and the violence in my pictures?"

"The vise scene," I say, involuntarily remembering *Casino*'s most horrific passage.

"In *Pulp Fiction,* you see how it all builds together, and how all the different plots come together at the end of it, and the irony of the whole thing," he says. "With *Reservoir Dogs,* a similar thing.

"In *Casino,* the violence is meant [to say], *This is it; this is real.* Maybe some people turn around and say it's blunt, and there is no artistry. I never said I was an artist. I don't know what the hell I am at this point. I really don't. I know enough to know that I don't know. The reality is what I'm interested in. And I'm telling you, the head in the vise ultimately is what underlies the entire structure that creates something like Vegas. The more cash, the

(continued on page 101)

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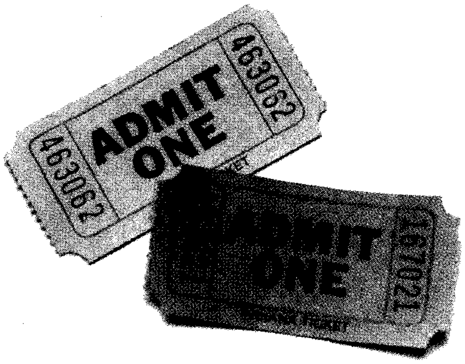

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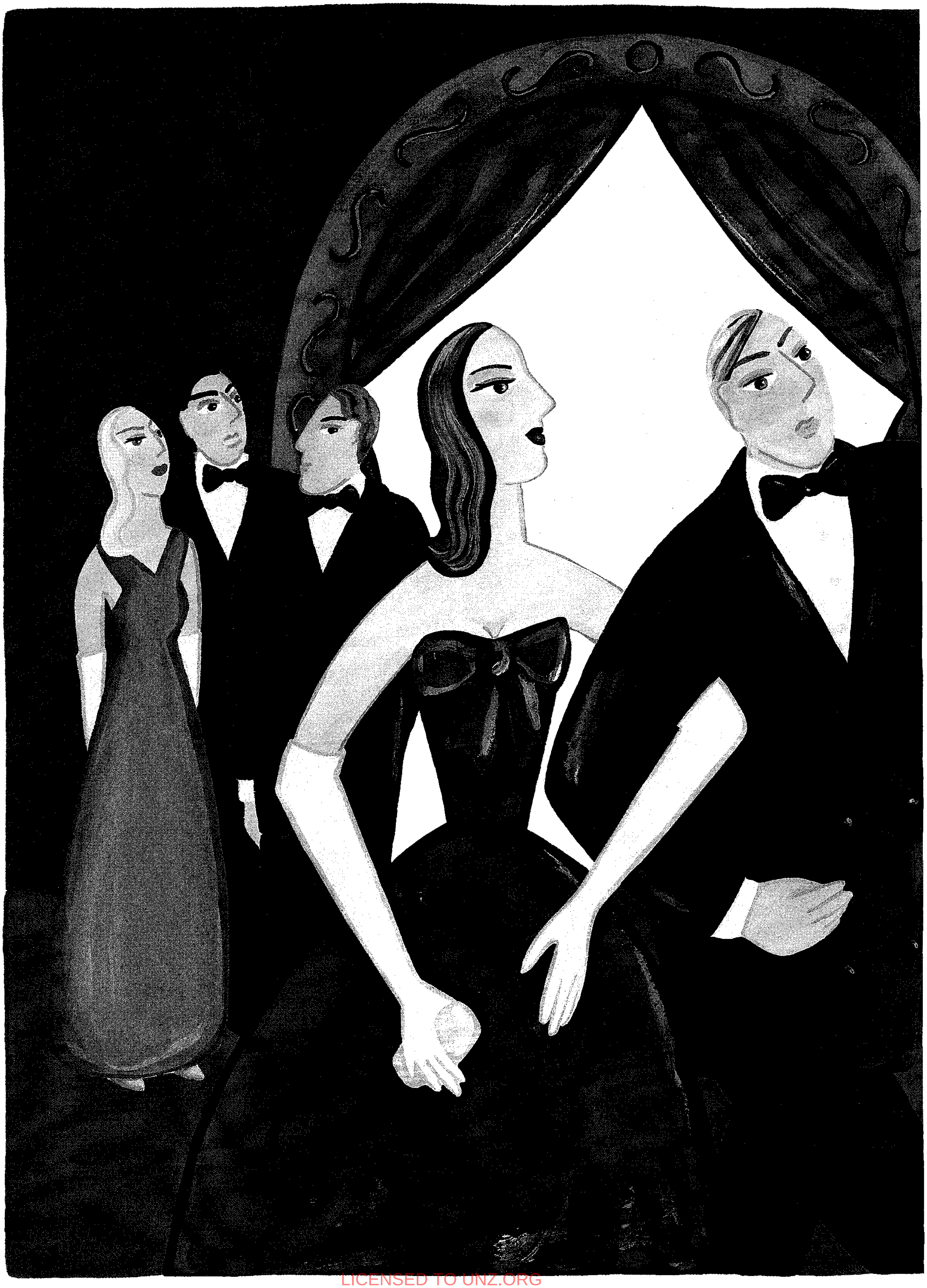


THE LAST WALK

They're the men on the arms of the richest women in New York—stylish, witty, catty, and (mostly) gay. Call them friends, soulmates, sycophants, or decorators. Just don't call them *walkers*.

By Jesse Green

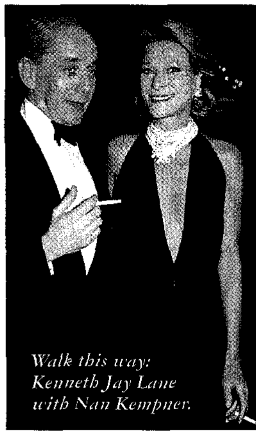
ON THE DAY I VISITED SOTHEBY'S LAST DECEMBER, THE "TWO-PIECE EROTIC sculpture" described as part of lot 340 was, sadly, unavailable for viewing. I'd wanted to see it, along with hundreds of other items that the estate of Jerry Zipkin had consigned for auction, to get some sense of that famously reptilian bon vivant. I already knew that Sotheby's had declined to offer, among its so-called Holiday Treasures, the late socialite's Sulka boxer shorts and his neatly wrapped porn magazines; these had ended up at a Chelsea flea market. And, perverse though it was, the mahogany walking stick from Tiffany & Co., with its phallic gold-snake pommel and vulval emerald eyes, seemed almost too patently satiric to say anything profound.

Still, I didn't leave the auction house disappointed; more than the stick, more than the engraved ashtrays, more than the lucite-and-brass sculpture ironically titled *Revolving Man,* it was a cache of cuff links that best ex-

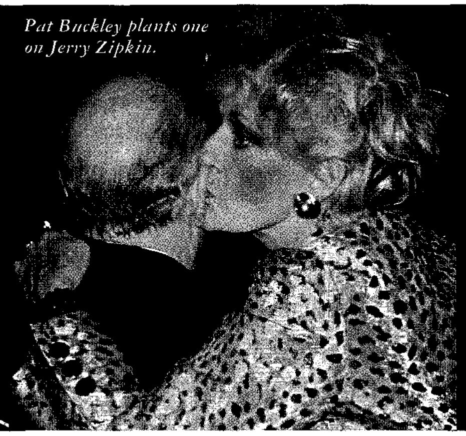
ILLUSTRATED BY ALEXANDRA WEEMS
FOR NEW YORK

pressed the Zipkin essence. Sotheby's had dozens—if only a fraction of the 2,000 pairs he is said to have owned: sapphire, garnet, silver, gold, pearl, ivory, turquoise, crystal; shaped to look like frogs, snakes, stirrups, skulls. Against the black velvet of the jewelry trays they glittered in all their peacock uselessness.

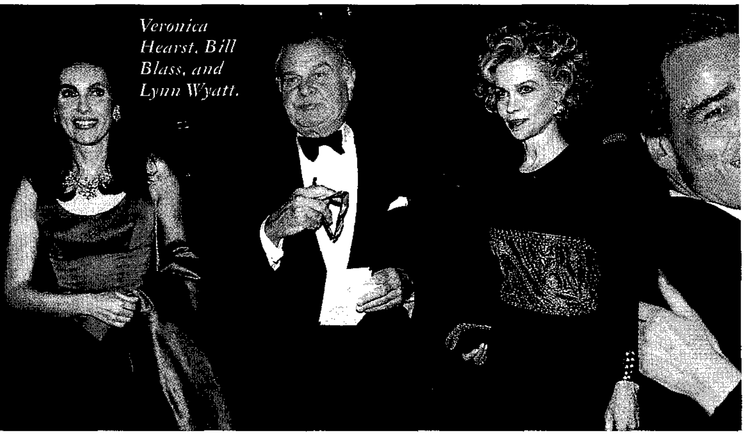
Zipkin was one of those few men for whom cuff links, stud sets, tie tacks, and cigarette cases were a professional necessity. That same month, you could see others of his ilk at the Metropolitan Museum's annual Costume Institute gala—if you weren't already too dazed by the sight of Jean-Paul Gaultier in an ankle-length leather skirt. One Zipkinesque man arrived, discreetly sparkling, with a well-known married woman on his arm; expertly, he helped her negotiate the gauntlet of shrieking press that lined the stairway. Another man, perennially fiftyish, virtually levitated an old, lacquered dame in throat-to-toe sequins, while at the same time distracting her from the humiliating fact that the cameras had stopped clicking as soon as her wobbly foot hit the pavement. Later, inside, another shiny man was whispering something apparently filthy into the crimson ear of a much-lifted and much-married female companion.



Walk this way: Kenneth Jay Lane with Nan Kempner.



Pat Buckley plants one on Jerry Zipkin.



Veronica Hearst, Bill Blass, and Lynn Wyatt.

Who were these gay men—these gay men escorting fancy society women? You could tell they were gay, as one himself put it, because they were too pretty, or witty, or both, to be straight. If this was an insult to straight men generally, well, there weren't many straight men around to object; this was, after all, a fashion event. But even at hospital balls these days, straight men are a sparse commodity. They may provide the money, but it's their wives who spend it—and, often, their wives' gay friends who tell them how. Some days that might mean a Verdura brooch or, God knows, an AIDS benefit; tonight it was, broadly speaking, art. So here they were, all these gay men, shaking co-chair Anna Wintour's slim hand, chatting up their ladies, and scoping one another out.

Their tuxes were sharp—but not *too* sharp. Their hair, what there was of it, was perfectly combed. Even at cocktail hour, they were exquisitely shaven. They were walkers, though they'd never countenance that word. It seemed to be a synonym for *suck-up,* or *leech,* or, worst of all, *fag.* And yet, at hundreds of such events each year—at disease galas, literacy tributes, private dinners in footmanned penthouses—this is what they did: They picked up their companion for the evening (or, better, were picked up in her limousine), walked her into the restaurant or ballroom, gossiped brightly, danced if need be, redeemed her sable, and got her home. No sex tendered or, mercifully, sought. Nothing so crass as money exchanged, although most of the walkers nibbling the shrimp cakes that night at the Met were there on their benefactress's dime.

Still, there was nothing vulgar about it, and if some sort of bargain had taken place, was it very different from the bargains negotiated between any two people? A word that would seem to describe such men better than *walker* might in fact be *friend*—but *friend* doesn't get at the uncomfortable social realities lurking beneath the surface the way *walker* does, with its sense of the woman needing a crutch and the man being somehow inanimate. It doesn't suggest the court-jester aspect the way *laughing man* once did. And it misses entirely the grim paradox of an older term, derived from the oversupply of widows and spinsters in a society that required boy-girl seating at fancy dinners: the *extra man,* unencumbered, place-filling, necessary—and disposable.

SO *WALKER* IS WHAT JERRY ZIPKIN WAS CALLED, WHEN HE WASN'T BEING called a loathsome snob; indeed, the word was coined to describe him, by John Fairchild's *W,* in the late seventies. It was not meant as a compliment. Zipkin's most famous walkee, Nancy Reagan, inadvertently exposed the pejorative intent of the term when she said, upon his death last June, "He was so much more than a walker. He had substance and warmth." That Zipkin had warmth is debatable, but it's true he was the well-educated son of a wealthy real-estate mogul. He had taste (or its simulacrum) and the means to indulge it. Still, he must have been in some sense impoverished, for he devoted his life almost single-mindedly to purchasing the company (if only sometimes the affection) of all the best wives. Alternating fawning solicitude with nasty remarks about their hair and husbands, he wormed his way into the lunchtime ear of some of the most powerful women in the country; among his famous conquests were Nan Kempner, Mica Ertegun, Betsy Bloomingdale, Chessy Rayner, Carroll Petrie, Lynn Wyatt, Joan Rivers, and Pat Buckley—until Mrs. Buckley enraged him with a bad seat at a party.

That these seductions were calculated, clammy, filled with resentment did not make them any the less successful. Indeed, when he died, Mrs. Reagan in attendance, he had won his game: Zipkin's memorial service at Temple Emanu-El was packed with powerful women, whom he had cannily instructed, in writing, not to speak. The dropout homosexual Jew had metamorphosed into the Establishment's favorite courtier, an untouchable eunuch, an *éminence mauve.* Which made him—especially to the legions of second-tier ladies and gay men he looked down upon—an object of hatred and ridicule. They delighted in the famous stories of his comeuppance, like the one related by David Patrick Columbia in his society column for *Quest* magazine: "I hate that lipstick!" Zipkin barked at a famously chic lady who was lunching at Mortimer's. "Well, Jerry," the lady replied, "if you don't like it, then you shouldn't wear it."

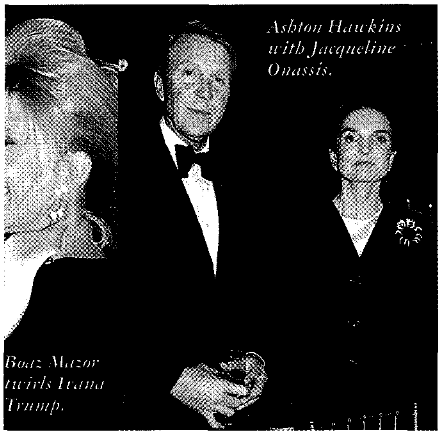
No wonder walkers avoid the word; Zipkin made it toxic. But at least he wasn't doing it for money. He lived his whole life in a Park Avenue apartment building (built by his father) whose address was as tony as those of his friends'. In his wealth and refinement, he was virtually the last of a breed that can be traced back as far as the Gilded Age: black-sheep heirs who, eligible but unmarriageable, had entered society through its secret side door. How else were homosexuals to enter if not on the arm of an acceptable woman? And if Zipkin tried to nail that door shut behind him, it didn't much matter; by the eighties, with gay men coming out of the closet in droves, and the social world switching from a currency based on good breeding to a currency based on ostentatious display, anyone ballsy enough could barge in.

The near-extinction of Zipkin's breed left the field open for a different kind of walker—the kind you might call a parasite. One man

Photographs: left to right, Rose Hartman; Randy Bauer/Ron Galella; Rose Hartman; Marina Garnier; Rose Hartman.

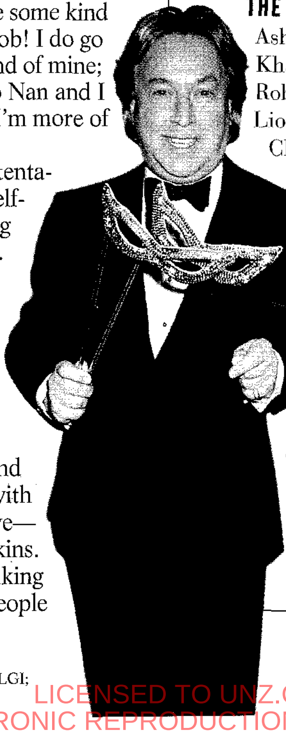
lived for many years in the pink apartment of a departed walkee, enriching the kitty when cash ran short by selling gossip about slightly less moribund ladies to *The National Enquirer*. Then there were the DuPont twins: vacuous, jobless, self-descriptively sexless, but blond and available and six foot three. According to a hilarious 1987 *GQ* profile, the twins never paid rent if they could help it but gladly did laundry or walked the Lhasa in exchange for a month in the upstairs guest room. And so what if the women who took them in were C-list at best? The DuPont twins (né Lasko) were the adopted sons of a gas-station attendant. C-list was a big step up in the world for two guys who showed no particular talent except for socializing with Eurotrash and wearing cashmere sweaters.

In their low birth and high taste, such men were not unlike the hairdressers, decorators, and florists who for years had played Pygmalion to society ladies, dressing them for dinners and choosing chintz for their country houses with a fervor that comes only from deep, if wishful, identification. Though hardly gigolos, they were engaged in transactions that were largely, if silently, about money and sex. "The hot-lunch program at Mortimer's and Trump's is filling enough that a man could live on toast and tea otherwise," wrote the late Paul Monette, who before becoming a novelist spent two years as "the world's first color-blind decorator." In his memoir *Becoming a Man* he described how, as an adolescent, he learned how to trade his "oh-so-worldly banter for hetero rites of passage"; how, "spellbound . . . by the carnal moves of royalty," he was "so busy being popular he [didn't] know how to come."


Ashton Hawkins with Jacqueline Onassis.

Boaz Mazor twirls Ivana Trump.

Monette, having achieved legitimate success, did not need to euphemize his walking past: "I came so close to being a eunuch escort full-time that I can almost taste the crystalized sugar passed with the after-dinner coffee." But most men who do exactly what Monette did (albeit in higher orbits) are more circumspect. "Just because I go out with ladies doesn't mean I'm a walker," says Kenneth Jay Lane, the jeweler most famous for his Barbara Bush *faux* pearls. "Real walkers are people who don't have an occupation. If they exist, they don't get invited to the parties *I* go to. They must have some kind of peripheral jobs: I would *love* to have a peripheral job! I do go out sometimes with Nan Kempner, who's a great friend of mine; her husband, Tommy, doesn't like to go out much, so Nan and I will go to the movies. Is that being a walker? I'd say I'm more of a sitter."



Lane is right: Since the collapse of eighties-style ostentation, most of the men known as walkers have been self-made. Still, it's odd the way each of them denies being a walker but will tell you exactly who all the others are. A man I'll call Winthrop, who has spent many evenings escorting very wealthy women, offered this rundown: "Who do you see? You might see Blaine Trump, Pat Buckley, Brooke Astor, or Drue Heinz out with Bill Blass or that wonderful old gent Johnny Galliher or Glenn Bernbaum or maybe even with that awful Boaz Mazor or that decorator Greg Jordan, who for mysterious reasons people seem to find good company. You might see Christopher Walling with . . . anyone. Carroll Petrie, even when Milton was alive—*especially* when Milton was alive—with Ashton Hawkins. Of course, Ashton won the real walker prize by walking Mrs. Onassis at her last public event. Then there's people

Photographs: clockwise from top right, Andrea Renault/Globe Photos; Frank Trapper/Sygma; Randy Brooke/Sygma; Gene Shaw/Star File; Rose Hartman/LGI; Adam Scull/Globe Photos.

WALKING 101

High Society may be dying, but as long as there are egos, publicity, and fancy charity events, surely there will be walkers. What follows is a guide to walking as we know it. The walkers listed here aren't all gay—they aren't even all *men*. But they all have reasonably good taste and looks, serviceable formal attire, conversational agility, and the will to be attached to the arm of someone powerful—usually but not always a woman. *New York* convened a blue-ribbon panel of local experts to find out what makes walkers run.

The mod couple: Bill Blass with Brooke Astor.

WALKER ALL-STARS

John Galliher
Kenneth Jay Lane
Bill Blass
John Richardson
Boaz Mazor

THE DAPPER DOZEN

Ashton Hawkins
Khalil Rizk
Robert Woolley
Lionel Larner
Christopher Walling
Pete Hathaway
John Loring
Alexis Gregory
Joe Armstrong
Gene Hovis
Arnold Scassi
Bobby Short

THE TOP-DRAWER WALKEES

Brooke Astor
Nan Kempner
Mercedes Bass
Pat Buckley
Barbara Walters
Jayne Wrightsman
Marian McEvoy
Chessy Rayner
Carolyne Roehm
C. Z. Guest
Lynn Wyatt
Anne Cox Chambers
Kay Meehan
Blaine Trump
Liz Smith
Princess Firyal of Jordan
Mary McFadden
Beth Rudin DeWoody
Aileen "Suzy" Mehle

ARTY WALKERS

Charles Cowles
Richard Feigen
Everett Fahy
Gary Tinterow

HOLLYWOOD WALKERS

Roddy McDowall
Howard Rosenman
Larry Fortensky
Addison De Witt

NONTRADITIONAL WALKERS

Michael Thomas
Mort Zuckerman
Francis Kellogg
Andy Stein
John Sargent
Larry Gagosian

CONDÉ NAST WALKERS

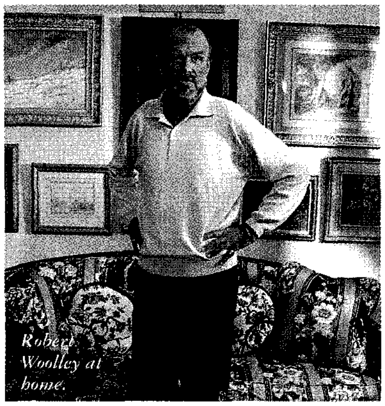
Hamilton South
Charles Gandee
Bob Colacello
Paul Wilmot
Hamish Bowles

DO	DON'T
Wear a tie no matter what the occasion	Wear more fragrance than she does
Make a fuss about her dress	Make a fuss about anyone else's dress
Carry enough money for tipping	Carry enough for anything else
Inquire in detail about her dog	Inquire in detail about her husband
Gossip brightly	Drop names you can't pronounce
Keep an eye on her handbag	Keep an eye on the waiter
Laugh	Sweat

like Paul Wilmot, who *married* Mollie Bostwick—you remember, the Venezuelan tanker crashed into her pool in Palm Beach? They divorced, of course; now he works for, and walks, Anna Wintour."

The walkers on Winthrop's list aren't idlers or sycophants; they are successful men in the prime of their careers. Blass is one of the Olympians of fashion, Bernbaum owns Mortimer's, Walling designs fine jewelry, and Hawkins is executive vice-president of the Metropolitan Museum. They aren't lapdogs or gigolos but New Age Zipkins without the turpitude. Call them Jerry's Kids. The women they walk are clients, donors, sometimes crusading comrades-in-arms. More and more, they see walking as an extension of work: corporate P.R. or hustling for philanthropy. It may be fun, it may satisfy the ego, but it rarely gets them anywhere socially they couldn't get by themselves.

So why the denial? One understands the reluctance of society women to tell tales on their friends; discretion is a sign of good breeding. ("I hate the word *walker,*" Pat Buckley said, politely but firmly declining to talk. "Because it connotes something it shouldn't.") But for the men, such reluctance seems hypocritical. If walking is only a new form of friendship, why not say so? If it's nothing shameful, why cast it at others as an emasculating insult? For all their understandable desire to distinguish themselves from the DuPont twins, these men seem to be involved in a conspiracy to deny the plain truth—and the complicated bargains—of their lives at the threshold of a new society.



Robert Woolley at home.

"WALKERS HATE FOR IT TO BE SPOKEN OF PLAINLY. BUT WHAT'S TO BE ASHAMED OF? WHEN ASHTON'S THERE WITH BROOKE ASTOR ON ONE ARM AND JAYNE WRIGHTSMAN ON THE OTHER, IT'S NOT AN EMBARRASSMENT—IT'S AN ART!"

ANIMALERIE. PEAU DE SOIE. LOUIS QUATORZE. These are the kinds of words walkers live to utter, and nobody utters them better than Robert Woolley. For all I know, he has them all in his living room—he certainly has everything else. The walls of his Fifth Avenue apartment are covered, chair rail to ceiling, with drawings, paintings, mirrors. Framed photos rise like tombstones from every flat surface; in the space left over lurk tchotchkes of every plummy description. The décor signifies good taste but is really a manic extension of good taste; it's a good-taste warehouse. Perhaps this makes sense: Woolley is executive vice-president and head of decorative arts at Sotheby's. He has devoted his life to beautiful things and to the wealthy people who keep them in circulation.

When I meet him, on a sweltering summer day, Woolley is in the process of deacquisitioning. He's planning to sell 50 lots from his collection, including a Roman marble head of a satyr, a pair of Victorian mahogany chairs, and a "French Art Deco Pollarded Elm and Ebène-de-Macassar Double Cigarette Box." Not for the money; money has never really been Woolley's drug. The "Bid for Life" auction Sotheby's is holding in his honor will instead benefit four AIDS organizations, including Gay Men's Health Crisis, on whose board Woolley has sat for six years. So say good-bye to the Unjo vase; farewell to the Sheffield-plated honey-pot cover—but not without regret. "Can't you see how empty the place is?" Woolley says grandly, self-mockingly, as he shuffles into the room.

The self-styled king of the walkers (and the only one who embraces the word) is, at 52, having trouble walking. He has AIDS. His clothes—white chinos, a red polo shirt—are too big for his frame: the HIV diet, he half jokes. Still, despite the ten-hour IV infusions, he manages to rustle up a bit of hauteur. Sockless in loafers, with his beard neatly trimmed and his pinkie ring gleaming, he looks like a cruise director—of a ship that's unsteady but still afloat.

"Walkers have been around forever—Samuel Adams Green walked Greta Garbo in the 1950s—and will probably go on without me. What's different about me is only that I've gotten publicity for it, and welcomed it. Which is why some other walkers dislike me. One day I said to Zipkin, who was a very good friend of mine, 'It's funny. Charles Ryskamp hardly ever says hello to me, even though he knows perfectly well who I am. Bill Blass is kind, but there's no great warmth there. I don't understand it.' And Zipkin said, bitingly, 'Well, what do you expect? They're threatened. You're too *gay*.'

"But Jerry was another case. As long as I knew him, we had two conversations about gay rights—that is, I spoke and he remained silent. He never told me anything about his sex life, what he did, who he loved. He based his behavior on this commandment: 'Don't startle the horses.' Partly it's generational. All the walkers from Hawkins on up—and he'll be pissed because he's only a few years older than me—hate for it to be spoken of plainly. I don't mind because what's to be ashamed of? When Ashton's there with Brooke Astor on one arm and Jayne Wrightsman on the other, it's not an embarrassment—it's an art!"

Woolley isn't kidding. His recently published memoir, *Going Once,* includes a photo section entitled "Woolley Walking"; it shows him enjoying his "avocation" by escorting such women as Beth de Woody, Martha Graham, Anne Bass, and Elizabeth Taylor. In conversation, he also mentions Judy Peabody, Lee Thaw, Emilia Fanjul, Joan Rivers, Francine LeFrak, Jane Stanton Hitchcock, and Amalia de Fortabat.

Amalia de Who?

"She earns about a million dollars a day and owns Argentina. *Enough said?"*

Though others snidely refer to de Fortabat as the Cement Queen or the Baroness of Beef, Woolley pronounces her name, like the names of his other friends and belongings, talismanically, as if their distinguished provenance might somehow induce immunity to suffering. This faith in the innate power of the wellborn bespeaks his humble origins. When he says he's an outsider because he didn't go to prep school and wasn't "encumbered by family wealth," he understates. Woolley's father was the choir director at the First Methodist Church in tumbledown York, Pennsylvania; with three other boys and $13,000 a year, there wasn't much time for taste. Nevertheless, little Robert managed to flower into a snob; his mother found him supercilious, and his classmates called him Percy. "I often fantasized about escaping my semidetached existence," he writes in *Going Once,* perhaps too tellingly.

A desperate desire to reattach oneself to a rejecting world is a common theme of gay psychology. For a lot of walkers it has meant finding a place as different as possible from the place they grew up in, the tasteless place that despised them. "I would have done almost anything to be almost anywhere else," Woolley remembers, with surprising anguish. "Oh! That small-town, mother-on-your-back feeling!" He describes his first trip to New York City, at age 10, as if it were Moses' sighting of the Promised Land. "It was the first time I'd had breakfast in bed. You'd look in windows and say, 'If I lived in New York, I could live in that building!' You could be free. I think, for all gay people, New York is where your mother is at last and forever off your back."

Was it a victory over the past, or just an eerie rerun, that Woolley escaped his semidetached existence by putting other people's mothers on his arm instead? He started walking in earnest after the beautiful New York life he had made for himself—it wasn't *so* beautiful, really, but what is?—all but collapsed in 1987 when Jeffrey Childs, his lover of fourteen years, died of AIDS. Childs was the son of a greatly "encumbered" Social Register family: "He had that kind of

Photograph by Chris Casaburi.

arrogance people have when they know money is coming in no matter what, and a great strong personality as a result." Woolley points to a large pencil drawing on the yellow wall, of a cruelly handsome 30-year-old with short hair and mustache. It was through Childs that Woolley learned how to mix with the uppermost crust: which fork to pick up, when to be glib, how to eat wild duck without gagging. And it was Childs's wealth and connections that allowed Woolley to function as an openly gay man wherever he went, at a time when virtually no one else could.

There have been other lovers since, but a part of Woolley's life seemed to die when Childs did. Walking filled in the blanks—though he can't say exactly what he got out of it that he couldn't have gotten otherwise. Perhaps the answer is in his response to my next question: What does the woman get from being walked?

"Oh," Woolley says, immediately brightening. "A totally charming, witty escort who's glib and savvy, a delight to be with, and knows enough to admire her dress."

And where's her husband?

"Watching football."

Sullen, sports-watching husbands are common figures in walking tales. "In an ideal world, you'd have a fantastic husband who would share all your interests and enjoy the same social events," says one seasoned observer. "In the real world, you have a husband who'd rather play golf. From the time you're 11, it's the girls who want to go to cotillion and the boys who are dragged there by their hair. So the women make do. And anyway, if the walkers are in essence bought, what of it? You have to buy your companionship one way or another."

Woolley more charitably describes it as a matter of accommodating different tastes. "Take Michael Brooks, Dede's husband," he says. (Diana "Dede" Brooks is the president of Sotheby's.) "Michael will go to two benefits a year. That's it. She doesn't even bother to ask him for more. A few men will go if their wives are chairman, but otherwise forget it. The walker gets the husband off the hook, without being threatening sexually; usually the relations between the two men are thus cordial."

Not always. Things get complicated when the husband himself is gay, or when he suspects his wife is being taken advantage of. But Woolley's a professional, with his own rules and standards. "First," he says, "be on time. Next: Make sure you've read the *Times,* to have things to discuss in case you get stuck. Don't bring up sexual subjects but answer any questions. And please, please, have the right equipment. I have five tuxedos, plus a red one of Elton John's I bought at an auction. And you should have a lot of cuff links"—a tip he might have learned from Zipkin.

"But my main walking rule," Woolley continues, "is called going Dutch. I know most people would come in here and think, *My God, he has a lot of money.* But I don't. I don't have any stocks or bonds. The apartment is rent-stabilized, and Jeffrey's mother still pays his part of the rent. So when I go walking, I buy my ticket and the lady buys hers, because I can't afford her and I don't want to be kept. One gets a little more respect that way. At least from the ladies. From the other walkers, oh my God! They do *not* like it. They let the lady pay for everything.

"Zipkin was one of those: liked to go, hated to pay. He had a lot of family money, but he also had a wallet gap, through which most of it just fell out of his life. There was one time when Mrs. Thaw asked me to go with her to the first Save Venice benefit. I told Jerry, 'It costs $1,000 to go,' and he said that as long as I'm male and have blood in me, I could go for free. 'Well,' I told him, 'it's a good cause, so I sent in my thousand,' and he looked at me and said, *'Asshole.'* "

Woolley's relationship to the wealth around him (which has made both his vocation and avocation possible) is, like that of all walkers, ambivalent. His first job in New York City, in 1965, was as a salesman at A La Vieille Russie, the "Rolls-Royce of antiques stores," on Fifth Avenue. There he came into contact with people who had "stupid amounts" of money; he seemed to accept the natural order of things that had made them fabulous but made him a clerk. "High

FASHION WALKERS

André Leon Talley
Isaac Mizrahi
Billy Norwich
Patrick McCarthy

WOMAN WALKER

Fran Lebowitz

WALKER ROMANCES

Oscar de la Renta and Annette Reed
Bobby Short and Gloria Vanderbilt

Arnold Scassi and Parker Ladd
Khoi Nguyen and Gillian Fuller

WALKER RESORTS

Gstaad
Lyford Cay
Palm Beach
Hazelden

POWER WALKS

Barry Diller and Diane Von Furstenberg
Michael Fuchs and Bianca Jagger
Bob Morton and Martha Stewart
Andrew Stein and Shirley MacLaine

WALKER SPAWNING GROUNDS

The Delano
David Barton Gym
Vanity Fair masthead
Mary McFadden

WALKER EUPHEMISMS

Extra Man
My Date
My Decorator
Editor-at-Large

Dominick Dunne
People Like Us

WALKER LITERATURE

Swann's Way
Palimpsest
Answered Prayers
Anything by Dominick Dunne

WALKER PERIODICALS

The World of Interiors
W
Quest
Honcho

WALKER WATERING HOLES

Mortimer's or Le Cirque (lunch)
Temple of Dendur (dinner)
The Townhouse (après-dîner)

WALKER HAMPTONS

South
East
Mark

WALKER SKILLS

Holding court
Holding coats
Holding doors
Holding liquor

WALKER CAREERS

Special-events planner
Antiquaire
Designer for the First Lady
Chief counsel to the Metropolitan Museum

WALKER TURN-ONS

Car services
Titles
Damask
House charges
Carroll Petrie

WALKER NIGHTMARE

Being seated next to Pat Riley

WALKER ACCESSORIES

Anderson & Sheppard dinner jacket
Parrots
Charity goody bags
Anything monogrammed

WALKER CUISINE

Anything in a puff-pastry shell
Gravlax
Caviar tart
Anything not on the menu

WALKER LINES

"You know, Nancy, you *were* quite a brilliant actress."
"Please Joan, tell that joke again."
"Unhand me—I'm with the countess!"
"Why yes, I *am* a bachelor."

Photographs: clockwise from top left, Steve Allen/Gamma-Liaison; John Barrett/Globe Photos; Rose Hartman/Globe Photos; Carl Centineo/Globe Photos; John Barrett/Globe Photos; Dina alfano/Gamma-Liaison; Vinnie Zuffante/Star File.

society might shop with me," he says, "but never dine." Later, rising through the ranks at Sotheby's, in part by imitating the plundering ways of the aristocracy, he learned the value of the Zipkin method: Outsnob the snobs. "Well, you're certainly not dressed like an ambassador's wife," Woolley once told an ambassador's wife. As an auctioneer, he got his thrills "making them buy the thing, whether they knew they wanted it or not." A whiff of sadism adheres to his tales of life among the rich; indeed, his orientation talk for new Sotheby's employees maps the fault lines along which wealthy families collapse: death, divorce, and debt. He calls the talk "Fragility 101."

You could see his throw-it-back-in-their-faces method in action at the Bid for Life auction, last summer. Socialites and their walkers were out in force, like bees excitedly picking over a picnic. Judy Peabody, all Kabuki whiteface against a brilliant turquoise gown, had four beautiful men swarming around her. Yet there was something very *fin de siècle* about it, something very *Ship of Fools.* Too weak to run the proceedings himself, Woolley sat on the dais in a big wing chair, looking like a pasha and occasionally commenting on the proceedings below. Commenting? Hectoring. "What's wrong with you people? Cat got your wallets?" "Come on, Victor, you can do better." And *bam!* went the gavel, on a pair of bronze jardinieres.

Woolley may be a snob, but he's not *just* a snob: Bid for Life brought in $1.2 million, adding to the $15 million he'd already helped raise for AIDS charities. Not many walkers can say as much; not many can say anything at all.

"AN EVENING WITH PAT BUCKLEY IS A CHANCE TO STUDY HER, TO SEE HOW SHE DOES IT, TO SEE HOW SHE *IS* PAT BUCKLEY."

GO TO THE PATRONS' PREVIEW OF THE ANNUAL Winter Antiques Show at the Park Avenue armory and see what walking has become. Because it's an A-list society event, you find wellborn ladies with their silver-haired cavaliers; because it's about pretty furniture, you find nouveau riche corporate wives with their flamboyant decorators; because it's a benefit, you find charity dames with their gentlemen jewelers. At other big-ticket events, you may find something quite new: businesswomen with their "social secretaries" or "development directors"—polished men who help present them tastefully to the world and connect them to all the important people. More and more, you also find women alone, or with their husbands. And men in pairs, too.

"When there were fewer women of real means," says walker Winthrop, "and the social order was more coherent, there was a clearer identity for men like me. Because no gay people were visible in society, those who were socially inclined were forced into one role, and adapted to it. Now it's all changing. In another five years, two men—if not two women—will feel comfortable buying a pair of tickets to the Carousel Ball, or an Alzheimer's party. For private events, where the old style prevails, you'll still need to come in pairs, like the animals, and try to respect the tradition even though it's a fraud. But this, too, will pass.

"And I'm not sure gay men won't lose something when it does. When I was younger, I used to accompany this enormously cultivated woman to the opera, and those evenings were about education. It was a privilege to be around a woman who had known the people she had known and seen the things she had seen. It *is* a compromise: They need you to put on their coat and help them across the plaza at Lincoln Center to their car, which is awful; at the same time, you need them to get to hear *Otello* for the first time. But a lot of the women are marvelous characters. An evening with Pat Buckley is a chance to study her, to see how she does it, to see how she *is* Pat Buckley. For gay men, it's very instructive to see how people create—or re-create—themselves as successes.

Winthrop is 55; unlike some of his contemporaries, who would rather die than discuss Queer Nation, he does not see himself as above the gay fray just because he knows fancy people. Still, he has a quaint desire, much out of favor, to pass in that world: if not as straight, at least as competent.

"Going out with someone for the evening is work," he says. "When you do it well and your hostess has a good time, it's a sign of social accomplishment. A lot of it goes back to *Age of Innocence* rituals, which, I must say, it gives me pleasure to fulfill. It's a way of being accepted for qualities that in other places and times might have gotten you beaten up. As a gay man, when you're in these rooms that are about power and status, it feels good even if it's wrong. That thrill of being found acceptable—of finally being exactly right the way you are—is deeply satisfying, even if the terms are so unacceptable you can never spell them out."

So what *are* the terms? As Woolley's book demonstrates, struggling to gain admittance into a world that rejects you (for being gay, poor, whatever) means, in essence, endorsing the rejection. You may make it through the door, but the house is unchanged. "There is tokenism," Woolley admits, "but it's the tokenism of the useful thing—as opposed to the tokenism of the hated thing." Is there a difference? When it comes to real acceptance, men less wily than Woolley will always be left holding several empty, if designer, bags. They know this—that's why they won't talk; when something may be taken away at any moment, you don't keep saying its name. After all, they are operating in a society that sees what rich women and gay men do as by nature unimportant; what they do together must be truly inane.

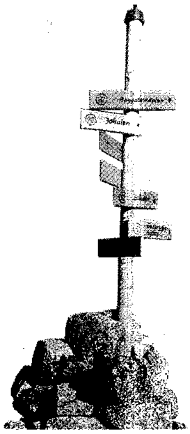
Contempt for walkers is, at bottom, about contempt for women. Much of that contempt may be a form of jealousy. As David Patrick Columbia, the society columnist, points out, straight men have traditionally attempted to master what frightens them in women by owning it. "A lot of men who don't pay attention to women get jealous of what their wives are sharing with gay men. Even though they do nothing to earn that attention themselves."

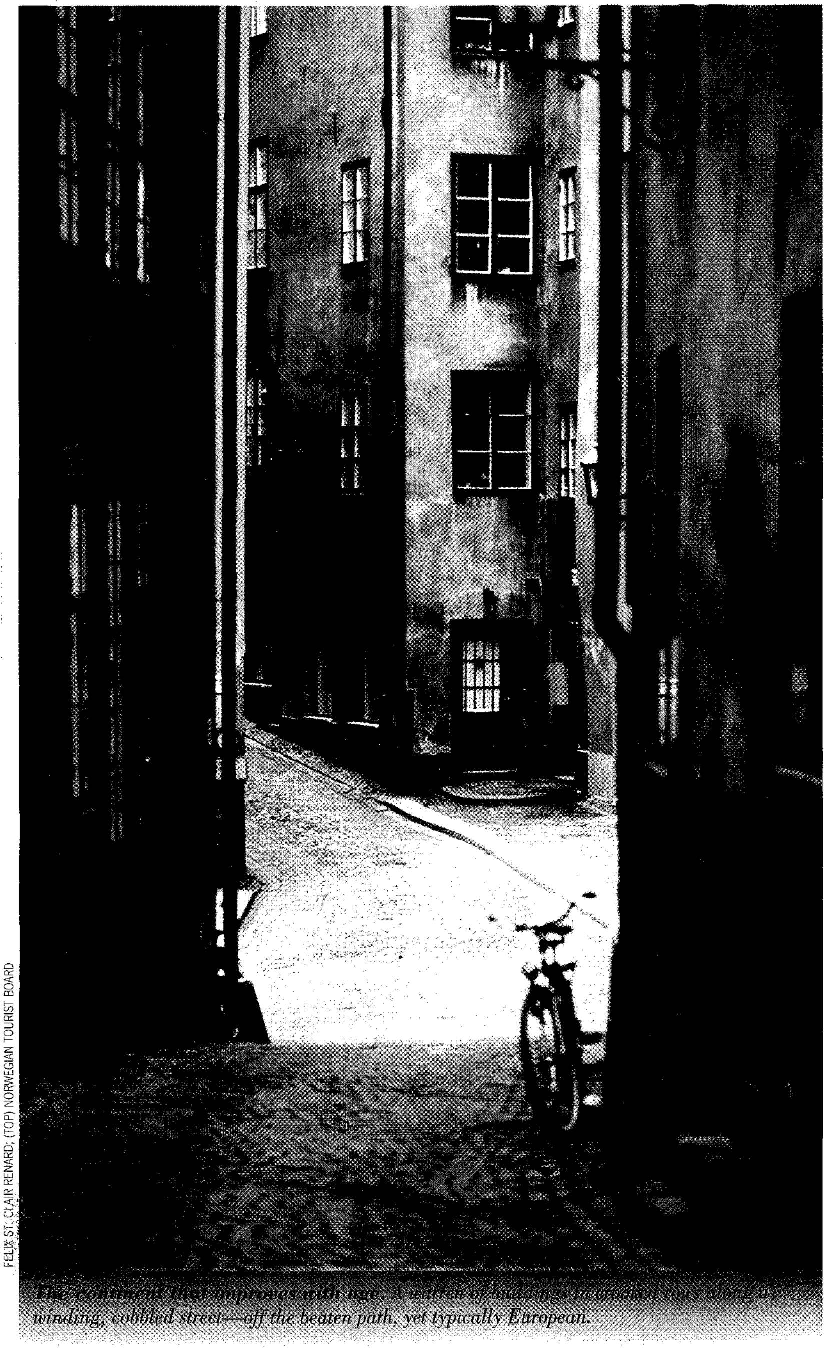
If we're going to make up derogatory names for rich women's friends, shouldn't we have a derogatory name for rich women's numb, uninvolved husbands? What about *sleep*walkers? At least Woolley and his kind show the old gals a good time—and, usually, have a good time in return. Woolley especially. His smile, alone and in person, is never as bright as in photographs taken with Elizabeth Taylor or the Baroness of Beef. Whatever kind of bargain such a relationship represents, it's a bargain based on sympathy, shared interests, and need; is it too much to say it's a kind of love?

Well, a doomed kind of love. Lunch and advice and an excellent eye do not make much of a life for anyone. In the end, rich women go back to rich husbands, and gay men have to fend for themselves. The most beautiful cuff link in the world is still only a cuff link: an accoutrement, an inconsequence. Same with the man who wears it professionally. That's why walking is a dying art: a relic of a world of closets and high camp, a world before glossy gay magazines and David Geffen, a world before AIDS. And if a few gay men still mourn that world, most others are finally learning that they will never get what they want in life by trading their exquisite élan for a deathbed visit from Nancy Reagan, for a free lunch at Mortimer's, for Pat Buckley's kiss. ■

DESTINATION EUROPE

by David Butwin





The continent that improves with age. A warren of buildings in crooked rows along a winding, cobbled street—off the beaten path, yet typically European.

FELIX ST. CLAIR RENARD; (TOP) NORWEGIAN TOURIST BOARD

ITALIAN GOVERNMENT TOURIST OFFICE

Piazza Navona by night: Roma fountains an eternal joy.

If you're heading across the Atlantic in the coming months, you'll have more than the jet stream behind you. From Edinburgh on top to Amalfi near the bottom, travelers will be delighted and diverted in more ways than ever before.

Some will choose to follow a '96 version of the Grand Tour, hitting merely the best restaurants in London, Paris, and Rome. Others will descend for a week on a festival and nothing more—Montreux for jazz, Salzburg for classical music, Edinburgh for everything. On the theory that burned-up calories will permit heavier feasting, some will do a bicycle tour of northern Portugal, a week's hike in Cinqueterre.

FERGUS O'BRIEN/FPG

No such thing as an untimely visit to London.

DAVID NOBLE/FPG

For lovers of cities, Paris can tower above the rest.

Not that you need any special incentive to get yourself to the boulevards and piazzas and canals, the cafes and markets and shopping streets. As always, the capital cities will draw the most attention, with their museums and galleries, shops and department stores, restaurants and night life, but you'll also find rich veins to mine in the provinces. And those who are drawn by business will want to lock the attaché case one bright day, drive into the countryside, and make a rounded trip of it.

GUY MARCHE/FPG

Music the old-fashioned way in Budapest, Hungary.

IBERIA UNBOUND

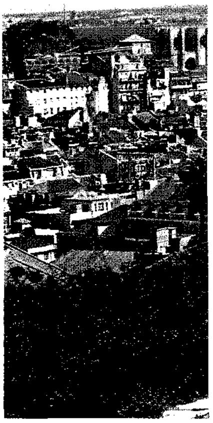
Spain has always meant magic to travelers, and for many the spell is cast in a several-block radius in the heart of Madrid. You start at the bottom of the Paseo del Prado with the dynamic new Queen Sofía Art Center, home of Picasso's *Guernica*, then walk north to the Prado, one of the world's great art museums. Expect crowds, expect treasures. Velázquez, El Greco, Goya have their own galleries on the second floor, but the Flemish and Italian schools are well represented. You're across the street from the Ritz, the grand old hotel built in 1910, its salons done with antiques and handwoven carpets, its gardens a regal place for lunch. Across the plaza Neptuno in a renovated palace is another art trove, the new Thyssen-Bornemisza Museum. Its more than 800 works—Holbein, Renoir, Degas, Georgia O'Keefe, Andrew Wyeth—trace the history of Western art from 13th century Italy.

Barcelona, which profits from its business savvy and industrial muscle, can also dazzle you with its art, architecture, and design. The city that produced Gaudí—don't miss his playful Modernist houses in the Eixample district—turns out Gaudí-inspired fashion and jewelry in the nearby shops and boutiques along Passeig de Grácia and Rambla de Catalunya. There are antiques galleries here too, and cafés like Amarcord to rest the senses.

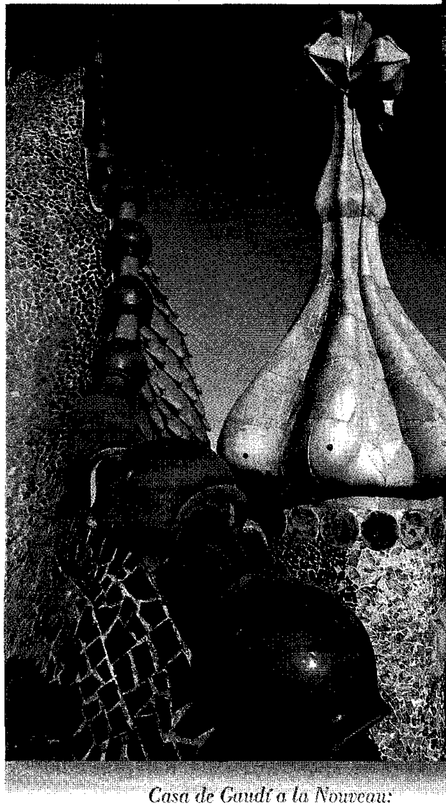
If you want other Spains to conquer—there's the Moorish world of Seville, Córdoba and Granada with mosques, palaces, towers, and gardens going back 1200 years, and the sybaritic Spain of Marbella, Torremolinos, and other Costa del Sol beach resorts.

More and more savvy travelers are turning their sights on Portugal, a country that delivers old-time, unvarnished atmosphere with escudo-saving aplumb. Once you've had your fill of Lisbon, walked its narrow winding streets, hopped the colorful trolleys, and toed the ocean beaches at neighboring Estoril, the thing to do is board the Rapido train and head north to Porto, a three-hour run. Up here where Spain and the Atlantic brush up to Portugal's northern dome, you can explore the hilly Alto Minho valley, a miniature and as yet undiscovered Tuscany. The market towns of Ponte de Lima, Braga, Guimarães are alive with sidewalk cafés, buzzing restaurants, shops selling lace, linen, and leatherworks.

Seen from a rental car (or a bicycle; there are guided tours of the region), the wine-rich hills look as timeless and colorful as a 1940s *National Geographic* feature. You pass old women in black raiment and high black boots, little farms with ripening vineyards, oxen-pulled carts, towering witch-hatted stalks of corn and straw. On the choicest plots of land are historic manor houses that today serve as small hotels, some outfitted with gemlike swimming pools or tennis courts. **For more information, call the Portuguese tourist office at 212-354-4403; or 212-265-8822 for Spanish tourism.**


PORTUGUESE NATIONAL TOURIST OFFICE

Lisbon, only pa the allure of Portugal, is bu hilly "balconies that overlook tl Tagus harbor.


DELMICO BATES/TOURIST OFFICE OF SPAIN

Casa de Gaudí a la Nouveau: One of the architect's mosaic flights of fantasy in Barcelona.

THE PUB'S THE RUB
ENGLAND, SCOTLAND & IRELAND

It's 30 years since Mary Quant and Carnaby Street made London swing, and this summer the city will appeal on a broader base than ever. Nobody in 1966 went to London to eat, but the Modern British Cuisine, along with some starry Italian and French restaurants, has turned all that around. Theater, long a London staple, is improving its standing, as the open-roof of Shakespeare's Globe Theatre, being renovated for a near-future debut, can be viewed near Bankside Power Station. You can make a steady diet of art, shunting from the National Gallery to the Tate amid the crush of pigeons and people at Trafalgar Square, over to Bloomsbury to the Courtauld Institute. Shoppers can seek their level either in all-purpose department stores like Harrod's and Harvey Nichols or entire streets such as Jermyn and Oxford, or the antiques markets of Portobello Road. Thanks to the dense network of trains, it's possible to fan out in all directions from London and explore the provinces on day trips.

Scotland, the northern crown of Great Britain, packs the variety of an entire continent within its borders. Stately Edinburgh and the revived Glasgow will divert you with culture, cuisine, shopping, and an old-fashioned amiability, but of course you don't venture that far north for city life alone: it's the lakes and views and highland glens you come for. And golf.

BRITISH TOURIST AUTHORITY

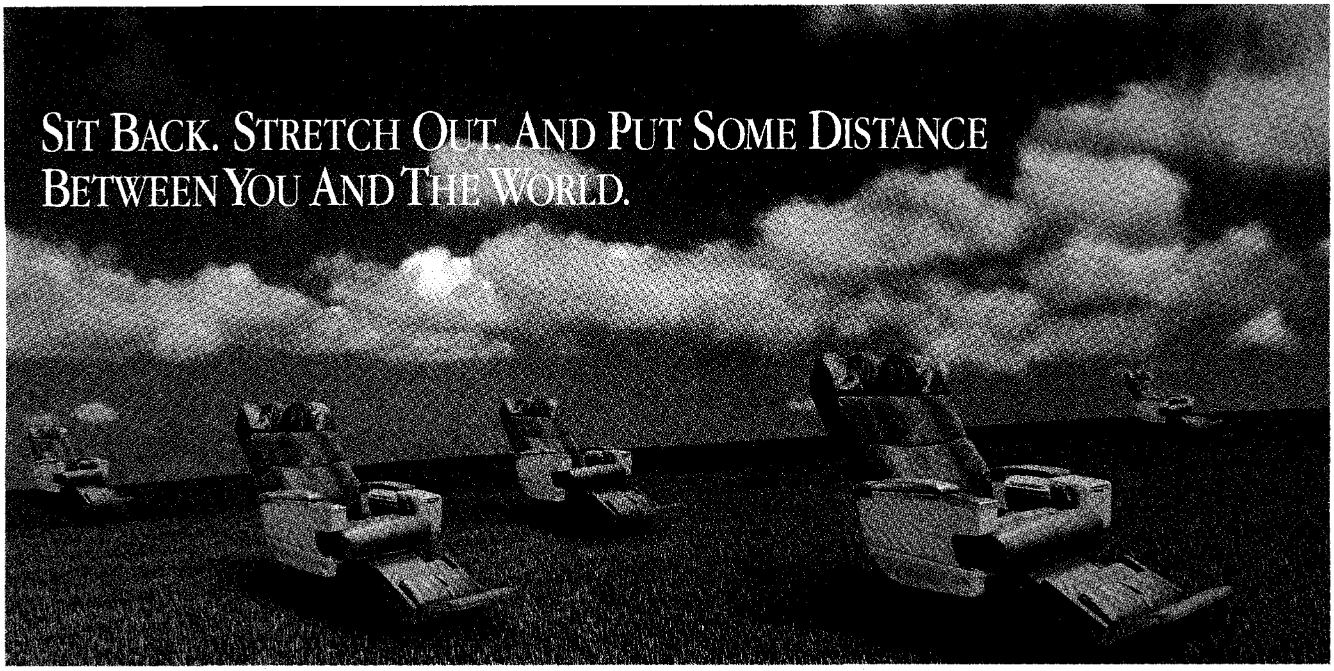
To her many fans, Jane Austen's former Hampshire village residence in bucolic southwest London is a masterpiece.

E. NAGELE/FPG

Ireland's West Coast features County Clare's Cliffs of Moher—and more.

BRITISH TOURIST AUTHORITY

Scotland, a natural destination for the discerning traveler. Left, the splendor and serenity of the Highlands' Loch Eilt.



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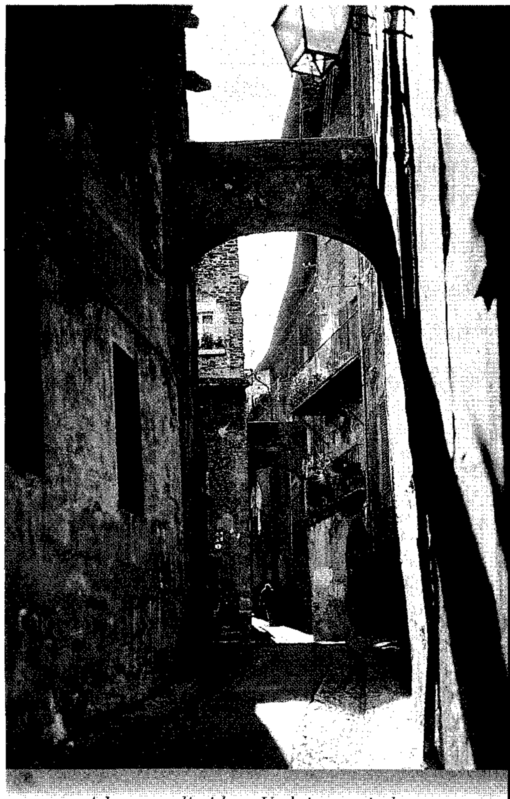


ITALIAN GOVERNMENT TOURIST OFFICE

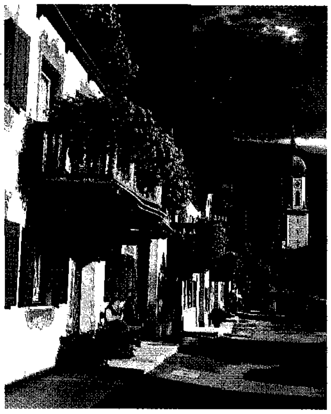
Adventures limitless: Umbrian capital of Perugia is positioned atop a hill worth climbing.

East of Edinburgh, on either side of the Firth of Forth, lies a fabled golfing domain. St. Andrews, Muirfield, North Berwick, and Crail are just four of the courses, but you will also find colorful wee ports, gardens and castles, dramatic headlands and sugary bays, and some memorable restaurants and inns.

It is the hilly heart of Scotland, the Highlands, that takes the breath away. Inverness, Pitlochry, Aberfeldy are lofty resort towns that bring to mind a tartan-clad Alps.

Ireland's divine and mysterious ways can be plumbed variously with a pub crawl of Dublin, a bike tour of the wild Aran Islands, a full Irish breakfast (soda bread and all) in a farmhouse near Tralee.

If you can manage it, the grand old Shelbourne on St. Stephen's Green is a choice Dublin base, the buzzing lobby warmed by a crackling open fire. Another regal outpost is Ballynahinch Castle in the rugged west country of Connemara; you can fish for salmon from the hotel's private boats. The Ring of Kerry in Ireland's southwest corner, with its valleys and mountains and bays and local crafts, yields neatly to a week's bicycle tour with a company like Backroads (800-462-2848). **For general travel information, call the Irish Tourist Board at 212-418-0800; or the British Tourist Authority at 212-986-2200.**



JOSEF BECK/FPG

Eternally beautiful, remarkably intact, a Rhineland fairy tale setting in Bavaria's ski and spa resort of Garmisch-Partenkirchen.

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The Sacré-Coeur basilica in Montmartre overlooks the Paris immortalized by Toulouse-Lautrec and Maurice Utrillo.

Italy: Slow or Strenuous

Italy perplexes: How do you cover Rome, Milan, Venice, Florence and still do justice to the hill towns, the beaches, the coastal drives? You take it slow, *lentemente*, cut a few stops from the tour, and let Italy come to you. If Rome wasn't built in a day, neither should it be seen that way. Take a break from the shops and museums and antiquities, sit down on the Spanish Steps, or take a table on the Piazza Navona, order a capooch or a caffe latte (who cares if the Romans never drink milky coffee after noon) and watch the three fountains—one designed by Bernini—at play.

Venice also rewards those who sit and watch. On the Piazza San Marco, you have two historic choices. The Caffe Quadri is the favorite morning refuge; in the afternoon the action shifts to Caffe Florian, shaded from the slanting sun. Florian is as much a tourist sight as the Bridge of Sighs or the Doges Palace; Byron, Goethe, and George Sand tarried here—it says so in the green Michelin guide. In Pisa, the Leaning Tower is still closed for straightening, but you can sit down in a café on the square with the locals and get a different slant on that legendary shrine.

Italy's hearty food and wine taste all the better, some say, if you get athletic and aerobic between meals. There are guided biking tours of Tuscany, Umbria, Sardinia, hikes along the cliffs of Cinqueterre and the Italian Riviera, a ramble among the sienna crags of the Dolomites. Most of these outings can be arranged with Ciclismo Classico out of Cambridge, MA (800-866-7314). **For general travel information, call Italian tourism at 212-245-4822.**

French Leave

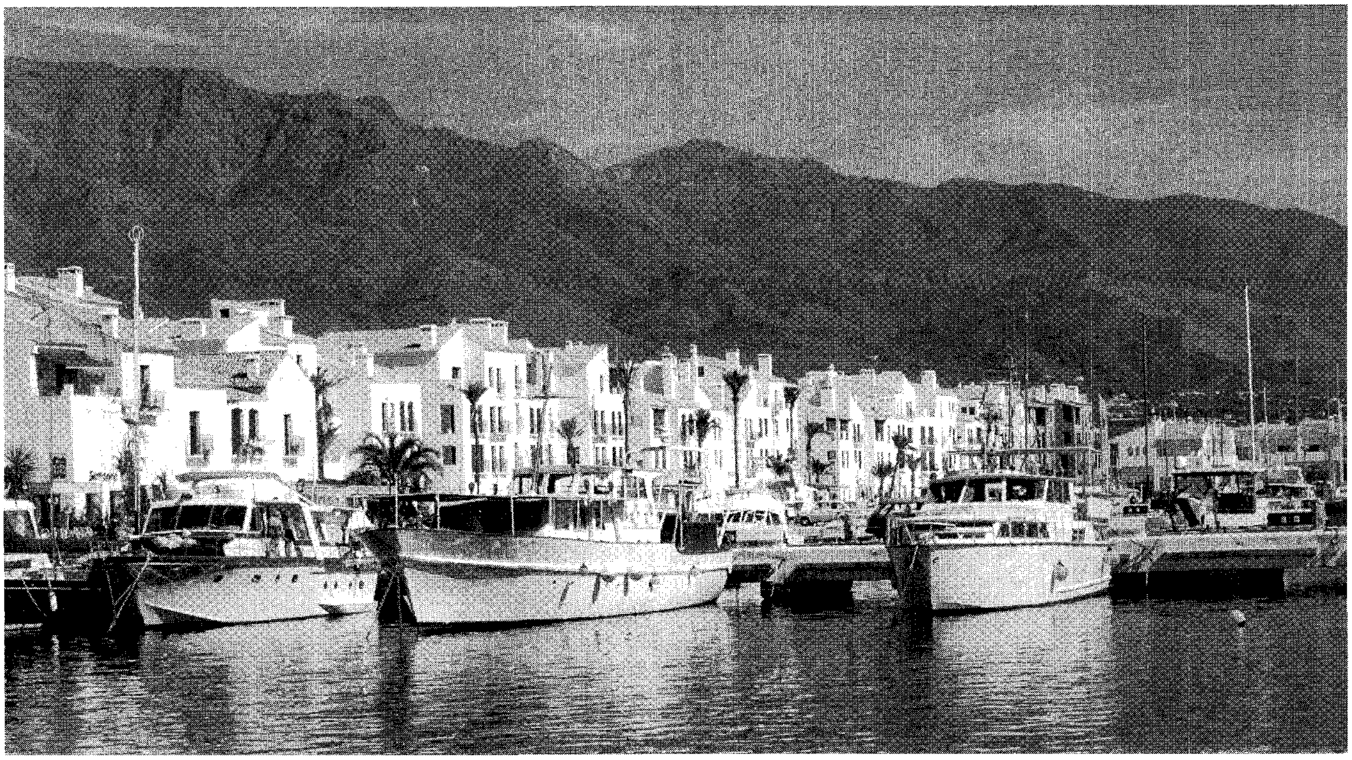
France as always reaches out to lovers—lovers of good food, lovers of great art and architecture, just lovers. How, you ask, on your first morning in Paris, can a city this size feel so palpable, so romantic, how can the famous Seine be so narrow and accessible, with all those fanciful little bridges, how can so many people be sitting in so many cafés during working hours? And how can any city support so many good restaurants?

Forget about the many Michelin-starred restaurants (Paris alone has five of the country's twenty three-star kitchens), you can eat memorable meals at the ever-burgeoning (and more reasonable) bistros and brasseries. Or you can opt for a sublime sandwich on any corner—a crisp baguette of paté, fromage, or jambon.

On your rounds of the Right Bank, drop into the Place Vendôme, freshly restored to its late 17th century harmony. A cleaned-up Napoleon, cast as Caesar, looks down from the Austerlitz column in the center; famous jewelers, perfumers, and bankers occupy the ornate arcade offices; Chopin died at No. 12; Mesmer lived at No. 16. Here too is the Hôtel Ritz, whose salons and high-ceilinged rooms have witnessed highs and lows of 20th century history. On the Left Bank, literary lions have worn a triangular path between Les Deux Magots, Café de Flore, and Brasserie Lipp on Boulevard St.-Germain. There are scenes in the upcoming movie *Picasso* in both Café de Flore, once a haunt of the existentialists, and Lipp, famous for its Alsatian choucroute dishes and popular today with politicians and film producers. **Call the French Government Tourist Office at 900-990-0040 for more information;** there is a 95-cent per minute charge to callers.

Germany: Martin Luther and Much More

It's 450 years since the death of Martin Luther, and Germany will mark the event with a host of tributes, art exhibitions, and concerts in a dozen towns and cities where Luther lived and worked. Many are



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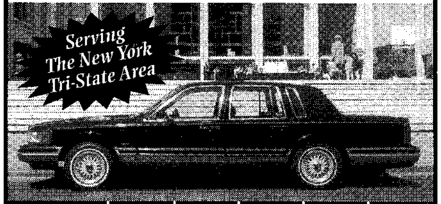

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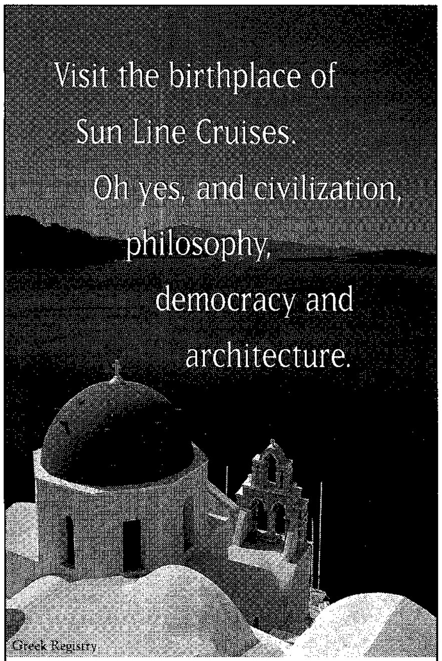

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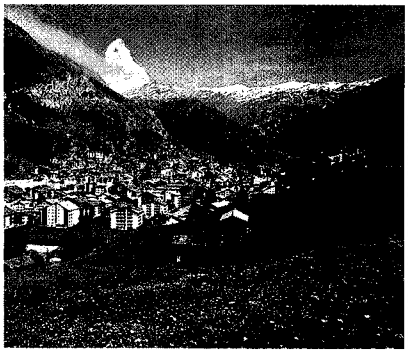

PFENNIGER/SWISS NATIONAL TOURIST OFFICE

Zermatt's springtime meadows ablaze with mountain flora, as the Matterhorn rises in the background.

in eastern Germany, but thanks to unification you can make an easy trip of it, and satisfy other interests en route. Leipzig, for example, is an ancient cultural center that also has associations with Wagner (born here) Bach (buried here), Goethe and Schiller. Berlin, Munich, Frankfurt, Hamburg can each hold the traveler in its cosmopolitan sway, but for many the beauty of Germany is in the Hinterland. If a Rhine cruise seems too ordinary, think of exploring the wine-rich Mosel Valley—shorter, more scenic—or the Neckar Valley south of Heidelberg. **For more information, call the German National Tourist Office at 212-661-7200.**

HOLING UP IN THE ALPINE COUNTRIES

For an untroubled week and clean mountain air, hole up in Switzerland or Austria. In the Swiss Alps you can sign on to a guided hike, using a series of mountain hotels as a base of operations. Fred Jacobson, a New Yorker who has spent his adult life looking for the perfect Swiss hike, leads tours out of Zermatt, Kandersteg, Pontresina, and other Alpine centers (914-238-5151). Swiss trails are so neatly sign-posted with suggested hikes, their length and duration, you can also go it on your own. No business traveler who has ever flown into Zurich has left without giving into the shops and boutiques along Bahnhofstrasse. In Vienna, once you've shopped the Kärtnerstrasse, it's time to fall into one of the city's fabled coffeehouses. At the Frauenhuber, the Demel, the Sacher, or the Hawelka Cafe, you can dally over pastries and the *Herald-Tribune*. **For more information, call Swiss tourism at 212-757-5944. For Austrian tourism, call 212-575-7723.**

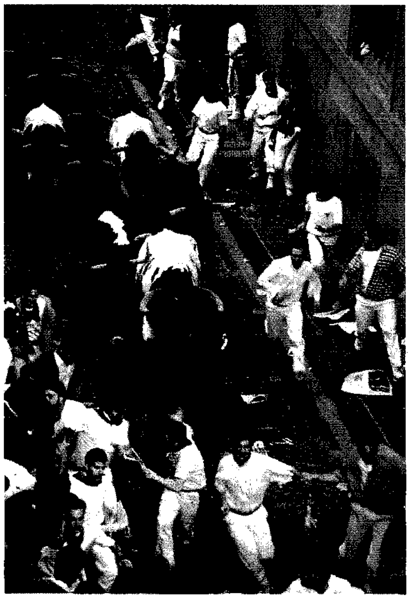
GETTING THERE AND GETTING AROUND

To get your trip off on the right foot, it makes sense to book smooth passage to the airport. Serving all five boroughs, Manhattan-based **Allstate Car & Limo (212-741-6666; 800-453-4099)** can get you there with dispatch and economy—$28 to JFK, $29 to Newark in a standard car, as well as meet incoming flights. Late-model limos and vans are featured in their fleet of vehicles.

Getting yourself Over There will be easier than ever this year, given the robust offerings of transatlantic service. **American Airlines (800-433-7300)** does a brisk business from New York to Great Britain and flies to many points on the continent—Paris, Frankfurt, Brussels, Zurich. From JFK to London's Heathrow, there are six flights a day, beginning at 8:30 A.M. American's other nonstop U.S. gateways are Los Angeles, Chicago, Dallas-Fort Worth, and Miami.

Alitalia (800-223-5730), which is excited about its new business/first Magnifica class on all transatlantic flights, can fly you nonstop to either Rome or Milan from JFK and Newark. Connecting flights from Rome to Geneva and Zurich are also available. There is additional service to Italy from Boston, Chicago, Miami, and Los Angeles.

Iberia Airlines of Spain (800-772-4642), noted for its on-time performance and food service, flies daily from JFK at 6:30 P.M. to Madrid's Barajas Airport. From Madrid you can connect to the likes of Barcelona, Valencia, Malaga, and also to the Canary Islands and Mallorca, as well as to most other major cities throughout Europe. •


BLAINE HARRINGTON ENCIERRO/THE STOCK MARKET

Pamplona's bull run: the Fiesta of San Fermin made famous in Hemingway's "The Sun Also Rises."

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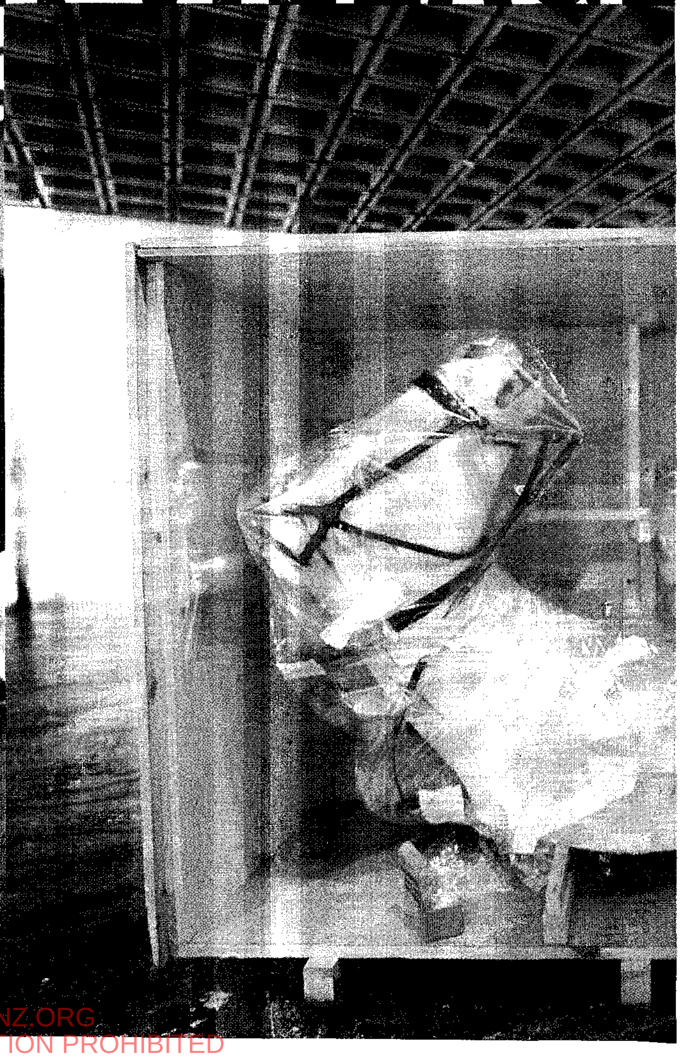
IT TAKES A VILLAGE



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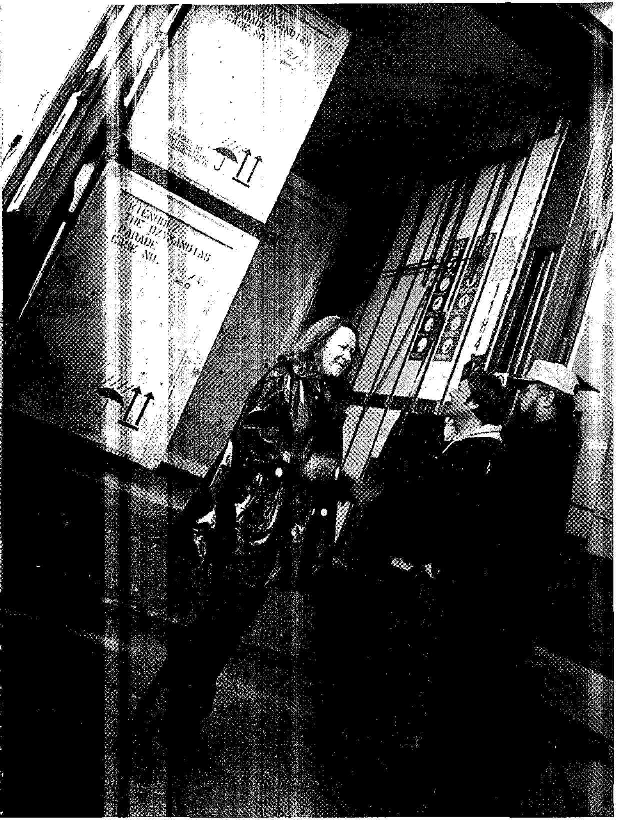
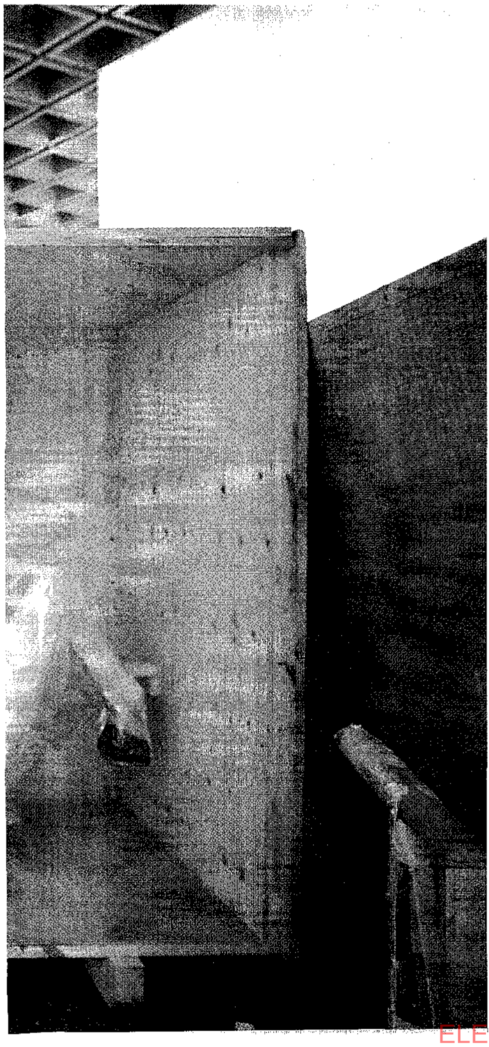


. . . AND A BATTALION OF TRUCKS, CRATES, ART HANDLERS, AND TRUE BELIEVERS TO MOUNT A WHITNEY RETROSPECTIVE ON ICONOCLAST ARTIST EDWARD KIENHOLZ.



By Edith Newhall

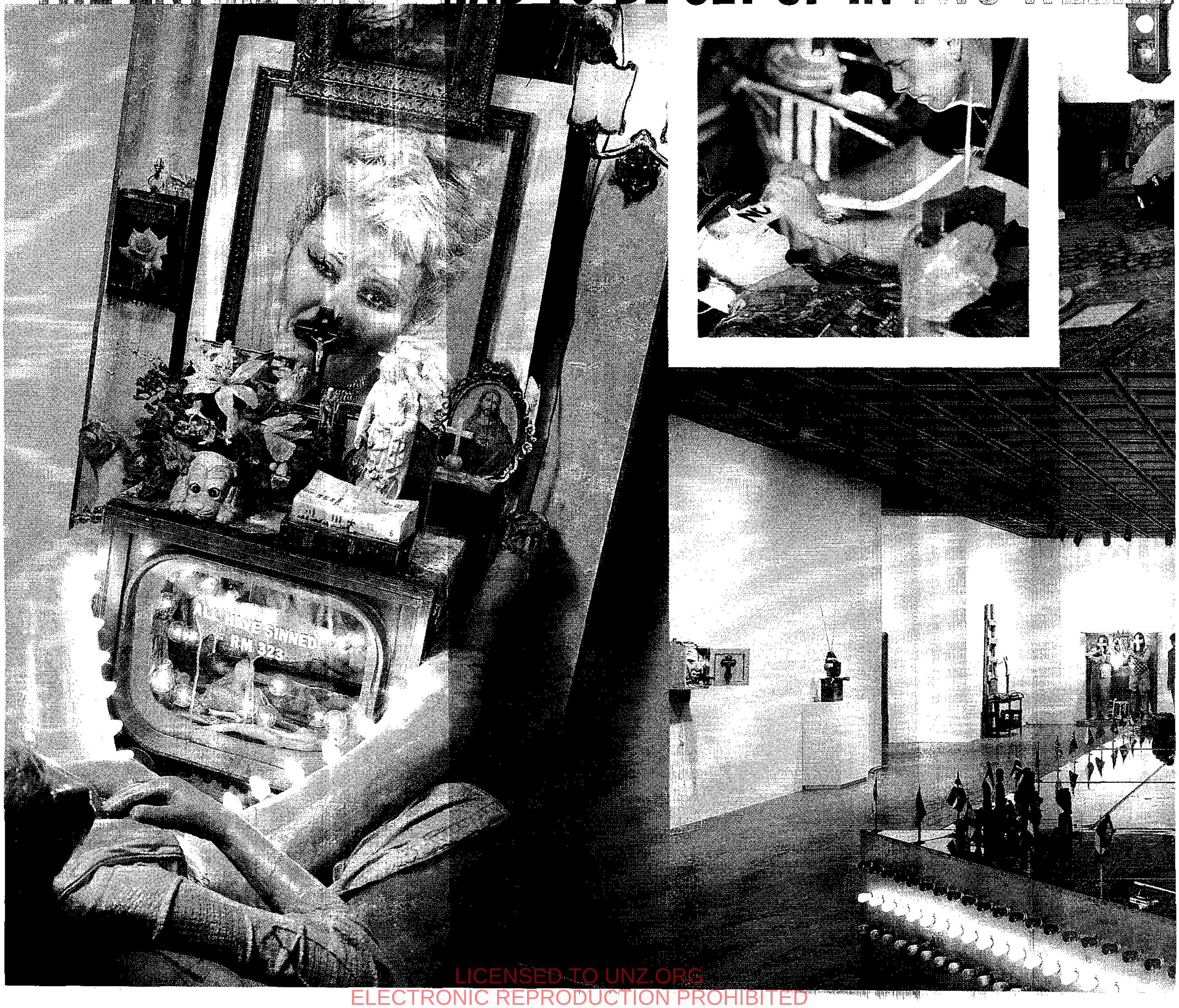
"ED WOULD HAVE A BOTTLE OF TEQUILA IN HIS HAND RIGHT NOW," SAYS ONE crew member to another as they finish putting up the walls of *Sollie 17*, one of the more than 100 works being installed in "Kienholz: A Retrospective," which opens at the Whitney this week. And indeed, among his disciples—seven of whom have flown from Idaho just to install the show—assemblagist Edward Kienholz looms as large in death (he died of heart failure at age 66 in 1994) as he did in life. This was a man who took an ax to a TWA airport desk when the airline refused to compensate him for the baggage-handling destruction of a glass lamp shade; who talked his father-in-law—a onetime police chief of Los Angeles—and his own mother into having their bodies cast for a sculpture that depicts the former riding on the latter's back; who declared all the works he made after 1972 to be collaborations with his wife, Nancy; and who had himself buried sitting in the passenger seat of a 1940 Packard coupe.

But Kienholz's unflinching tableaux of American life had the biggest impact. If *The State Hospital* (1966)—a depiction of two pathetically shrunk-

Clockwise from top left: Trucks are unloaded in front of the Whitney Museum's Madison Avenue entrance; Edward Kienholz in his Santa Monica Boulevard studio, Los Angeles, 1955; crated *Cement TV;* Nancy Reddin Kienholz with workers; a fiberglass horse's head from *The Ozymandias Parade;* pulling crate No. 85 to its destination.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY SCOTT FRANCES
FOR NEW YORK

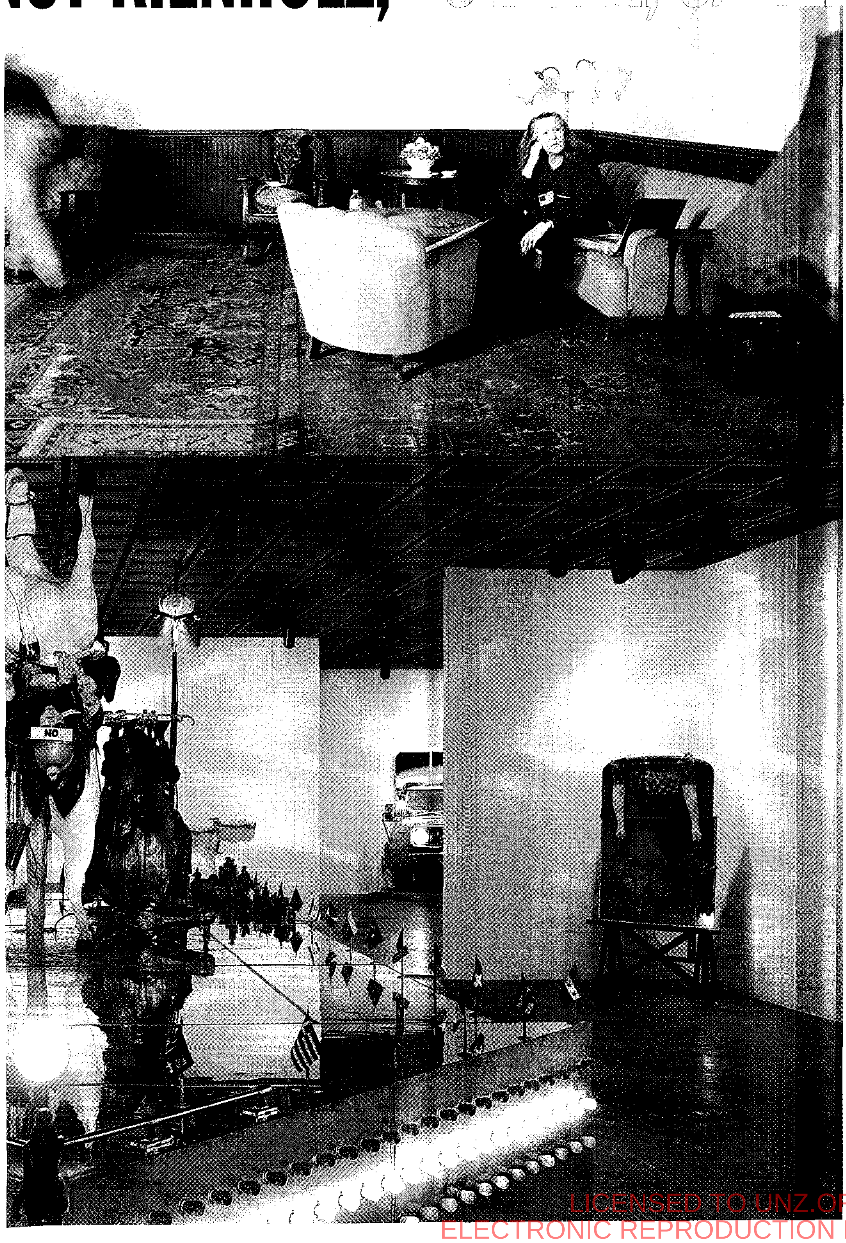
THE ENTIRE SHOW HAD TO BE SET UP IN TWO WEEKS.


ALL HAVE SINNED
RM 323

en men lying on a bunk bed with fishbowls for heads—is a typically scathing indictment of how our system treats the marginalized, then his hilarious depiction of a gallery opening, *The Art Show* (1963–1977), is as mercilessly observant of *that* system. Kienholz's gritty assemblages influenced an entire generation of like-minded younger artists, among them Bruce Nauman and Chris Burden.

The most striking aspect of the show is that it is the first full-scale presentation of the Kienholzes' *oeuvre* ever mounted in America. And from the day Whitney director David Ross agreed to the exhibition back in 1991, it was clear the show would be a logistic nightmare: The curator was not a Whitney staff member but Walter Hopps, the consulting curator of the Menil Collection in Houston, as legendary for his mercurial ways as for his groundbreaking exhibitions of works by Marcel Duchamp, Joseph Cornell, and Robert Rauschenberg. It promised to be spectacularly expensive too—because of the immense scale of many works and the construction required, and because many pieces would have to be shipped from Europe. And the entire show had to be set up in the space of just the past two weeks. Nancy Kienholz, for one, said it couldn't be done.

NCY KIENHOLZ, FOR ONE, SAID IT COULDN'T BE DONE.



Clockwise from top left: *In the Infield Was Patty Peccavi* (1981); the Kienholz contingent: Noah Kienholz, Tim Scofield, Nancy Reddin Kienholz, Walter Hopps, Rich Post, Tom Preiss, Karin Preiss, Alberta Mayo, and Daryl Witcraft; *Portrait of a Mother With a Past Affixed Also* (1980–81); Nancy Reddin Kienholz sitting in *Roxys* (1961–62); *The Ozymandias Parade* (1985); *All Have Sinned in Rm. 323* (1991). Center: Tim Scofield.

But it has, and for the most part, the installation has been characterized by extraordinary teamwork between the Whitney and Kienholz crews—an aesthete's version of an Amish barn raising. Hopps, who's never been big on punctuality (a lapel button, WALTER HOPPS WILL BE HERE IN 20 MINUTES, was distributed by his staff when he was director of the Corcoran Gallery), has shown up every day by ten. Getting the various pieces to New York—all 250 crateful of them—required 31 trucks. Once they arrived, seven art handlers, two full-time electricians, assorted registrars, and an exhibition manager went to work. Whitney staff members say they have not experienced a production of this scale since the Red Grooms retrospective a decade ago.

For Hopps, who met Kienholz in 1956 when both men were in their twenties, and has seen his works in every imaginable venue, the exhibition is not just the realization of his own dream but the fulfillment of a promise. "When I went to Dusseldorf in 1989 to tell Ed I wanted to do a retrospective of his work, he asked me one key question: 'Why do you want to do this?' And I said, 'Because I think it's great art and I believe I can do a fine job, and because I can't bear the thought of someone else doing it after we're both dead.' " ▬

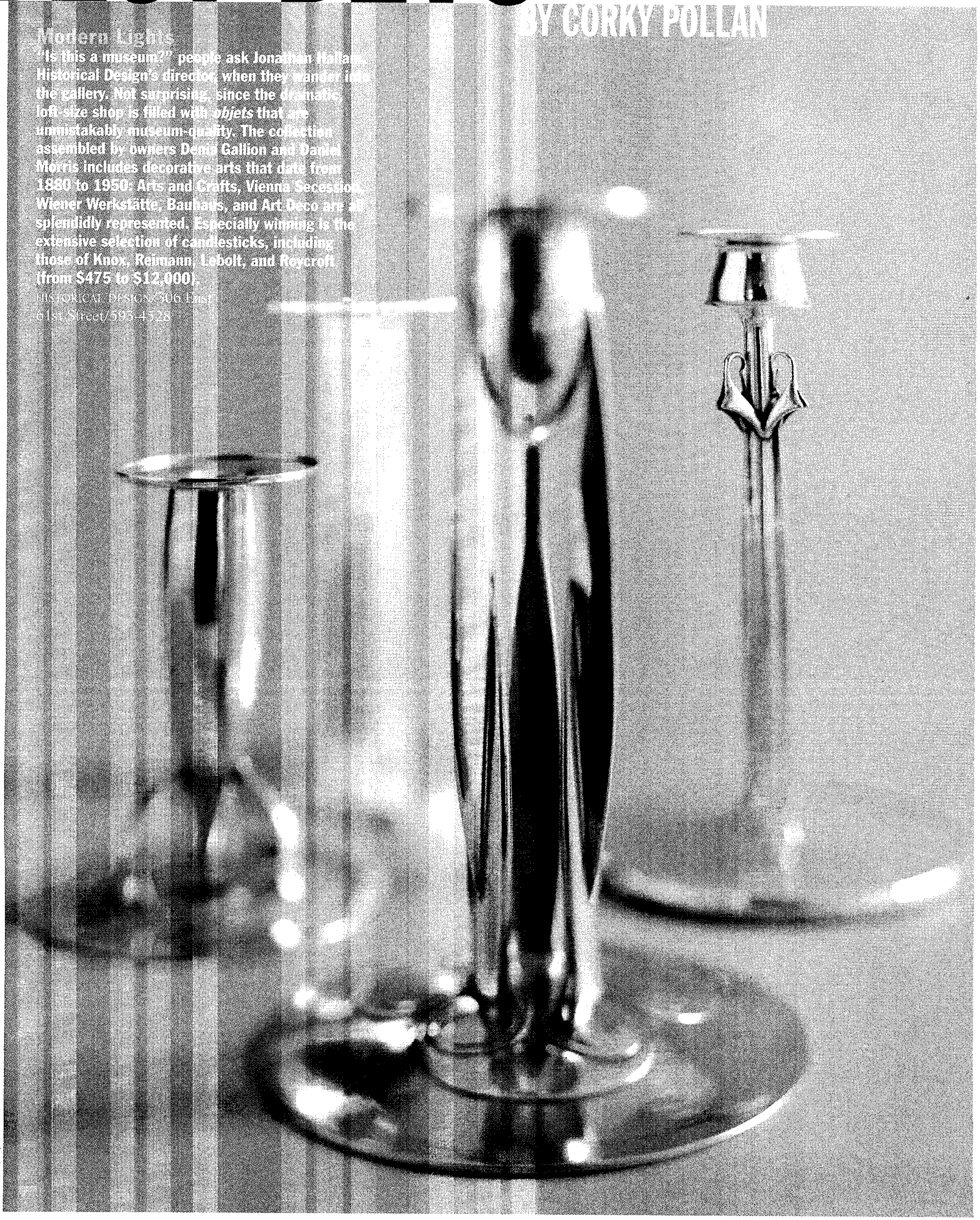
BEST BETS

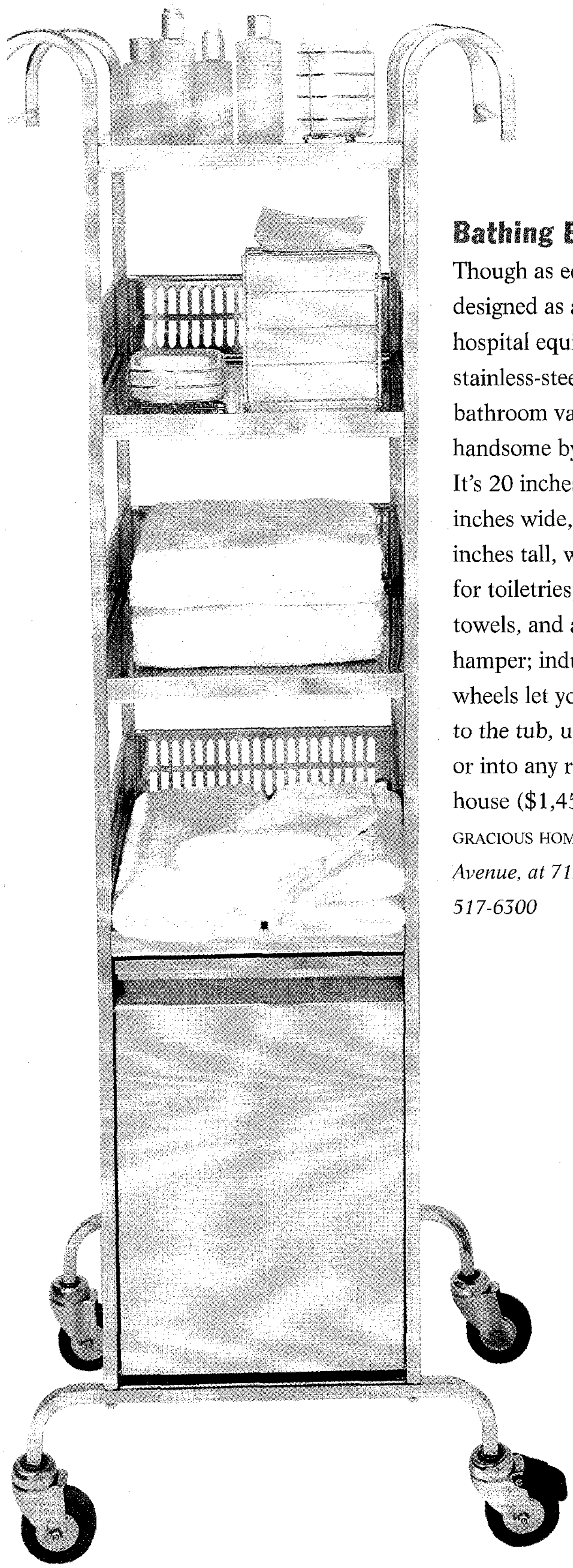
BY CORKY POLLAN

Modern Lights

"Is this a museum?" people ask Jonathan Hallam, Historical Design's director, when they wander into the gallery. Not surprising, since the dramatic, loft-size shop is filled with *objets* that are unmistakably museum-quality. The collection assembled by owners Denis Gallion and Daniel Morris includes decorative arts that date from 1880 to 1950: Arts and Crafts, Vienna Secession, Wiener Werkstätte, Bauhaus, and Art Deco are all splendidly represented. Especially winning is the extensive selection of candlesticks, including those of Knox, Reimann, Lebolt, and Roycroft (from $475 to $12,000).

HISTORICAL DESIGN/306 East 61st Street/593-4528





Bathing Beauty

Though as economically designed as a piece of hospital equipment, this stainless-steel Italian bathroom vanity is not handsome by accident. It's 20 inches deep, 15 inches wide, and 62 inches tall, with shelves for toiletries, racks for towels, and a pull-out hamper; industrial wheels let you roll it next to the tub, up to the sink, or into any room in the house ($1,450).

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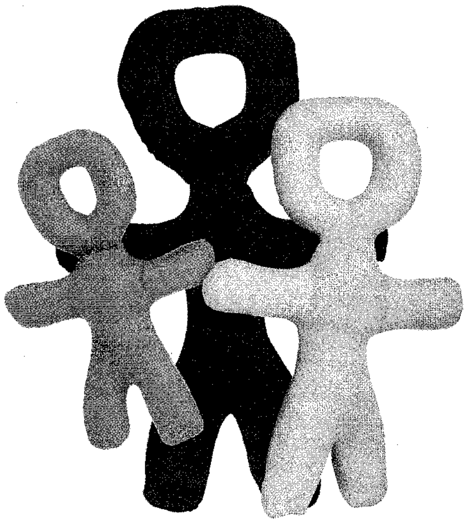

Mini Minimalism

If Keith Haring had designed infant toys, they might have looked like these. Though determinedly spare, they're soft and child-safe. But best of all, Rattle, Crinkle, and Squeak were created by Beylerian Products for UNICEF, so a portion of the purchase price goes to the children's fund ($17.50 for a set of three).

THE MOMA DESIGN STORE/*44 West 53rd Street/767-1050*

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Those who thrill at seeing their name in print can have it emblazoned on T-shirts, sweats, and baseball caps at Athletic Style. David Breskin has recently installed twelve computerized embroidery machines in his sportswear store. The machines can also stitch monograms, logos, custom graphics, clip art, and appliqués (from $10 to $30 for embroidering any one item in the store; allow one day).

ATHLETIC STYLE/*118 East 59th Street/838-2564*

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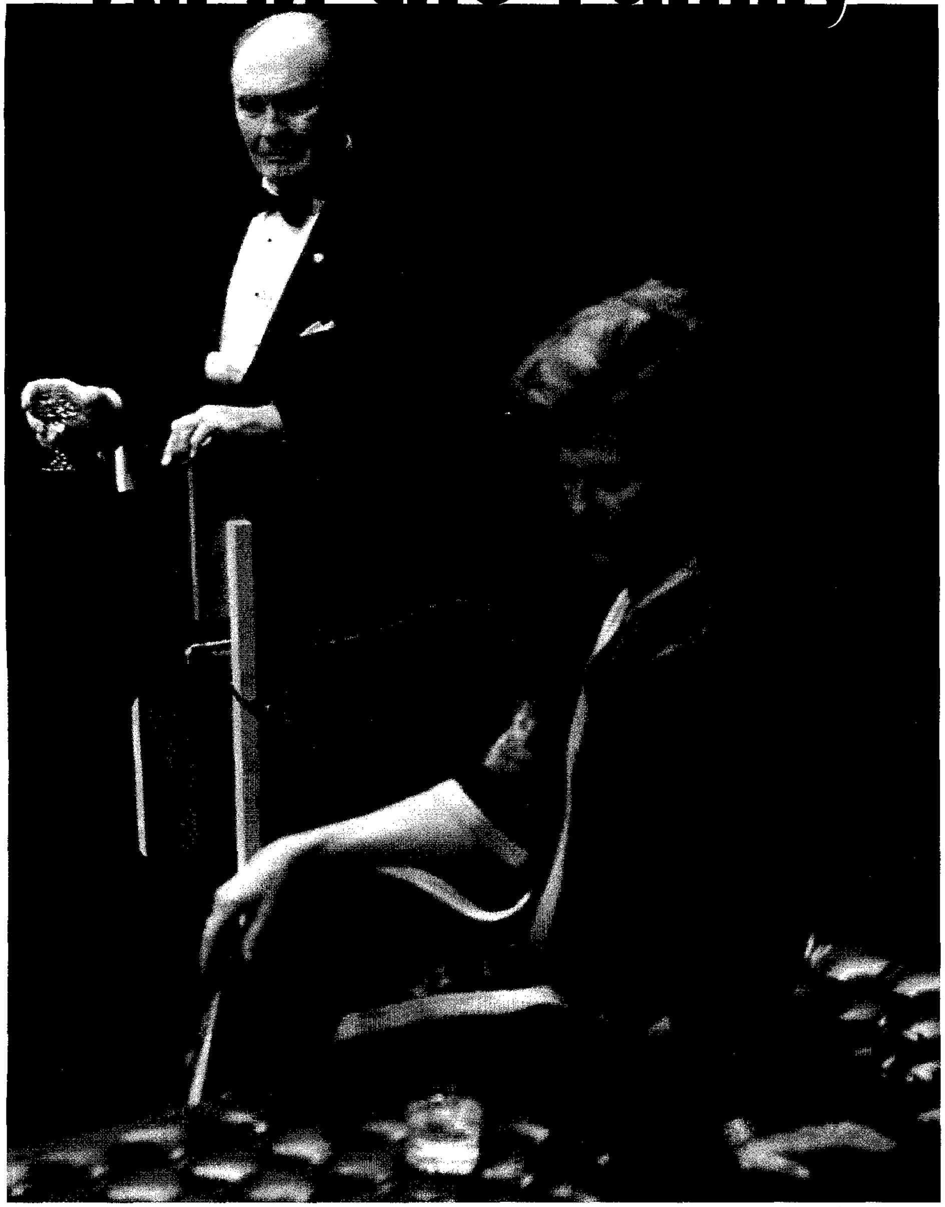
THEATER JOHN SIMON

All in the Family



Richard Clarke listens in quiet dismay to Judith Ivey's rant in *A Fair Country.* Opposite, Wilson Jermaine Heredia and Jesse L. Martin in *Rent.*

'A Fair Country' acutely defines the dysfunctional; 'Rent' brims with quirky, perky unfulfilled promise.

THE SPECIALTY OF CONTEMPORARY DRAMA IS brute force, sometimes as overweening violence and sometimes as unhinged sexuality. The modern theater has become a testing ground for nerves and stomachs. So it is heartening to announce that if you have been hungering for sheer intelligent dialogue, you can satisfy your craving at Jon Robin Baitz's **A Fair Country.** Whereas most current plays seem to be an hour too long, this one makes you wish for at least half an hour more, a rare and most welcome failing.

A Fair Country traces the disintegration of a seemingly well-favored American family. The father, Harry Burgess, is (though this is left somewhat vague) the American information officer in Durban, South Africa, in 1978, just as more than the weather begins to heat up dangerously. His wife, Patrice, an ex–museum curator, drinks too much and is generally unstable. The older son, Alec, is a budding radical journalist, more than a little involved with the anti-apartheid movement. The younger son, Gil, is a sensitive, cerebral intellectual (the only part that rings a bit familiar and self-conscious), but with a good sense of humor, as when he informs his doting and doted-upon mother, "I used to tell my boyfriends that I was on the rebound from you."

To get the Burgesses transferred out of South Africa, Harry does something he thinks more expedient than culpable but it boomerangs on him and his dependents. The problems that Patrice has with sons and other people, Alec with politics and girlfriends, Gil with Mom and boyfriends, and Harry with life will all be affected and intensified by this misstep that makes the family fly apart. Even Harry's cancer may have psychological origins in it. The clashes the Burgesses have with African servants and (after transfer to Holland) with Dutch neighbors, with one another and with their troubled selves, are compellingly evoked. Yet they remain, except for a couple of major outbursts, understated, and the more effectively suggestive for it.

The writing has texture without thickness, and the lesser roles are equally artfully drawn. We get Hilton, the African house servant, solicitous of his masters but contemptuous of non-Zulu fellow servants; Hodges, a cannier, more cynical colleague of Harry's; and Van Eden, a retired Dutch diplomat and neighbor in the Hague, who displays perfect European sangfroid amid the Burgess hostilities. Only Carly, Alec's girlfriend, is an underdeveloped part, with which Kate Finneran can do nothing.

But Teagle F. Bougere (Hilton), Jack Davidson (Hodges), and especially Richard Clarke (Van Eden) are remarkable. Dan Futterman is properly intense as the volatile Alec, and Lawrence Luckinbill crumbles scarily as Harry. As Gil, Matt McGrath is too precious at times, but good at others. Judith Ivey gives one of her bravura performances as Patrice. Everything from sarcastic edginess to hysterical frenzy, from querulous insecurity to unsuspected strength in adversity, gets its finely shaded due. Hear her tell Alec, "You have yet to write a single thing that hasn't been said by minds far more unoriginal than your own," and learn how to play darts with words.

Daniel Sullivan has directed with masterly blocking and apt interaction of dialogue and movement. The scenery must keep up with changing locales on a stage unfriendly to such shifts; Tony Walton not only manages this with spectacular efficiency but also offers painterly loveliness

Photograph by Ken Howard.

and an uncanny sense of the genius loci. James F. Ingalls's lighting and Jane Greenwood's costumes are on target, too.

The play proper has framing scenes on an archaeological dig in Mexico, not quite so convincing as the rest but serviceable enough. In our theater, which tends to totter from excess to undernourishment, the presence of a *Molly Sweeney* and *A Fair Country*—in which the unstated resonates as dramatically as the stated—proves that all hope need not yet be abandoned.

IN SEPTEMBER 1914, PUCCINI GOT WIND OF AN ABRIDGED version of *La Bohème* to be mounted in Lucca, and promptly wrote his publisher, "I beg you not to give them the opera. You will do me a real favor." How would he have felt about a version called **Rent,** which updates the Giacosa-Illica libretto, transplants the action to the East Village, and keeps only a few bars of his music, strummed on a guitar—just enough to put the rest of the score to shame? Well, with the copyright lapsed, it would not matter what he felt.

Jonathan Larson, who wrote both words and music, died at 35 of an aortic aneurysm upon returning from the final dress rehearsal a month ago. This is doubly sad when you consider that the gifted young man was groping his way to a unified personal style that this uneven, scattershot show does not yet achieve. For although *Rent* profits from the *Bohème* infrastructure, it is also hampered by it, as the author is obliged to think up clever parallels or disheveled variations that invite unfavorable comparison with the original. Still, even this partial success holds a genuine promise cut off from fulfillment.

The poet Rodolfo becomes Roger, the punk rocker; the painter Marcello, Mark Cohen, a filmmaker brandishing his camcorder. The philosopher Colline is now Tom Collins, a black mechanic of some sort; the musician Schaunard is Angel Schunard, a Hispanic transvestite and street drummer who succors the mugged Collins and becomes his lover. Mimi is still Mimi but is now a performer in an S&M nightclub, and a junkie afflicted with AIDS. Roger, Collins, and Schunard are all HIV-positive. Benny (i.e., Benoit), the landlord, is a homeboy gone yuppie, full of bohemian-unfriendly schemes, and a rival for Mimi's favors. Maureen (Musetta), a performance artist, has left Mark for a black lesbian lawyer, Joanne.

There are all sorts of approximations of the opera but also a few radical departures. Thus it is Angel who dies of AIDS, whereas Mimi merely seems to die. Her fever breaks, and she revives to join the rest of the cast in the finale, "There is no future, there is no past./ I live each moment as my last." This copout makes a mockery not only of logic but also of death and Jonathan Larson's own tragedy. It is, however, not the only thing that doesn't make sense in *Rent.* Let us, however, judge the show on its own terms. The music is both eclectic and erratic as it tries to embrace every form of pop. It is most successful in some ensemble numbers and in tributes to (or takeoffs on?) show tunes, such as "Tango: Maureen" and "Santa Fe," a fantasy about starting a restaurant in that city. Also in Maureen's performance-art number, "Over the Moon," which Idina Menzel performs with infectious comic brio. Other fine performers include Wilson Jermaine Heredia (Angel), Taye Diggs (Benny), and Jesse L. Martin (Collins), with the rest of the cast of fifteen mostly pleasant or better. Only Anthony Rapp, as a smarmy Mark, and Daphne Rubin-Vega, as an inconsequential Mimi, disappoint.

Michael Greif's staging, despite inventive moments, does not quite keep the action that sprawls over a large and inflexible stage in proper control, and Marlies Yearby's rudimentary choreography is no help at all. There are savvy and sassy costumes (by Angela Wendt) and scenery (by Paul Clay) to which Blake Burba's lighting does not do full justice. The five-piece band led by Tim Weil is in fine fettle. *Rent,* which opened just as *La Bohème* celebrated its centenary, will probably prove less perdurable but is not without its quirkily perky charm.

COLE PORTER'S SCORE FOR **Du Barry Was a Lady** (1939) MAY be small potatoes but, nicely seasoned as in the Encores! concert revival, the old murphies proved dainty new potatoes. The book is an uneasy amalgam. Buddy De Sylva wanted to write a movie musical about a washroom attendant, Louis Blore, who wins the sweepstakes and woos a glamorous debutante; Herbert Fields had in mind a Broadway show about Louis XV and an unforthcoming Madame Du Barry. The compromise was a Mickey Finn–induced dream in which the master of the men's room at the Club Petite becomes the monarch of the Petit Trianon. As he turns into Louis Quinze, May Daly, the star of the cabaret floor show, turns into the royal favorite in love with another. Louis Blore/Louis XV became Bert Lahr; May Daly/Mme Du Barry (intended for Mae West) became Ethel Merman; the show, even with a lesser Porter score, became a Broadway hit.

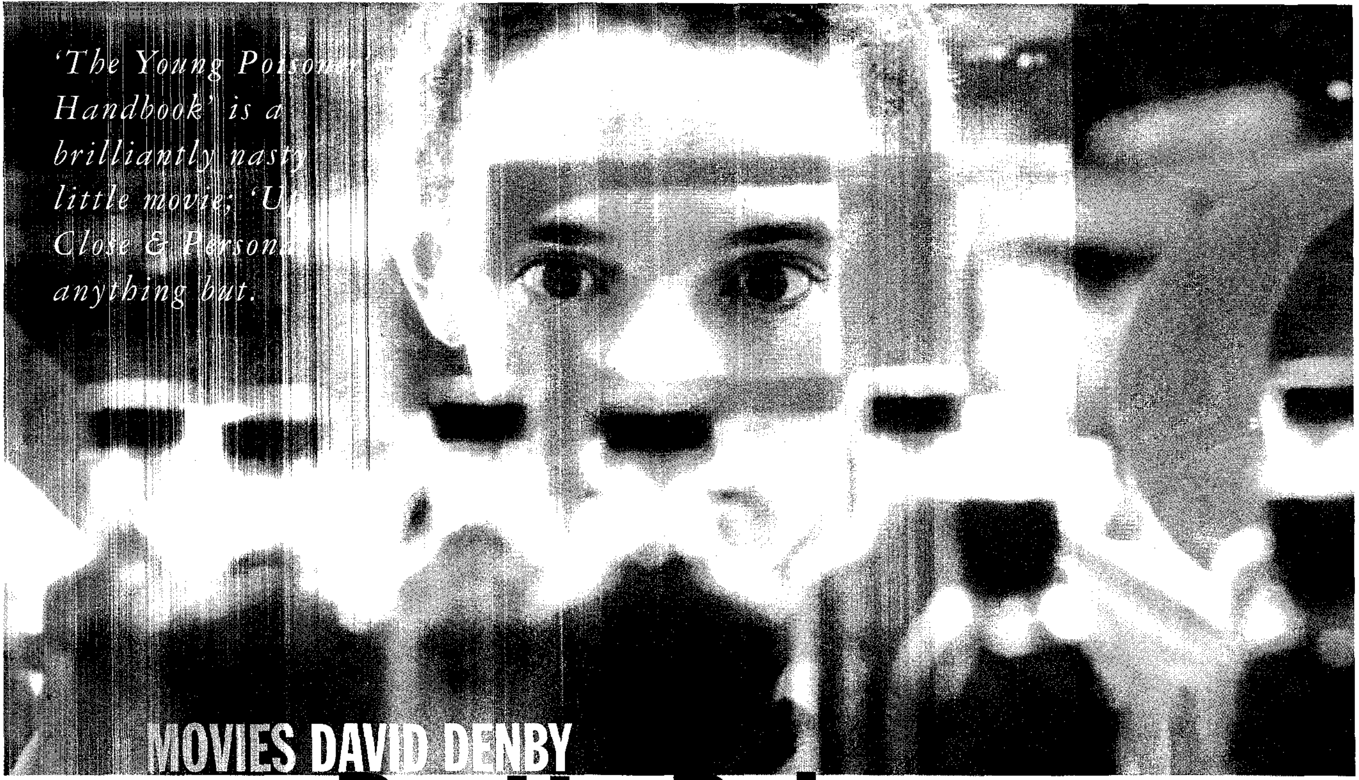
For the City Center revival, John Lee Beatty has contributed a nightclub curtain of red streamers and, behind it, a ghost of Versailles topiary; Gregg Barnes has come up with spiffy clothes and one quasi hoop skirt. Someone got the bright idea of having the excellent Coffee Club Orchestra and its jolly conductor, Rob Fisher, put on perukes with a fine flourish at the appropriate moment. Charles Repole has directed as well as the cramped space (the orchestra takes up most of the stage) allows, and Kathleen Marshall has overcome even greater handicaps with her sparkling choreography.

> *"...Jonathan Larson, the author of 'Rent,' was a gifted young man groping his way to a unified personal style that this* **uneven, scattershot show** *does not yet achieve..."*

As both the washroom and throne-room Louis, longing to be king in the bedroom, Robert Morse sweetly combines Bert Lahr's famed "leering impudence" with the Bobby Morse trademark of cheeky alacrity. He may vocally wheeze a bit too much, but old wheezes revive in his delivery of one-liners and double-entendre-studded lyrics that might easily have shown their age. In the female lead, Faith Prince is inevitably less formidable than Ethel Merman, but her combination of naughty little-girlishness with well-bounced fleshly opulence yields ample satisfaction. The stars blend delectably in the pseudo-hillbilly "Friendship"; do valiantly in sundry other combinations (notably Miss Prince and her robust, Ollie North–ish love interest, Burke Moses, in the best number, "Do I Love You?"); and glitter in such solos as "Give Him the Oo-La-La," which Miss Prince certainly does.

With its strong supporting cast, which, besides Moses, includes Liz Larsen, Scott Waara, and Ruth Williamson, this revival lacks only the supremely sexy ingenue of the original, Betty Grable. But these days, Hollywood itself is sadly disgrabled. ■

Photograph by Joan Marcus.



'The Young Poisoner's Handbook' is a brilliantly nasty little movie; 'Up Close & Personal' anything but.

MOVIES DAVID DENBY

Pretty Poison

I was a teenage monster: Hugh O'Conor as the 14-year-old murderer in *The Young Poisoner's Handbook*.

THE RECENT OSCAR NOMINATIONS WOULD SEEM TO express the disgust of the Hollywood Establishment for its own bloated and empty product. Will the Oscars signal a new direction for movies? I wouldn't bet on it. Acknowledgment of sin, in that community, rarely leads to renewal. There's too much money to be made on bad movies, and people pulled this way and that by guilt and cynicism rarely work at their best. In tandem, those two warring emotions may produce movies more dutiful than bold, movies made without courage or even the sincere desire to entertain.

Two new films perfectly epitomize the split in our movie culture—**The Young Poisoner's Handbook,** a tiny, brilliant English picture with complete commitment to a difficult and shocking idea, and **Up Close & Personal,** a big, dull, we've-seen-this-white-bread-before Hollywood drama of ambition and love, starring Robert Redford and Michelle Pfeiffer. The first movie, which can't possibly reach a large audience, will be adored or loathed by those brave enough to see it; the second is too cautious and high-minded to mean much to anyone.

First, the flower of evil. *The Young Poisoner's Handbook* might be called a bastard child of the 1949 black-comedy classic *Kind Hearts and Coronets.* In that suave charmer, a young man (Dennis Price), ninth in line to inherit a dukedom, eliminates the eight heirs who come before him. The new movie isn't elegant like *Coronets,* and it lacks star power comparable with that of Alec Guinness, who so hilariously played all eight victims. But like *Coronets,* it has a cold, cold heart and a sneaky satirical intelligence that leaves one both bruised and smiling afterward. The young writer-director Benjamin Ross, graduate of Oxford and of Columbia's film school, linked up with another young writer (and actor), Jeff Rawle, who shared his interest in an actual murderer—Graham Young, the chem-lab wizard who murdered a number of innocent people and became a Brit tabloid celebrity of the sixties and seventies. Ross and Rawle use the Young case as the basis of the movie, but they have also invented a great deal. They've made a belladonna fantasy, a slyly perverse and wicked movie.

Graham is 14 when we first see him, a nerdish boy from the London suburbs with pale skin and wide-open, staring eyes. Like Darwin on the *Beagle,* he's a half-formed genius who keeps an earnest journal of his hopes and fears. He narrates the experiments performed in his bedroom, telling us of his quest—for the perfect poison. Hugh O'Conor, who was the young Christy Brown in *My Left Foot,* plays Graham quietly and with the polite manners of a dry-goods clerk. But there's a demonic element in Graham, as well as enormous cunning and endless powers of deceit. What he lacks is the slightest empathy; he puts people in agony and looks on in wonder, as if the spectacle had nothing to do with him. O'Conor gives him only one weird characteristic—the popping eyes, which burst out of the suburban blandness of the compositions. The eyes are a kind of private joke for the benefit of the audience (no one but the camera notices them) and a link, perhaps, to old horror-film actors like Peter Lorre.

Methodically, Graham begins to eliminate the members of his ghastly family, a group of nasty vulgarians completely unconscious of themselves or of the blankly vicious boy who lives among them. The joke is that the murderer seems utterly normal and his victims mad as hatters. Some of this material is cruelly funny in the arch, wilted-genteel manner of Hitchcock—only this is Hitchcock gone round the bend, and approaching, at times, horror-movie nuttiness. But after a few grotesque scenes, Ross restores calm, and the movie continues on its placid way, a perverse celebration of a well-mannered boy so pure in his evil that no one has the imagi-

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nation to see him for what he is. The cinematography (by Hubert Taczanowski) relies on gray, olive, and pale-brown colors, in the denatured style of British graphics from 35 years ago; and the camera, at times, floats dreamily, as if caught in Graham's abstracted state of mind. The visual scheme is ironically bland yet luminous; we might be seeing everything through a glass of water.

Against every scruple, we root for Graham. He's a monster, but he's also weirdly appealing, a cross between Pee-wee Herman and Nosferatu. When he gets caught, and sent to a grim state funny farm, the comedy deepens. In the hospital, Graham finds a perfect patsy—an enlightened psychoanalyst, Dr. Zeigler (Antony Sher), who thinks he has a gift for helping psychopaths regain a normal life. Zeigler's smug scientific humanism receives a nasty comeuppance.

At the end, Graham thaws a little and tries to experience the pain he has caused others. He achieves a kind of redemption; he's ready to die. But despite the shift in meaning, *The Young Poisoner's Handbook* maintains its unearthly poise. Ross never slips into burlesque or mere shock, and though his movie is often cruel, the cruelty is lightened by a streak of ghastly pity. This is a remarkable first feature. If the experience doesn't hurt too much, you might find yourself laughing all the way through it.

Benjamin Ross may have been reading the Marquis de Sade; director Jon Avnet and screenwriters John Gregory Dunne and Joan Didion, who concocted *Up Close & Personal,* seem to have attended seminars on modern relationships in La Jolla. Michelle Pfeiffer plays a tense, ambitious Reno weathergirl who fakes a demo tape and gets an interview at a bustling Miami TV station, where she falls under the tutelage of Robert Redford's newsroom pro, a man of great integrity, formerly network but now mysteriously on his way down. On camera, Michelle makes terrible blunders, but at a certain moment in any story she pulls herself together and delivers something—an emotional experience of the news—to the viewer. Redford bullies his protégée, but he always helps her; and despite many missteps, she flourishes as he sinks. *Up Close & Personal* is movieish and familiar; the story is another go-round for *A Star Is Born,* one of whose earlier versions (the Streisand-Kristofferson disaster) was written by the same screenwriting team. The two stars, of course, are both highly skilled and likable, but they lack the rough edges for a story about furious ambition and failure. Man and woman are very good to each other; no envy, no buried rage, no anguish. Redford, as he falls, doesn't go for pathos—he's too classy a guy to make anyone else suffer. The filmmakers offer some deft insights into TV news, but emotionally, the movie lacks development and punch. What is essentially a painful, tearjerking fable has been tamed by feminist humanism into a boringly exemplary tale of mutual support. ■

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WALTER KIRN

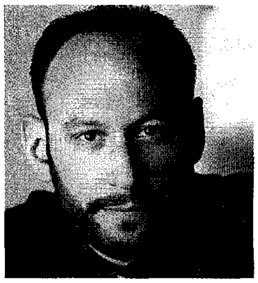
The Media and Me

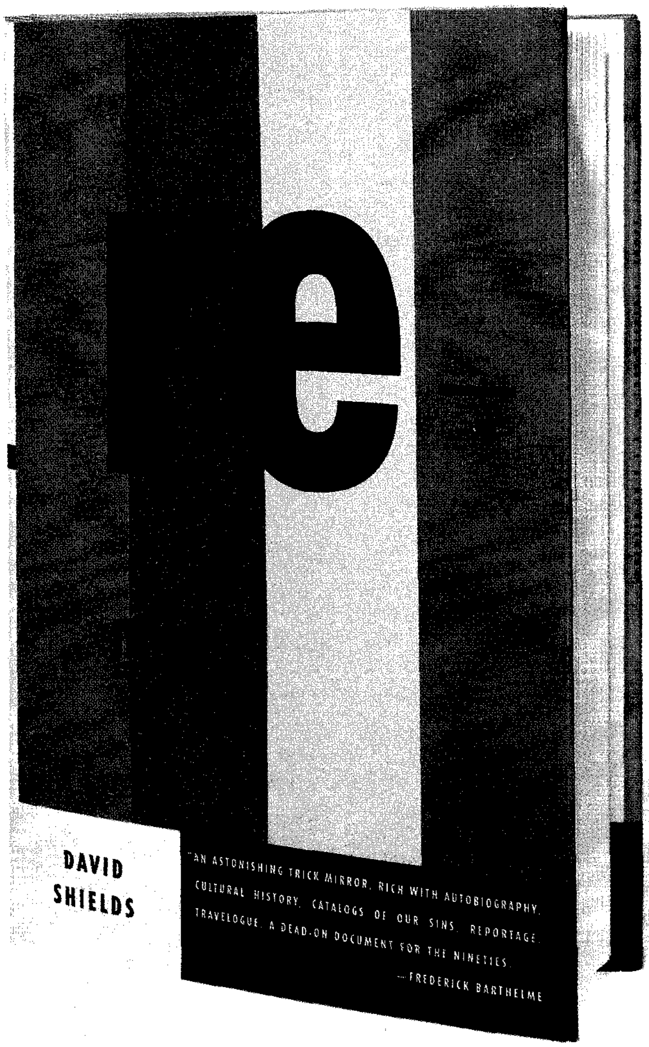
David Shields's 'Remote' is one of a new genre of memoirs about encounters with pop culture. Bite-size! Irresistible! With a fraction of the literary calories!

Remote
BY DAVID SHIELDS
Knopf; 206 pages; $22

ASSUMING THAT BOOKS ARE FOOD FOR THOUGHT, we should be able to sort them into groups. There are the virtuous vegetables (poetry and essays). The sustaining meats and cheeses (literary novels, biographies, histories). The energizing grains and cereals (detective and romance novels, Hollywood memoirs). But there are newer, synthetic edibles, too, that are less the products of nature than of science. David Shields's *Remote* belongs to one of these. This breezy, sideways autobiography, which seeks to reveal the author's soul via some quick-take musings on the media, is the literary answer to fake fat.

Blurbed to the max by pop iconologists such as Wayne Koestenbaum and David Halberstam, *Remote* is a book designed to go down easy and leave no aftertaste. This is the New Higher Slickness perfected. After an early twinge of satisfaction, it passes through the system without absorption, leaving the reader faintly stimulated but essentially unchanged. *Remote* is a guilt-free, bite-size head treat. An intellectual Snackwell. It's even, as such products often are, lightly fortified with vitamins.




DAVID SHIELDS
"AN ASTONISHING TRICK MIRROR, RICH WITH AUTOBIOGRAPHY, CULTURAL HISTORY, CATALOGS OF OUR SINS, REPORTAGE, TRAVELOGUE. A DEAD-ON DOCUMENT FOR THE NINETIES.
—FREDERICK BARTHELME

Adorned with yearbook photos, accessorized with footnotes, Shields's new book is the latest in literary fashion.

The form is loose, a tricky miscellany of criticism, reporting, and anecdote. The tone is stupid-smart. Ironic. (If you take me too seriously, it seems to say, you're being humorless. Take me too lightly, you're being unimaginative.) Shields starts with a field trip to a local talk show featuring Oprah Winfrey. He's careful to confess up front to being a big Oprah fan himself, albeit a hip and highly conscious one. "In Oprah's transition from fat to thin, from poor to rich, we see the possibility of our own transformation." The other, less knowing Oprah fans are kidded for their idiot sincerity. "Someone from the Rape Crisis Center wants to know whether Oprah is ever going to do a show on male victims of rape. Someone from the Northwest Women's Law Center wants to know what she thinks about abortion. . . ."

Other vignettes follow. At a baseball-card-signing show, the canny kids, armed with price lists and clever buying strategies, are snubbed by the dopey, charmless jocks. At a taping of *America's Funniest Home Videos,* the audience is happily manipulated by the greasy staff. Always, the point is pathos and passivity. The sad unrequited romance of nineties fandom. "We are just outside Chartres, and all any of us care about is the lives of the saints." Shields admits to being a tube boob, too—lazy, detached, his brain awash in trivia, bad at relationships, vain yet self-loathing—and this is supposed to come as winning honesty. But I detect a shrewd defensive maneuver. By copping in advance to every weakness with which he might be tagged, Shields shuts out skeptics while bonding with the reader. Come, let us all grow up absurd together.

Shields's awkwardness flatters our own. His outsiderliness is inclusive, a clubby come-on. By seeding his text with campy yearbook photos and posed, professional author shots, he mocks his own authority, but every dig is a backhanded compliment. Nowadays, superficiality isn't shameful; in fact, in some intellectual circles it's de rigueur. When Shields writes, "I don't know what's the matter with me—why I'm adept only at distance, why I feel so remote from things, why life feels like a rumor," the whine is generic Woody Allen,

Photographs: top, Tom Collicott; bottom, Steve Wisbauer.

a staple sentiment from the better sitcoms. Shields's remoteness is Warholian orthodoxy, not a troubling new brand of alienation.

Remote is a funny, stylish book at times. Shields has an ear for media clichés. One chapter catalogues truisms from sports. "Asked to reveal the game plan for tomorrow, the player always says, 'We're just going to go out and have fun.' " Being a midwestern book reviewer, I especially liked Shields's take on parochial New York critics: "American writers residing in and writing about the tri-state area are always understood to be adumbrating a universal spiritual condition, whereas writers residing in and writing about the other forty-seven states are always congratulated for being gifted regionalists." Shields's dictionary of received ideas is sharp and incontestable. "Political ideologues on both the right and the left always reserve their deepest passion for detective novels."

In what's becoming a literary fad, footnotes accessorize the lower margins. It's a satire of precision—mock scholasticism. For all the author's screen-age leanings, he's always cuing us to his old-school thoroughness. A smattering of mini-chapters ruminate on Rousseau's confessions in lofty Comp. Lit. theoryspeak: "Language is utterly separate from experience. . . . His compensation for the disaster of his love life is refuge in convoluted language that invalidates the innocence of the love for which he professes to yearn." Such sentences are all elbows, all cartilage; it's hard to tell what exactly is being grasped at. A sheen of seriousness? More tri-fold irony?

Shields's seminarish tone works best when the subject is neither truth nor trivia but the uncharted limbo in between. *Remote*'s best chapter follows the career of a certain Bob Balaban, character actor, who invariably plays faceless, heartless nerds to bigger stars' expansive leads. Balaban is cinematic furniture, an object for major characters to lean against, and Shields identifies with his second-banana-hood. To the same end, a later chapter lists Shields's brushes, many thirdhand, with a roster of celebrities. The result is a sad-sack existential résumé. "A former student of mine went out with Elizabeth Montgomery's son." "Twice I'm pretty sure I've seen Gary Larson walking around Seattle."

Inspired cuteness, this, but nothing new. The Zeitgeist's shallow waters are getting crowded. The comedy of schlock references is aging. Watch any *Seinfeld* episode. Watch *Cybill*. Fame's underdogs no longer skulk in alleys; they're the dominant pack. Their sighs and howls are just the latest old joke. Indeed, if a book like *Remote* is any sign, they're threatening to become the only joke. ▬

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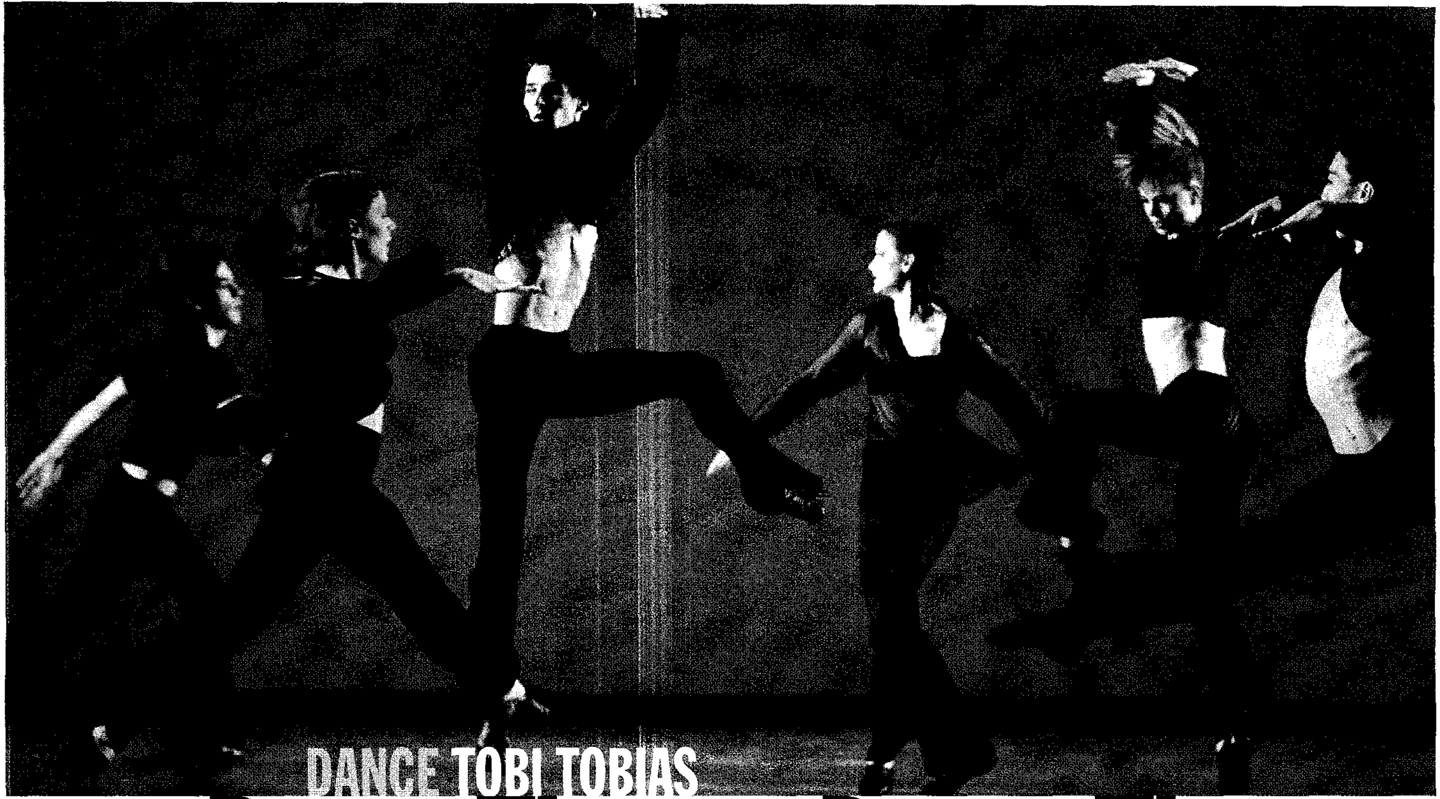

DANCE TOBI TOBIAS

Been There, Done That

Angst à la mode from the New York City Ballet, and some tired mumbo-jumbo, beautifully executed, at Danspace.

A heavy *Touch:* David Parsons's latest, danced by the New York City Ballet.

LOOK OUT! HERE THEY COME AGAIN, HURTLING diagonally across the huge, bare New York State Theater stage. This time, there are eight of them—four potential couples or, ganged up, the world in microcosm. They're urban and hip, dressed (by William Ivey Long) in trouser-and-top outfits that flap wildly in the windswept rush and bare a good swath of taut midriff. And they're mad as hell, these sleek folks, with anomie (anger's twin sister) waiting to possess them when the adrenaline rush is spent. They're citizens of the **New York City Ballet**—who else could be so sharp-edged at high speed?—and they're doing that damned ballet again, this time by David Parsons.

Usually it's Peter Martins, the company's chief, who provides this material. Modish, virulent angst is his specialty, his more personally felt alternative to the mechanized takes on traditional classicism that he produces periodically to claim he's the son of Balanchine and Petipa's grandkid. But Martins's aesthetic of choice has spread, like a contagious disease; ballets of chic wrath have prevailed in the company's commissioning sprees. This new piece is by a visiting choreographer from the realm of modern dance—David Parsons, whose dad is Paul Taylor. The now-mean, now-bleak music is by Richard Peaslee, who waxes lyric only in a dry, spare melancholy way. The more driving sections of the score recall Michael Torke, Martins's favored composer when he's choreographing in his postmodern vein.

The fierce opening section, danced before a blue-sky cyclorama in whose light nothing can be concealed, displays two errors Martins invariably commits in the same circumstances: It uses a patterning of such implacable symmetry that the mood of violence, wildly irregular in real life, appears patently fake. This passage also presents vitriolic emotion as a slick decorative factor, not as a deep sensation with which the audience might seriously empathize. The confusion of feeling and image may, indeed, be typical of our afflicted society, but I don't think Parsons is making that point; actually, I suspect that he's capitulated to the muddle.

Predictably, the middle of the piece, danced in lowering twilight, gives us individual couples, straight and gay both, pointing out how clearly hopeless connection and commitment are these days (as if this state of affairs were the fault of the prevailing winds or something in the water, not human inadequacy). Each duet scrupulously takes a slightly different tone—desire so frail it proves unviable, passion flipped over into enraged physical abuse, sorrowful regret already subsumed in apathy—giving us variety in misery. Two motifs connect the material—palms placed against a partner's cheeks and a wraparound embrace sapped of energy. To these hackneyed gestures Parsons adds the time-worn voyeur theme—a watcher or line of watchers, anonymous and disaffected, nearly hidden in a murky upstage corridor.

For the finale, the light brightens to an acid yellow-gray glare. (Howell Binkley has done a fine job with these environments.) The cast assembles, streaks through the lurid space, gives the key gestures one last, halfhearted try, then clusters and stares out at the audience, faces blank masks, hands hopelessly palpating the air in front of them.

Photograph by Costas.

The name of this ballet is *Touch.* All it needs is an exclamation point and it's ready for Broadway.

Neta Pulvermacher HAS BEEN SHOWING HER choreography in New York for a decade. Raised on an Israeli kibbutz and trained initially in her native country, she came to the U.S. to attend the dance conservatory at Juilliard. Since then, she has steadily been accumulating an impressive list of credentials—grants, fellowships, well-respected performance venues. She's the girl with the golden résumé. Why can't I see what other people are clearly admiring and enjoying in her work?

At Pulvermacher's recent Danspace concert, I found only pieces of a puzzle that refused to cohere: brief tableaux (occasionally striking but invariably conventional) and fragments of lusty motion sprung, it would seem, from gesture. It was as if words with urgent intent had been translated into the abstract language of dance with the assumption that any sympathetic fool could interpret the result. The movement remained largely cryptic to me, not merely devoid of emotional and intellectual meaning but obscure at the formal level as well.

As for the elements intended to support the choreography—the accompanying music (classical here, contemporary there), the slide projections, the spoken text that punctuated one piece—the choices were so trite as to make the relationships dysfunctional. Gazing at the advertisement-luscious images of oranges that back *To Bite an Orange With Its Peel,* for instance, you rack your brain trying to find some secret irony at work, in the process losing your focus on the movement. Pulvermacher hasn't yet figured out a perverse truth about dancing: that if music, words, and visual art don't lend it an extra dimension, they stand in its way.

The saving grace of the program was the strength, beauty, and evident dedication of the dancers. If ever there was work done in good faith, it is the luminous performances we get nowadays of choreography that ranges from mediocre to god-awful. Examples of this energy and devotion abound in what seems to be dance-making's Age of Lead. Outstanding in Pulvermacher's group is Derry Swan, one of those practitioners whose faces tell you nothing, whose legs are their tools of expression. Swan's face is a paradigm of plainness, the features pinched, the raven hair yanked back into a short, raggedy ponytail. When this young dancer smiles, she looks like your kid sister who's not quite ready for the prom and hasn't even heard about the club scene. But her legs, strongly muscled and sveltely shaped, unerringly plunging into space, seem to know—and control—everything: the envelope of air immediately around them, the entire theater, perhaps the universe. ■

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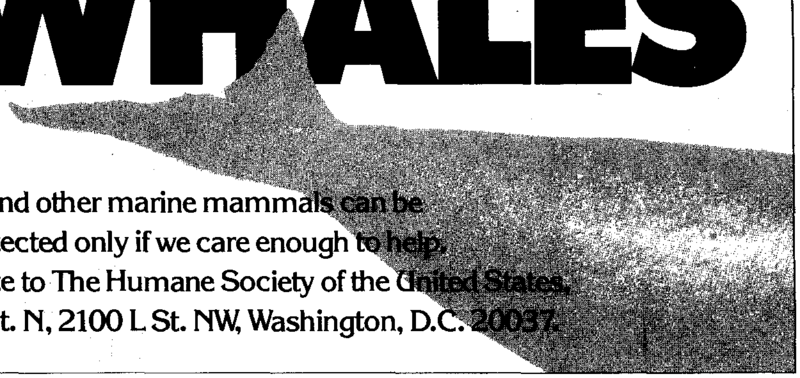

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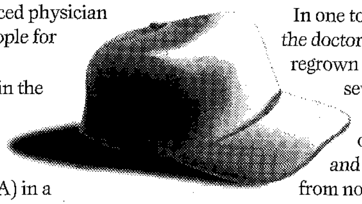

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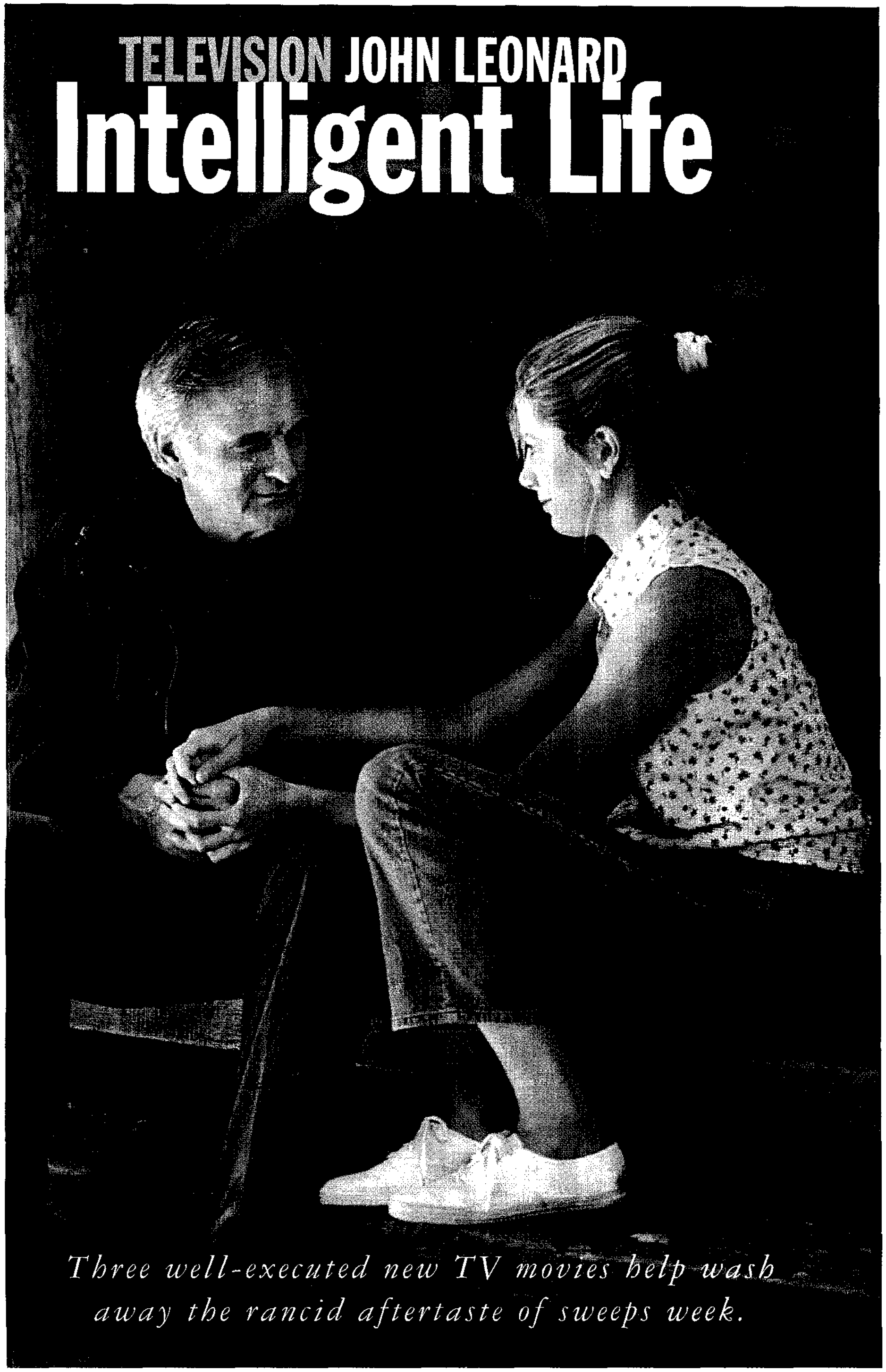
Intelligent Life

Three well-executed new TV movies help wash away the rancid aftertaste of sweeps week.



Alan Alda and Mira Sorvino in *Neil Simon's Jake's Women.*

Photograph by Bob Greene/CBS.

NOW THAT FEBRUARY'S SWEEPS ARE BUT A BITTER memory of gun smoke, violation, and dismemberment, some quality television peeks out of the prime-time bunker. This weekend, as if it were safe again for recognizable human beings to wheel barrows and fly kites, there is actually something to think about. In **Neil Simon's Jake's Women** (Sunday, March 3; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS), Alan Alda is better than he was in the same play on Broadway. For **Andersonville** (Sunday and Monday, March 3 and 4; 8 to 10 P.M.; TNT), John Frankenheimer and David Rintels have built a Civil War prison stockade and peopled it with Goyas and Picassos. Even the fresh-air sex and Native American chic of Farrah Fawcett in **Dalva** (Sunday, March 3; 9 to 11 P.M.; ABC) is more interesting than any of last month's network mayhem movies, although also probably more risible than Jim Harrison intended in the novel from which it's adapted.

"My mind has a mind of its own," says Alda's Jake, a best-selling novelist who rewrites real life inside his own unhappy head so that he'll only hear what he wants to. Naturally, this makes everybody around him—his second wife, Maggie (Anne Archer); his college-student daughter, Molly (Kimberly Williams); his divorced sister, Karen (Julie Kavner); and even his analyst, Edith (Joyce Van Patten)—feel either left out or somehow plagiarized. Jake's problem is that he hasn't been real to himself since the death of his first wife, Julie (Mira Sorvino), in an auto accident at age 35; he's stuck in might-be and should-have-been. When a "claustrophobic, airless, suffocating" Maggie insists on a six-month trial separation, Jake turns into a lonely crowd: "I give everybody an exit line." The stories he tells himself to pass the fitful night take over his waking hours: "I tricked myself, and I fell for it." Like avuncular demons, these ghostly Ediths, Mollys, Karens, and Julies show up to haunt him even while he's grappling with his new squeeze, Sheila (a very amusing Lolita Davidovich): "If I can create this intimacy, why can't I experience it?" When in the most powerful scene in the movie the Molly ghost insists on a heart-to-heart with the Julie ghost, her dead mother, we've dropped into a sort of bathos-sphere from solipsism through onanism to a bottom-feeding lower depth of tube worms and thermal vents.

This is Neil Simon, of course, not Peter Handke. In Handke's *The Afternoon of a Writer,* a nameless novelist walks the winter streets of a European city, witnesses an accident, and finds himself on trial for lying. And dreaming. And art. Whereas for Simon's Jake, writing is only a "game," and his characters merely "toys." On the other hand, Handke is short on laughs. Only Simon could imagine a shrink who leaves the music from *Man of La Mancha* on her telephone answering machine. And Alda—well, he seemed lost on the stage, indistinct, overwhelmed. But on the small and intimate screen he is huge and at home, forever Hawkeye; we root for him no matter what. If he falls through these wisecracks, he will also bounce.

John Frankenheimer—like Steven Spielberg, George Roy Hill, Sidney Lumet, and Arthur Penn, or Sydney Pollack and William Friedkin, not to mention Jim Brooks, Penny Marshall, and Ron Howard—got his start as a director on television. After 152 "live" dramas in the fifties, he went away to Hollywood for three decades. That he returned to TV several years ago to pick up Emmies for *Against the Wall* and *The Burning*

Season says something about where you have to go if you want to make films for an audience interested in Attica and the rain forest, instead of video games for 12-year-olds with attention-deficit disorder. Nor is it a surprise that he should seize upon a script by David W. Rintels (*Day One, Fear on Trial, Sakharov*) about the infamous Confederate prison. Confinement has obsessed Frankenheimer at least since *Birdman of Alcatraz*. He always crowds his space to overflowing, then seeks escape—from appalled Steadicam to nerve-racked dolly to wide-angled flee-the-scene tracking shot—through violent motion. And he paints in white, as if on bandages, so that the sudden colors burn.

At Andersonville, in the last two years of the Civil War, almost 13,000 Union prisoners perished of fester, fever, scurvy, and starvation. Not all of this was the fault of the lunatic prison-camp commandant, Captain Wirz (Jan Triska), the only soldier, Blue or Gray, to be convicted of and hanged for war crimes. Equal time in this mini-series is devoted to the violence of Blue on Blue. New prisoners, "fresh fish," are set upon by "cutthroats and murderers" as vicious inside the stockade as the dogs are outside, most of them said to be New Yorkers who signed up for the bounty. Suspicious as I tend to be of a Ted Turner production that goes easy on the Old South by blaming most of Andersonville's horrors on a madman with a German accent and a gang of pond-scum carrion birds from lower Manhattan, I am more convinced, by Frederic Forrest, Jarrod Emick, Cliff DeYoung, and Ted Marcoux, of the redemptive powers of fraternal solidarity. What's indelible about *Andersonville* is a sense, as in André Malraux's *Man's Hope*, that camaraderie is no less surprising and no less mysterious than evil, like a gift of grace.

About *Dalva*: Not since poor Jud got dead in *Oklahoma!* has Rod Steiger pulled out so many stops under a Stetson. As an expiring Nebraska patriarch, this unstoppered Steiger will spin graveward with most of the guilt in the Old West—"genocide," we are told, was "the original sin of the Northridge family"—leaving behind a big house, a symbolic buffalo skull, a field of unshucked corn, a journal full of secrets that might mean tenure for Peter Coyote, a worshipful widow (Carroll Baker), and a haystack-happy granddaughter with more blonde hair and fewer inhibitions than most of Sweden (Farrah Fawcett), not to forget Powers Boothe, one of Farrah's several Lakota playmates, all of whom speak Totemic Hokum. Farrah's looking for her long-lost son . . . and the meaning of life. Boothe must decide between impersonations of Harry Hamlin and Stacy Keach. The buffalo skull blushes for Jim Harrison. I can think and grin at the same time. ■

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Pitchoune
Lunch - Afternoon - Dinner

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Aix Marks the Spot

Pitchoune is an unlikely pocket of Provence on Third Avenue where the octopus is lemon-infused and the air Gauloised.

FROM ITS PLAID BANQUETTES TO ITS MERCIFULLY all-English-language menu, **Pitchoune** (226 Third Avenue, at 19th Street; 614-8641) is a modern, inventive, and inexpensive little French restaurant. Out of its small but up-to-the-task kitchen, chef Johannes Sanzin, a former sous-chef at Le Bernardin and Bouley (who first studied in the illustrious Parisian kitchen of Joël Robuchon), devises a menu that delivers the bright tastes of proprietor Thierry Cabigeos's native Provence as well as the savor, but not the heaviness, of Sanzin's native Bavaria.

I first visited the warm, honey-colored dining room on a bone-chilling December evening. Pitchoune's seating capacity is below the legal cutoff point for cigarette-smoking. Still, the many (French) smokers in the crowd choose to huddle in the back, semi-clandestinely puffing away on their Gauloises. The sounds of Seal and Sade (no forgettable French accordion music here) rise above the susurrus of well-fed diners in conversation. Planters of dried purple artichoke flowers, white lilies, and brilliant-yellow sunflowers are the main decorative accents, and a stenciled border of leaves separates the yellow walls from the celery-colored tin ceiling. Those striking plaid banquettes run the length of the dining room. I was accompanied by my daughter, Lucy, and her two teenage companions, Emma and Zöe Feigenbaum, a set of West Village twins who are going through that time of transition when ultra-picky New York children become ultra-demanding New York diners. The chef would have to go some distance to please these girls.

He did. We began with a freshly made tapénade on crusty white bread and a sprightly Provençal appetizer of grilled octopus with lemony olive oil on a bed of organic arugula. A vegetable stew, or "barigoule," of artichokes, baby carrots, roasted garlic, and crushed basil was pleasingly warm. The vegetables still had shape and texture (in less sure hands, this dish can be either a barely warmed-over crudité medley or, worse, a limp and soggy mush). The wild-mushroom risotto in pistachio oil was toothsome but, to my taste, a bit short on the wildness side of the mushroom equation. I think one really needs to lay it on with mushrooms of at least porcini strength for this dish to stand out. On the other hand, the pan-seared scallops, another nineties mainstay, were among the best I have had. Their russet-colored crusts were powerfully peppery. The accompanying seared salsify picked up the flavor of the puréed parsley laced with vanilla oil that was served alongside.

From the entrées, Lucy chose linguine with mussels, tomatoes, elephant garlic, and parsley, which was well made but nowhere near as remarkable as the linguine jus de viande that I tried on a subsequent visit: The latter's clear brown sauce of lamb jus and thyme finished off with grated cheese and pepper was a new and satisfying taste in these pasta-gorged times. Seared salmon in a crust of blackened sesame seeds, served atop spinach and mushrooms, made for a very successful quartet of defined but harmonious tastes.

Emma and Zöe vied in the emotion-laden shorthand of twins to determine which one would get the one rack of lamb that remained in the kitchen, but since we all shared everything, it did not remain a sore point.

Photographs by Bernd Auers.

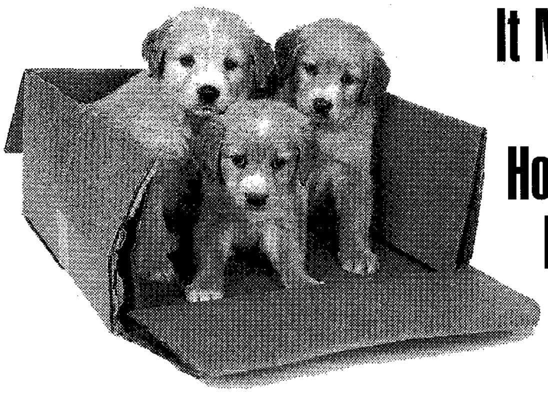
Served alongside mashed potatoes and green beans, it was classic, well-executed bistro fare. Pork tenderloin with glazed apples and Brussels sprouts (unfurled like sautéed cabbage instead of tight crunchy balls) was wonderfully winter-defeating in taste and aroma, although I generally go for pork that is more falling-off-the-bone.

As we returned to seafood, Sanzin once again exhibited his skill and imagination—in his codfish with Yukon Gold–potato purée, onion jus, and chive confit. The codfish, like the scallops, wore a perfectly crisped crust. Inside, the meat fell away in large, moist flakes. The different levels of onionness were magnificently orchestrated: Squiggles of chive confit ran the length of the fillet, and at its midpoint, a dollop of grated chive in cream and mussel juice filled the nose with its pungency and crunched in the mouth. The potato purée was as it should be, basic and hearty and surrounded by roasted pearl onions that were perfectly browned and covered with an onion-rich brown sauce. If there is ever a dish that a demanding public refuses to let the chef take off his menu, my vote goes to the cod.

Since I had youngsters in tow, ordering sweets was a foregone conclusion. The molten chocolate cake would slake the jones of any chocoholic. The warm apple tart, another universal dish, distinguished itself with an exceedingly flaky butter crust and a sublime vanilla-rum sauce. Even more inventive and accomplished was the crème brûlée. Looking more like a free-form napoleon than like what usually arrives in the classic ramekin, it was three layers of custard between thin layers of pastry, and was shot through with the sweetened yet still tart juice of green apples.

Often this kind of small and comfy French restaurant has what is euphemistically described as charming, leisurely service (i.e., annoyingly lackadaisical); not so at Pitchoune. The trio of restaurateurs (Cabigeos; his wife, Astride; and their partner, Christian Merand) bring their collective experience of managing the service at Les Halles, Le Bilboquet, and, improbably, the French pavilion at Disney's Epcot Center near Orlando. They have wisely resisted the temptation to shrink the kitchen in order to cram in more diners. The food arrives in a timely way, and the service is almost fancy-restaurant efficient. For such a little place, Pitchoune behaves like a big-league player.

Pitchoune is open Tuesday through Saturday 11:30 A.M. to 11 P.M., Sunday 6 P.M. to 11 P.M. Soups and appetizers, $5 to $7; sandwiches, about $7; pasta, $9 to $12; main courses, $12 to $17; desserts, $5 to $6. Beer and wine. Reservations are required. A.E., M.C.,V. ■



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LEONORE FLEISCHER **MARCH 4, 1996**

SALES & BARGAINS

On the waterfront: Sunday brunch in Brooklyn amid the native fauna of the Jamaica Bay Wildlife Refuge (and we ain't talking pigeons).

American Gotham

THIS SHOP SPECIALIZES IN NEW YORK books and maps (both new and old), prints, posters, and ephemera and is now offering 20 percent off a large selection of merchandise: Prints of vintage black-and-white photographs (1890–1940) of such Gotham landmarks as Rockefeller Center, the Chrysler Building, the Empire State Building, and the Brooklyn Bridge, 8-by-10-in., were $25, now $20; 11-by-14-in., were $35, now $28; 30-by-40-in., were $250, now $200. Books on sale include *By the El: Third Avenue and Its El at Mid-century,* was $38.95, now $33; *Brooklyn the Way It Was,* was $24.95, now $19.96; *How to Make New York a Better Place to Live,* was $9.95, now $7.96. *New York Bound Bookshop, 50 Rockefeller Plaza, in the Associated Press Building lobby (245-8503); A.E., M.C., V., checks accepted; exchanges possible; Mon.–Fri. 10 a.m.–5 p.m.; through 3/30.*

Don Knots

FOR TWO WEEKS ONLY, TIECRAFTERS WILL clean or alter your neckties at 15 percent off its usual prices (four-tie minimum), was $23 for cleaning four, now $19.55; additional ties, was $5.75 each, now $4.90. Worn-tie alterations include narrowing, widening, shortening, lengthening, re-lining, and re-tipping, was $34 for four, now $28.80; altering additional ties, were $8.50 each, now $7.20. Custom-made neckties (choice of more than 200 fabrics), were $40 each, now $34. Pickup and delivery available at an additional charge. At these locations only. *Tiecrafters, 252 W. 29th St., New York, N.Y. 10001 (629-5800); 245 E. 57th St.; 31 University Pl., near 9th St.; 20 Park Ave., Manhasset, N.Y. Mon.–Fri. 8:30 a.m.–5:30 p.m., Sat. 10 a.m.–2 p.m.; through 3/8.*

Down by the Water

THIS WATERFRONT RESTAURANT IS SITUATED on the Canarsie Pier in Brooklyn in the Gateway National Recreation area. Its glass wall looks out onto Jamaica Bay, offering sweeping views of the boat traffic and the park's wildlife refuge. There's free valet parking on the pier and 900 feet of docking space for those choosing to sail in. The Sunday brunch, price-fixed at $15.95 for adults, $10 for children, features live jazz music. Choice of cocktail: Bloody Mary, Bellini, orange or grapefruit mimosa, Baybreeze, Seabreeze, or a glass of house wine or champagne. Entrées include penne primavera; rigatoni with pink vodka sauce; beer-battered chicken fillets; Abbracciamento fritatta; and eggs Benedict. Desserts include carrot cake with cream-cheese frosting and warm bread pudding with whiskey sauce. *Abbracciamento on the Pier, 2200 Rockaway Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-251-5517); A.E., M.C., V. accepted; reservations recommended; by car, take the Belt Parkway to Exit 13.*

DO NOT PHONE: *Send suggestions to Leonore Fleischer,* New York *Magazine, 755 Second Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017-5998, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.*

Long, Long, Long

THIS EAST SIDE SALON SPECIALIZES IN WOMen's long hairstyles (chin length or longer), and for four days is offering sale prices on services and goods, such as a trim, including a consultation on home hair care, was $60, now $30; deep-conditioning treatment for damaged and over-processed hair, including shampoo and set, was $65, now $50; one-hour individual styling lesson on various upsweeps and seven styles to do at home, was $80, now $50; a self-styling video, was $19.95, now $14.95; bridal try-outs of several styles centered around headpiece, was $60, now $35; corrective coloration for any length hair, including deep conditioner, was $200–$400, now 40 percent off; highlighting, was $200, now $125; perms on shoulder-length hair, were $185, now $100. *Avtresse, 29 E. 61st St. (644-6655); cash only; an appointment is necessary; Tues.–Fri., 2/27–3/1, 10 a.m.–8 p.m., Thurs. till 9:30 p.m.*

Nice Package

THIS COMPANY MAKES SHOPPING BAGS, GIFT boxes, and wrapping paper and tissue for famous stores and boutiques; now, for the first time, it is offering samples and over-runs to the public. The tissue comes in 20-by-30-in. sheets, 25 cents each for solids, $1 each for prints such as sun faces, crescent moons, animal prints. Some tissues come in packages of two sheets and two matching gift wraps, here $2; prepacked leopard-print tissue, twenty sheets, here $5; leopard-print or zebra-print tie box, here five for $5; small black plastic perfume bag with rope handles, here ten for $5; tone-on-tone black plastic shopping bag, here $1. *RTR Packaging Corporation, 27 W. 20th St., Suite 606; cash only; all sales final; Mon.–Fri. 10 a.m.–6 p.m.; through 3/1.*

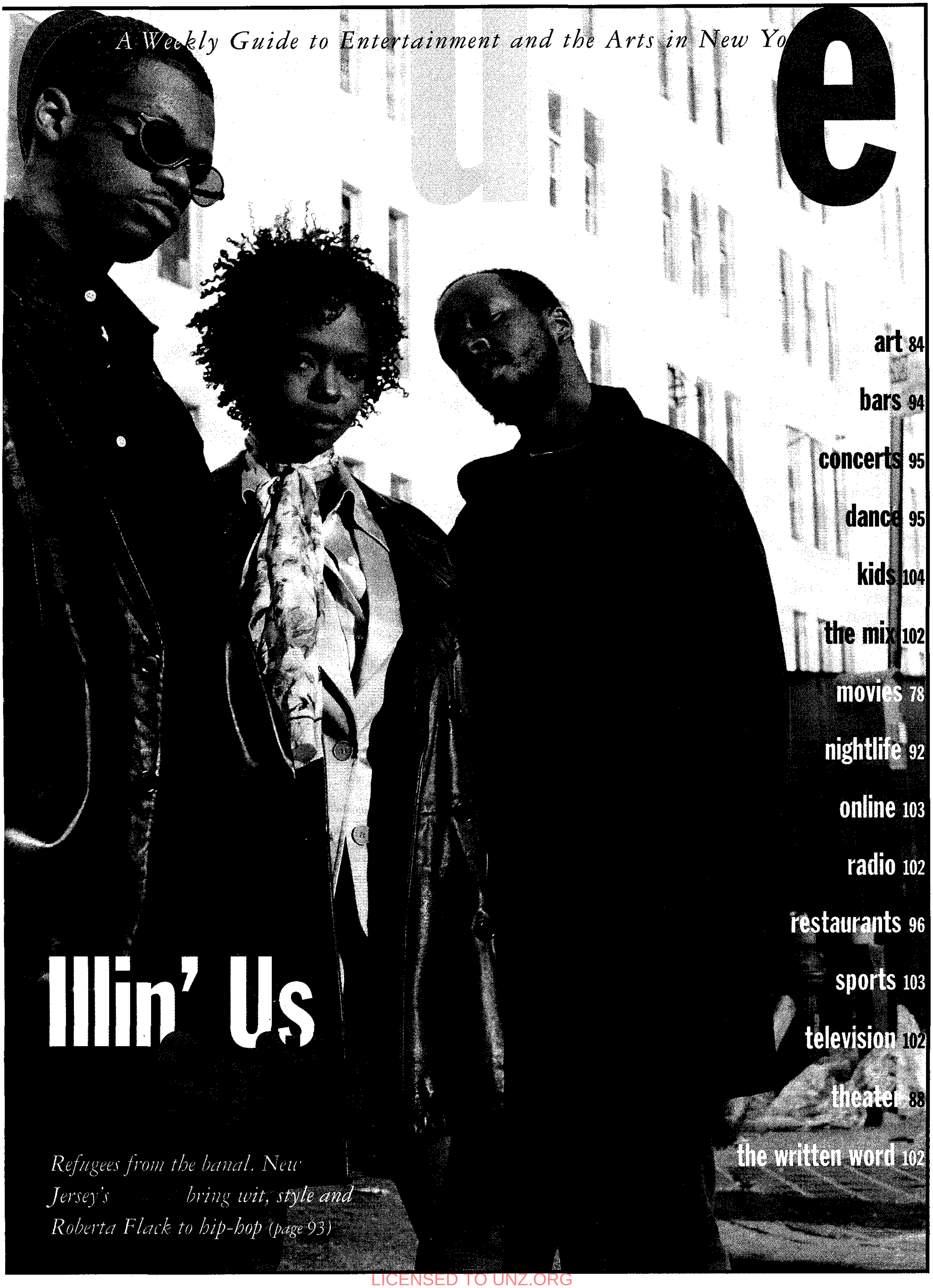
Ad About You

ADDISON ON MADISON'S TWO SHIRT BOUtiques are selling the store's own label of one- and few-of-a-kind samples of Egyptian-cotton shirts, sizes 14½–17½, sleeve length 32–36 in., with French or barrel cuffs, in many collar styles including button-down, spread, tab, and classic, in solids and a variety of stripe styles, were $65–$79, now $30 each. *Addison on Madison, 698 Madison Ave., near 63rd St. (308-2660); Trump Tower Atrium, 725 Fifth Ave., at 57th St., Level Four (752-2300); A.E., D.C., M.C., V. accepted; all sales final; Mon.–Sat. 10:30 a.m.–6:30 p.m.; 3/1–3/10.*

Portrait of the Artist as a Young'un

THIS UPPER WEST SIDE STUDIO IS BOTH A store that sells arts-and-crafts materials for children and a center for kids to create such projects. Now there's 25 percent off creative kits, candle-making supplies, and everything needed for stamping projects. Rubber stamps of all kinds, were $1.50–$17.95 (for a kit), now $1.13–$13.47; stamp pads, were $2.95–$8.95, now $2.21–$6.71. Candle-making molds, were $4.99–$6.99, now $3.74–$5.24; wax, was $3.99, now $3; wicks, were $2.29–$3.49, now $1.72–$2.62; boiling bags, were $2.99, now $2.24; candle color and scent, were $2.59–$3.99, now $1.94–$3. Children's creative kits include all Alex sand kits, were $8.50, now $6.38; Creativity for Kids Doll Making Sampler, was $18.95, now $14.21. *Crafts on Broadway, 215 W. 76th St., second floor (501-7320); A.E., Disc., M.C., V., checks accepted; Mon.–Fri. 11 a.m.–6:30 p.m., Sat. and Sun. 10 a.m.–6:30 p.m.; through 3/10.*

A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New Yo



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Refugees from the banal. New Jersey's bring wit, style and Roberta Flack to hip-hop (page 93)

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The Neon Bible . . . Best of the Year!

New Films

★**Angels & Insects**—In the early 1860s, a young naturalist, William Adamson (Mark Rylance), returns to England after years spent in the Amazon. Most of Adamson's specimens have been lost in a shipwreck, and he is dependent on the patronage of a wealthy, aristocratic family, the Alabasters, in whose great Gothic house he takes residence. He marries the eldest daughter, Eugenia (Patsy Kensit), and makes a professional alliance with the tutor of the young Alabaster children, Matty Crompton (Kristin Scott Thompson), a severe and exciting young woman who burns with ethical and sexual passion. Director Philip Haas and his wife, Belinda, have adapted a marvelous 1992 A.S. Byatt novella, shrewdly preserving Byatt's volatile mix of science, sex, and Victorian class warfare. Although this movie appears to lack humor, its portentousness pays off in the end. Our initial impatience later gives way to admiration for Haas's daring to play his cards so close to the vest. He's got a real secret. (Denby; 2/5/95) (1 hr. 57 mins.; NR) *Village East; Tower East; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Anne Frank Remembered—A documentary by Jon Blair, produced with the full, unprecedented cooperation of the Anne Frank House, which provided previously unseen photos, letters, and access to the annex where the Franks hid. Narrated by Kenneth Branagh and Glenn Close. (2 hrs. 2 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Antonia's Line—A multigenerational story about four women and their various struggles with men. Written and directed by Marleen Gorris. In Dutch with English subtitles. (1 hr. 44 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center.*

Beautiful Girls—Matt Dillon gives a lovely performance as Tommy, a former high-school star who spends his nights plowing snow; his old girlfriend (Lauren Holly) won't stop pursuing him, and he doesn't have the strength to resist her—a sick situation that leaves his regular girlfriend (Mira Sorvino) dieting herself into anorexia. Tim Hutton plays a morose cocktail-hour piano player who left town, flopped, and has now returned; Michael Rapaport is a misogynist dope who dreams of supermodels. These young men are often pathetic, and the movie (written by Scott Rosenberg and directed by Ted Demme) looks at them with affectionate rue. Rosie O'Donnell, the town hairdresser, sets everyone straight, and so does Uma Thurman, who takes the men's measure and turns each of them down. The movie is called *Beautiful Girls* because the men dream of perfect beauty and can't accept the flesh-and-blood women right in front of them, who are meant to be the true beauties. But its critique is itself rather stale. Rosenberg and Demme nod toward feminism and accomplished women, but they also hold to the dreary idea that men are by nature rhapsodists and fantasists, whereas women represent the solid earth of family and work. It's time, perhaps, to retire the genre of sentimental male-bonding movies. (Denby; 2/26/96) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Chelsea; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Embassy 2–4; Orpheum; 84th Street Six.*

Before and After—A suburban couple (Meryl Streep and Liam Neeson) are torn between loyalty to their teenage son and the desire to know the truth when he is accused of murdering his girlfriend. With Edward Furlong. Directed by Barbet Schroeder. (1 hr. 48 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Embassy 1; 84th Street Six.*

Black Sheep—A comedy about a gubernatorial hopeful whose candidacy is endangered when his overzealous younger brother (Chris Farley) shows up to help with the campaign. With David Spade. Directed by Penelope Spheeris. (1 hr. 28 mins.; PG-13). *Area theaters.*

Bottle Rocket—A remarkably well-written first feature by the young Owen C. Wilson (who also stars as would-be ringleader Dignan) and Wes Anderson. Dignan is a well-meaning, if thickheaded, young man who fixes his sights on a life of adventure financed by crime. What saves this film from being another boys-coming-of-age-in-suburbia

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing. For movie listings online see the last page of this section.

Happenings

Running Mates

For the benefit of voter and bettor alike, those hard-to-catch films belonging to the Academy's less flashy genres—like *The Battle Over Citizen Kane,* an excellent bet to win Best Documentary Feature—will be screened through next week at the Museum of Modern Art. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for info.)

"Cue" cover photograph by Mark Baptiste.

movie is the dialogue, which is endearingly loopy and believable. Directed by Anderson. Executive produced by James L. Brooks. (2 hrs. 15 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Lincoln Square.*

Braveheart—Mel Gibson—who also directed—is William Wallace, who returns home to Scotland after long wanderings and falls in love with a village girl, Murron (Catherine McCormack). Standing naked in an icy grove, their breath frosting in the night air, the couple consummate their union, thereby depriving an English lord of his "right" to deflower the bride on her wedding night. Soon Murron gets her throat cut, and all hell breaks loose. In the large-scale battle scenes, Gibson the director does decent work, but the battles are heavy on the old hacking and hewing. At the end, we have to sit through an interminable scene in which the hero, captured by the English, is choked, racked, and disemboweled. Gibson puts us in the peculiar position of longing for him to die. (Denby; 6/5/95) (2 hrs. 59 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; Astor Plaza; New York Twin.*

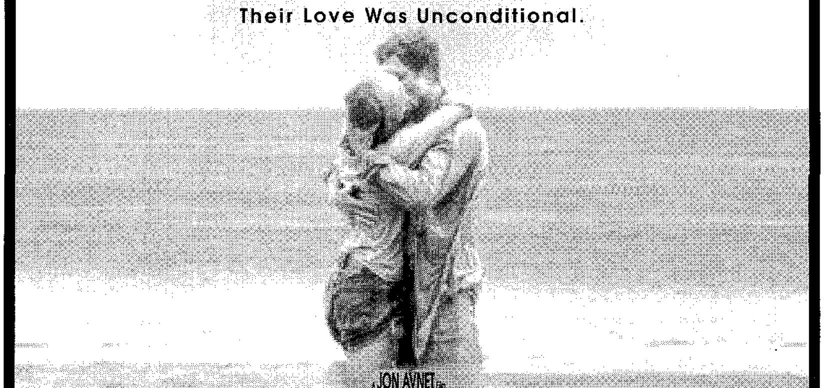
★**Broken Arrow**—If you've never experienced a Hong Kong action movie, you might as well see this John Woo film. Woo has moved to Hollywood, so *Broken Arrow* takes place in the Arizona desert and features stars like John Travolta and Christian Slater. There's sort of a plot (about a couple of stolen nukes), but what matters here is movement: not only is everyone and everything moving, but everything moves in relation to other things (car, trains, helicopters) that are moving. People jump, tumble, leap, fall, drop from planes, bridges, and moving trains. The movie is a paradise of kinetic bravura. *Broken Arrow* is silly and empty, but it's a great show. (Denby; 2/26/96) (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; Olympia Cinemas; Plaza Twin.*

Catwalk—The best thing about this otherwise boring, meandering documentary (which seems torn between intended subject Christy Turlington and the actual subject, which is the fashion industry) is that it actually validates every existing cliché about the fashion world. Other than that, it's as painful as watching someone else's home movies. (1 hr. 35 mins.; NR) *Sutton.*

★**City Hall**—We are taken through a crisis in the mayorship of John Pappas (Al Pacino), a shrewd politician who is half Mario Cuomo, half Fiorello La Guardia. On a rainy day, a small black boy is accidentally killed in a shoot-out between a cop and a minor mafioso. Pappas's deputy mayor, Kevin Calhoun (John Cusack), a young Louisianan with strong political instincts, tries to figure out what went wrong. That mafioso, it turns out, shouldn't have been on the street. A normally tough-minded judge (Martin Landau) had let him out on probation; the thug was a nephew of a Mafia kingpin who hangs out with city pols, and the judge in question is a longtime friend of the mayor's. The emotional heart of the movie is the relationship between the mayor and his young deputy; Pappas directs Kevin, advises him, but also performs for him, for he sees his younger self in Kevin. This is a wonderful role for Cusack; his Kevin has real drive and intelligence, so his opinion is worth having. And his disillusion is worth grieving over. (Denby; 2/19/96) (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Ziegfeld; Beekman; Orpheum; 84th Street Six.*

The City of Lost Children—A fantasy about a mad scientist named Krank who, aging prematurely because he cannot dream, kidnaps children and taps into their dreams. Directed by Jean-Pierre Jeunet and Marc Caro. In French with English subtitles. (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

Dead Man Walking—A few minutes of Sean Penn's performance and you know he's got the role of Louisiana death-row inmate Matthew Poncelet down right. He defines "shifty"; he's mean, cut-off, mocking. His Poncelet tries to bully and seduce a nun, Sister Helen Préjean (Susan Sarandon) who takes an interest in his case; when she proves to be tougher than he thought, he slowly opens up to her. Based on a book by the actual Helen Préjean, this is the story of Matthew Poncelet's redemption and death. Poncelet has been convicted of murdering two teenagers, and as Sister Helen defends him, she takes abuse from the parents of the dead kids. Robbins observes the parents' rage neutrally, without



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turning them into vengeful hysterics. But at the end, as nun and murderer reach out to each other in the death chamber, the filmmakers blow the case they are making against capital punishment. The implication is that Poncelet shouldn't be executed because he has accepted God and may become a good man—but if you are truly against capital punishment, you're against executing the redeemed and unredeemed alike. (Denby; 1/8/96) (2 hrs. 5 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square.*

Down Periscope—A comedy about a hapless Naval crew aboard a dilapidated submarine. With Kelsey Grammer. Directed by David Ward. (1 hr. 40 mins.; PG-13). *Area theaters.*

French Twist—A suburban housewife (Victoria Abril), turned off by her husband's relentless philandering, is suddenly turned on by a woman, with whom she begins an affair. The plot takes a series of twists and turns, exhausting nearly all options for a possible ending. Written and directed by the star, Josiane Balasko. (2 hrs.; R) *Quad Cinema.*

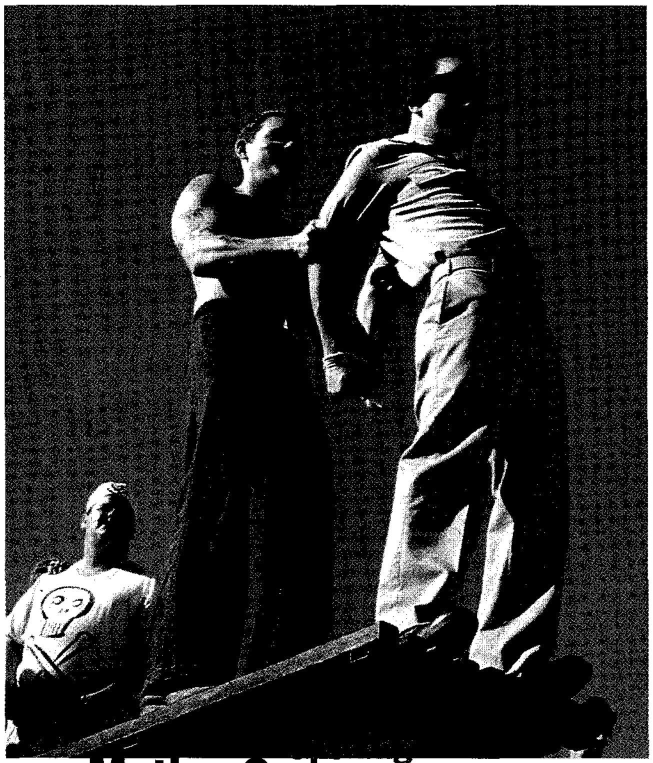
From Dusk Till Dawn—This begins as a nastily amusing put-on gangster film, starring Quentin Tarantino and George Clooney as psychopathic murdering brothers on the lam. It changes into a vampire movie with a lot of naked ladies swinging themselves around, biting men. Later, everyone's eyes pop out and their flesh melts. The movie is vicious in so casual a manner that it's not worth getting upset about. Directed by Robert Rodriguez. (Denby; 2/5/96) (1 hr. 48 mins.; R) *Movieplex 42.*

From the Journals of Jean Seberg—In this fictionalized autobiography, Mary Beth Hurt portrays the late actress as she reviews her life and her work. Directed by Mark Rappaport. (1 hr. 37 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

La Haine—A multicultural trio of alienated young men—a Jew (Vincent Cassel), an Arab (Said Taghmaoui), and a black (Hubert Kounde)—spend a very long day lounging around, brawling, pulling off minor drug deals, and attempting to see a friend brutalized by police after a riot. The young director, Mathieu Kassovitz, is very talented: He shoots in black-and-white, often with a handheld camera, and the movie captures the moody recklessness, the volatile, offhand brutality and loyalty of the hood, French-style. Kassovitz, however, takes cool to the point of meaninglessness. We never find out why there's been a riot in the projects, why the young men have no work, no hopes, no interests—even how three men from such different backgrounds can get along so well. The movie is powerful but irritatingly vague. (Denby; 2/12/96) (1 hr. 34 mins.; NR) *Village Theatre VII.*

Happy Gilmore—A comedy starring Adam Sandler as a displaced hockey player-turned-golf-pro. Directed by Dennis Dugan. (1 hr. 32 mins.; PG-13) *Waverly; 34th Street East; Chelsea; Baronet/Coronet; National Twin; 86th Street; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema.*

★Heat—Director Michael Mann has mounted the production on a grand scale. There are not one but two obsessional figures—Neil McCauley (Robert De Niro), the head of a frighteningly determined group of thieves, and Vincent Hanna (Al Pacino), a haggard but still potent LAPD detective. The mental duel between the hunter and quarry, redoubled by the implicit rivalry between Pacino and De Niro, holds the film together—at one point, they pause in their furious activities and meet over coffee, exchanging views with ironic politeness, like two rival novelists. Mann has created a mythic moment; Pacino and De Niro have never appeared in the same scene together. But he underdramatizes the meeting, and the double meanings catch up to us slowly. *Heat* is yet another explanation of the male mystique of professionalism and violence, yet it's one of the best—an action film with an intellectual grip that never lets go. (Denby; 12/18/95) (2 hrs. 41 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Criterion Center; Lincoln Square.*



Motley Crew

Rob Schneider (pictured) is one of several Navy incompetents attempting to keep a dilapidated U.S. submarine afloat in the sixties-sitcom-style comedy (*The Wackiest Ship in the Army, McHale's Navy, Gilligan's Island*) *Down Periscope* (opening March 1).

★The Juror—During the trial of a Mafia kingpin, an elusive man called the Teacher (a glamorously effective Alec Baldwin) insinuates himself into the life of one of the jurors, Annie (Demi Moore), a single mother and artist. He follows her, buys the strange sculptures she makes, flatters her—and tells her she must persuade the other jurors to acquit the mafioso. If she doesn't, he will kill her 12-year-old son. The story has been contrived so that Annie is almost completely isolated; she has nothing to fall back on but her resourceful, single-mother toughness. Moore—who in the past has projected a generalized anger that seemed to relate more to her drive to be a star than it did to any character she was portraying—pulls herself together and comes solidly into focus. Director Brian Gibson has got hold of a powerful contemporary theme—the power struggle between women and men—and keeps the film moving swiftly and surely. (Denby; 2/12/96) (2 hrs. ; R) *23rd Street West Triplex; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; Orpheum.*

L'America—Gianni Amelio's tale of two Italian entrepreneurs (Enrico Lo Verso and Michele Placido) who attempt to take advantage of the political and economic upheaval in post-Communist Albania. Winner of Italy's Nastri D'Argento for Best Picture and Best Director. (1 hr. 56 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Last Summer in the Hamptons—Three generations of an acting dynasty convene at their annual summer retreat for the last time. Starring the late Viveca Lindfors, Roddy McDowall, and Andre Gregory. Directed by Henry Jaglom. (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

★Leaving Las Vegas—Ben Sanderson (Nicolas Cage) is drinking himself to death—purposefully, and without regret—and his death, from the beginning of the movie, is a certainty. Having dispensed with the usual suspense of such movies (when will the hero hit bottom and pull himself out of it?), director Mike Figgis is free to open his film to mystery and art. After making a bonfire of his belongings, Ben heads for Las Vegas, where he meets the one girl for him, a good-looking hooker named Sera (Elisabeth Shue). We don't need explanations as to why she falls in love with Ben; we can see that she's touched by him. He needs tending, and her taking care of him is a way of leaving prostitution without leaving it. Ben and Sera have gone deep into self-hurting pleasures, and they're not coming back. *Leaving Las Vegas* is absent of lamentation and refuses to grieve over a wasted life. It's the most accomplished American movie of the year. (Denby; 11/13/95) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Village East; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema.*

Mary Reilly—The Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde story with a twist; it's told through the eyes of Dr. Jekyll's timid chambermaid, Mary Reilly (Julia Roberts). With John Malkovich and Glenn Close. Directed by Stephen Frears. (1 hr. 58 mins.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; Gemini Twin; Lincoln Square.*

A Midwinter's Tale—A comedy about a struggling actor who attempts to mount a serious production of *Hamlet.* Written and directed by Kenneth Branagh. (1 hr. 39 mins.; R) *Lincoln Square.*

Mighty Aphrodite—Lenny Weinrib (Woody Allen) and his rather improbable wife (Helena Bonham Carter) adopt a baby, who grows up to be a handsome and brilliant little boy. Lenny becomes obsessed with this pointless question: Who are the boy's biological parents? He has to know. The mother, Linda (Mira Sorvino), turns out to be a vulgar, dumb hooker, and though she turns out to be one of Allen's indomitable-force-of-life women, he patronizes her terribly. An uneasy experience. Written and directed by Allen. (Denby; 10/30/95) (1 hr. 39 mins.; R) *Gemini Twin; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Mr. Holland's Opus—Richard Dreyfuss stars as a musician who somewhat unwillingly becomes a teacher—and therein finds his greatest satisfaction. Directed by Stephen Herek. (2 hrs. 25 mins.; PG) *Murray Hill Cinemas; Sutton; 86th Street East; Lincoln Square.*

Mr. Wrong—A comedy about a thirty-ish single gal (Ellen Degeneres), who is swept off her feet by a suave stranger (Bill Pullman). Directed by Nick Castle. (1 hr. 32 mins.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Embassy 2–4; Orpheum; 84th Street Six.*

Muppet Treasure Island—A live-action send-up of the Robert Louis Stevenson book. With Kermit the Frog, Miss Piggy, Gonzo, and Fozzy Bear. Directed by Brian Henson. (1 hr. 39 mins.; G) *Village Theatre VII; 23rd Street West Triplex; Crown Gotham; Guild 50th Street; 86th Street East; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Nova; Olympia Cinemas.*

The Neon Bible—The coming-of-age of a young boy in the South of the 1940s, told in flashback: life with his cruel father (Denis Leary), his sensitive mother (Diana Scarwid), and his eccentric chantuese of an aunt (Gena Rowlands), who changes the young boy's life. Directed by Terence Davies. (1 hr. 32 mins.; NR). *Quad Cinemas.*

Nico-Icon—A top model of the sixties, Nico went on to flirt with a film career, have affairs with quite a few artists (Jim Morrison and Lou Reed, to name two), pursue music (she sang with the Velvet Underground), and get her son hooked on heroin. Suzanne Ofteringer's documentary is neither sneering nor too reverential; all she wants to do, it seems, is learn more about this compelling creature. But

Photograph by Melissa Moseley/20th Century Fox Film.

for all Ofteringer's digging, only one thing about Nico is certain: She was most brilliant at being enigmatic. (1 hr. 15 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Nueba Yol—The tragi-comic story of an aspiring immigrant from the Dominican Republic who will do anything to remain in New York. Directed by Angel Muniz. (1 hr. 44 mins.; NR) *Embassy 2–4; New Coliseum; Nova; Plaza.*

Othello—In this production, everyone is very young and inexperienced. Othello and Desdemona are freshly in love and so little known to each other that their sexual passion seems unconnected to anything else in their natures. Iago's subtlety and cruelty, we feel, are not even needed to destroy their love; almost anything, even ordinary life, would have brought it down from this daring height. Iago has been made almost superfluous, yet Kenneth Branagh's performance is the best thing in the movie—he speaks the verse as if he and Shakespeare had just spent some time together at a local tavern. Laurence Fishburne, however, pronounces his part rather than acts it, and director Oliver Parker has eliminated almost every trace of excitement. (Denby; 1/15/96) (2 hrs. 5 mins.; R) *Paris Theater.*

★**Persuasion**—A generally intelligent and moving BBC adaptation of Jane Austen's last completed novel. (Denby; 10/23/95) (1 hr. 43 mins.; PG) *Quad Cinema; Cinema 3.*

The Postman—As the film opens, the late Massimo Troisi's Mario Ruoppolo has no one to speak to. And then the island where Mario lives is visited by a kind of god—the exiled Chilean poet Pablo Neruda. Mario, who becomes his postman, suddenly cannot stop speaking, and the poet gradually gets drawn into the miracle of Mario's awakening. Directed by Michael Radford. In Italian. (Denby; 6/14/95) (1 hr. 49 mins.; PG) *Village East; Chelsea; Carnegie Hall Cinema; Eastside Playhouse; UA East.*

Restoration—Robert Downey Jr. stars as a wayward doctor who prefers the orgiastic life-style afforded him as King Charles II's private physician to actually tending those who have been stricken by the Black Plague. But when banished by the king, Downey is forced back into practice, serving the poor and unstable, until he restores a sense of purpose within himself. Overblown and way too long. (1 hr. 53 mins.; R) *Regency.*

★**Richard III**—Director Richard Loncraine and actor Ian McKellan have cut and rearranged the text of Shakespeare's melodramatic potboiler, and moved the power struggle between the houses of Lancaster and York from the fifteenth century to the England of the mid-1930s. Indeed, there is something in the play that illuminates the despair of between-the-wars Europe—the sense that affairs of state are slipping out of control, the nauseating realization that the most energetic and decisive person in the country is also the most evil. Ian McKellan is the most supremely conscious of Richards, an adventurer playing the cards that have been dealt him—physical deformity, intellectual superiority—without illusions. Generally, director Loncraine uses realistic settings in a theatrical manner, pushing beyond realism, but not too far. The movie is not serious or essential, but it's alive. (Denby; 1/15/96) (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; 59th Street East; 62nd and Broadway.*

Rumble in the Bronx—A crossover vehicle for Hong Kong action star Jackie Chan that fails to do him justice. Much of the problem lies in the setting and what passes for a storyline: Keung (Chan) comes to the Bronx to visit his uncle and has to fight a lot of New York punks, who themselves look and act like a tourist's idea of New York-style thugs. But Chan doesn't get to display his martial-arts chops to the best effect; he's fighting guys who can only throw the crudest of punches. It's a big, garish cartoon; though we never feel like Chan's above it, he deserves better. (1 hr. 27 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; New York Twin; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum; Nova; Plaza Twin.*

★**Sense and Sensibility**—Emma Thompson has adapted Jane Austen's novel and brought the material as close to conventional romantic comedy as possible without betraying the anxieties lying behind the story: In the England of the 1800s, women without a dowry enjoy very few options. Two wealthy young men make advances to the Dashwood sisters (Thompson plays Elinor, and Kate Winslet is Marianne), and then turn away, causing the women extreme anguish. Taiwanese director Ang Lee stages the walks, dinners, teas, and balls very directly; the emotional and erotic goings-on become intimately connected to the flowing lawns and great rooms. And Thompson and Lee get the relationship between the two sisters right, the play of strength and weakness, candor and concealment—sense and sensibility merging in each sister, until Marianne and Elinor become complete human beings. (Denby; 12/18/95) (2 hrs. 15 mins.; PG) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Baronet/Coronet; Lincoln Square.*

Shanghai Triad—Director Zhang Yimou (*Raise the Red Lantern, To Live*) sets this gangster tale in thirties Shanghai, and we experience everything through the eyes of a 14-year-old country boy named Shuisheng, who must faithfully and attentively serve a gang-lord's spoiled, petulant moll. Their relationship becomes the crux of the film, and Yimou craftily avoids clichés in rendering a double coming-of-age tale. (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Target—Based on the last screenplay written by Stayajit Ray and directed by his son Sandip. The story centers around Singh, a drunken, wealthy landlord who has lost his skills as an expert marksman. Singh hires a professional hunter to hunt for him on his next safari, and the professional—an untouchable—confronts the injustices of the caste system. In Hindi with English subtitles. (2 hrs. 2 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Twelve Monkeys—James (Bruce Willis) is a prisoner who is barely living in the future, and his only option for survival is this: travel back in time to 1996, just before the endtimes, and determine the exact cause of the near-annihilation of humans from the face of the earth. With Madeleine Stowe, as the psychiatrist/love interest, and Brad Pitt. (2 hrs. 10 mins.; R) *23rd Street West Triplex.*

Unforgettable—A thriller about a widowed medical examiner (Ray Liotta) who, with the help of a sexy neurobiologist (Linda Fiorentino), taps into his dead wife's memory bank to find the person who killed her. Directed by John Dahl (*The Last Seduction*). (1 hr. 51 mins.; R) *Waverly; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Plaza.*

Up Close and Personal—See David Denby, p. 66. (2 hrs. 4 mins.; PG-13) *Guild 50th Street.*

The White Balloon—Seven-year-old Razieh has a singular goal: to buy a goldfish. She has only a few hours before the city shuts down for New Year's Day, she has lost the money her mother has given her, and none of the street vendors seem to grasp the enormity of her problem. Shot in real time. Winner of the Camera d'Or at the Cannes Film festival. Directed by Jafar Panahi. (1 hr. 25 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

The Young Poisoner's Handbook—See David Denby, p. 66. (1 hr. 39 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center; Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Antonia's Line; Beautiful Girls; Shanghai Triad; The City of Lost Children; The Young Poisoner's Handbook; Things to Do in Denver.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *Braveheart; Broken Arrow; Richard III.*

Cinema Village 12th St.—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Last Summer in the Hamptons.* Opening 3/1: *From the Journals of Jean Seberg.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Nico-Icon; Target.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *Anne Frank Remembered; French Twist; Persuasion; The White Balloon.* Opening 3/1: *The Neon Bible.*

Opening

Siren Song

Gena Rowlands (pictured) is Aunt Mae, a flashy chanteuse of dubious talent who captivates her sensitive young nephew in 'The Neon Bible.' Director Terence Davies's adaptation of John Kennedy Toole's lesser-known novel opens March 1 at the Quad.

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Angels & Insects; Before and After; City Hall; Leaving Las Vegas; Mary Reilly; Mr. Wrong; The Postman.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Bottle Rocket; Dead Man Walking; Heat; La Haine; Muppet Treasure Island; Rumble in the Bronx; Sense and Sensibility.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *Unforgettable; Happy Gilmore.*

14th-41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *Before and After; City Hall; Dead Man Walking; Rumble in the Bronx; Sense and Sensibility; Unforgettable.*

23rd Street West Triplex—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *Muppet Treasure Island; The Juror; Twelve Monkeys.*

34th Street East—241 E. 34th St. (505-CINE#586) *Happy Gilmore.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Dead Man Walking; Leaving Las Vegas; Rumble in the Bronx.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *Beautiful Girls; Bottle Rocket; Broken Arrow; Happy Gilmore; Leaving Las Vegas; Mary Reilly; Mr. Wrong; The Postman.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Before and After; Broken Arrow; City Hall; Mr. Holland's Opus.*

42nd-60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *Richard III.*

Angelika 57—225 W. 57th St. (586-1900) *Run for Cover.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway. and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Braveheart.*

Baronet/Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Happy Gilmore; Sense and Sensibility.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (505-CINE#593) *The Postman; The Young Poisoner's Handbook.*

Cinema 3—2 W. 59th St. (505-CINE#596) *Persuasion.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Beautiful Girls; Before and After; Mr. Wrong.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Broken Arrow; Heat; Leaving Las Vegas; Mary Reilly; Rumble in the Bronx; The Juror; Unforgettable.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Muppet Treasure Island.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *The Postman.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Before and After.*

Embassy 2-4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Beautiful Girls; Mr. Wrong; Nueba Yol.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Muppet Treasure Island.* Opening 3/1: *Up Close and Personal.*

Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#590) *Babe.*

Movieplex 42—244 W. 42nd St. (997-7522) *Broken Arrow; From Dusk Till Dawn; Mary Reilly; Rumble in the Bronx; The Juror; Unforgettable.*

National Twin—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (505-CINE#589) *Happy Gilmore; Casino.*

Paris Theater—4 W. 58th St. (980-5656) *Othello.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Catwalk; Mr. Holland's Opus.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Dunston Checks In; Get Shorty; GoldenEye; Home for the Holidays; Seven; The Usual Suspects.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *City Hall.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

68th Street Playhouse—1164 Third Ave., at 68th St. (734-0302) *Restoration.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *Happy Gilmore; Broken Arrow.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Muppet Treasure Island; Mr. Holland's Opus.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *City Hall.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *Broken Arrow; Dead Man Walking; Leaving Las Vegas; Unforgettable.*

Gemini Twin—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Mighty Aphrodite; Mary Reilly.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Braveheart; Rumble in the Bronx.*

Orpheum—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *Beautiful Girls; City Hall; Leaving Las Vegas; Mr. Wrong; Rumble in the Bronx; The Juror; Unforgettable.*

Tower East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Angels & Insects.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *The Postman.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *Richard III.*

84th Street Six—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Beautiful Girls; Before and After; City Hall; Mr. Wrong; Rumble in the Bronx.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Angels & Insects; Anne Frank Remembered; L'America; Mighty Aphrodite; Shanghai Triad; The White Balloon.*

Lincoln Square—1992 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *A Midwinter's Tale; Across the Sea of Time; Bottle Rocket; Broken Arrow; Dead Man Walking; Happy Gilmore; Heat; Into the Deep; Leaving Las Vegas; Mary Reilly; Mr. Holland's Opus; Muppet Treasure Island; Sense and Sensibility; Unforgettable; Wings of Courage.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *Happy Gilmore; Leaving Las Vegas.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Muppet Treasure Island; Nueba Yol; Rumble in the Bronx.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Muppet Treasure Island; Nueba Yol; Rumble in the Bronx.*

Olympia Cinemas—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *Muppet Treasure Island; Broken Arrow.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *Restoration.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *. . . When We Were Colored; Beautiful Girls; Before and After; Black Sheep; Broken Arrow; City Hall; Dead Man Walking; From Dusk Till Dawn; Happy Gilmore; Jumanji; Mary Reilly; Muppet Treasure Island; Rumble in the Bronx; Unforgettable.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Broken Arrow; City Hall; Don't Be A Menace . . .; From Dusk Till Dawn; Happy Gilmore; Mr. Wrong; Muppet Treasure Island; Nueba Yol; Rumble in the Bronx; Unforgettable.*

Interboro—3462 E. Tremont Ave., nr. Bruckner Blvd. (792-2100) *Broken Arrow; City Hall; Rumble in the Bronx; Unforgettable.*

Riverdale—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *Dead Man Walking; Mary Reilly.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *. . . When We Were Colored; Babe; Black Sheep; Broken Arrow; City Hall; From Dusk Till Dawn; Happy Gilmore; Mr. Wrong; Muppet Treasure Island; Nueba Yol; Rumble in the Bronx; The Juror; Unforgettable.*

Happenings

Those Who Can Also Teach

Screenwriters Richard LaGravenese and Barbara Turner and actress Mare Winningham—who stars in Turner's 'Georgia'—host a how-to for the would-be Hollywood scribe, at "The Art of Screenwriting," at the American Museum of the Moving Image. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for info.)

Photograph by Patrick Demarchelier.

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (748-4200) *Beautiful Girls; Before and After; Dead Man Walking; Happy Gilmore; Mary Reilly; Mr. Holland's Opus; Muppet Treasure Island.*

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Broken Arrow; Unforgettable.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Mary Reilly; Mr. Wrong; Rumble in the Bronx.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Angels & Insects; Before and After; City Hall; Mary Reilly; Muppet Treasure Island.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (238-4200) *Broken Arrow; City Hall; Mr. Wrong; Rumble in the Bronx; Unforgettable.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (284-5700) *Broken Arrow; Happy Gilmore; Muppet Treasure Island; Rumble in the Bronx.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Broken Arrow; Mr. Holland's Opus; Muppet Treasure Island.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (253-1111) *Broken Arrow; From Dusk Till Dawn; Muppet Treasure Island; Rumble in the Bronx; Waiting to Exhale.*

Kingsway—Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (645-8588) *Before and After; City Hall; Happy Gilmore; Mary Reilly; Unforgettable.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Broken Arrow; City Hall; Muppet Treasure Island; The Postman.*

Metropolitan—392 Fulton St. (858-8580) *Broken Arrow; Happy Gilmore; Muppet Treasure Island; Rumble in the Bronx.*

Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *Broken Arrow; Rumble in the Bronx.*

Ridgewood—55–27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Mary Reilly; Muppet Treasure Island; Nueba Yol; Rumble in the Bronx; Unforgettable.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—Knapp St. and Harkness Ave., off Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Ace Ventura: When Nature Calls; Casino; Copycat; Get Shorty; GoldenEye; Home for the Holidays; Money Train; Nick of Time; The American President; Toy Story.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28–60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Black Sheep; Broken Arrow; City Hall; Happy Gilmore; Muppet Treasure Island; Rumble in the Bronx; The Juror.*

Bay Terrace—211–01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Black Sheep; Braveheart; Dead Man Walking; Leaving Las Vegas; Mr. Holland's Opus; Mr. Wrong; Muppet Treasure Island.*

Cinema 5—183–15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (357-9100) *Bed of Roses; Black Sheep; Braveheart; Happy Gilmore; Leaving Las Vegas; Muppet Treasure Island.*

Cinemart—106–03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Muppet Treasure Island; Before and After.*

Continental—70–20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Broken Arrow; Dead Man Walking; Mary Reilly.*

Crossbay—94–11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *. . . When We Were Colored; City Hall; Rumble in the Bronx.*

Crossbay II—92–10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Before and After; Black Sheep; Broken Arrow; Happy Gilmore; Mary Reilly; Muppet Treasure Island; The Juror; Unforgettable.*

Elmwood—57–02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Before and After; City Hall; Mr. Wrong; Rumble in the Bronx.*

Forest Hills—107–16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *Sense and Sensibility; Leaving Las Vegas.*

Fresh Meadows—190–02 Horace Harding Blvd., at 190th St. (454-6800) *Beautiful Girls; Broken Arrow; City Hall; Dead Man Walking; Mr. Holland's Opus; Sense and Sensibility; The Juror.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Muppet Treasure Island; Nueba Yol; Rumble in the Bronx.*

Main Street—72–66 Main St., Flushing (268-3636) *Babe; Black Sheep; Braveheart; Broken Arrow; Waiting to Exhale.*

Midway—108–22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Beautiful Girls; Happy Gilmore; The Juror; Unforgettable.*

Movieworld—242–02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Black Sheep; Broken Arrow; City Hall; Happy Gilmore; Mr. Holland's Opus; The Postman; The Juror; Unforgettable.*

North Shore Towers—27–10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *The Juror; Sense and Sensibility.*

Plaza —103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Nueba Yol; Unforgettable.*

Quartet—160–06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *Beautiful Girls; Braveheart; Happy Gilmore; Mr. Wrong; Rumble in the Bronx.*

Surfside—104th St., Rockaway (945-4632) *Muppet Treasure Island; Unforgettable.*

The Movies at Bayside—38–39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Broken Arrow; City Hall; Jumanji; Mary Reilly; Sense and Sensibility.*

Trylon—98–81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Forest Hills (459-8944) *Mr. Holland's Opus.*

Photograph by Lorey Sebastian/Miramax.

Data

Seal of Approval

When lesser-known critics slather a mediocre film (like *Beautiful Girls*, above) with insanely enthusiastic testimonials, there's often a venal motive: to get their name in print and raise their own recognition factor. According to these arbiters of cinema, next year's Oscar contenders are already in the bag!

Movie	Released	Shameless Plug
Two If By Sea	1/12	*"The best comedy, caper, date film of the year!"* **—Norman Mark, *WMAQ-TV, Chicago***
Antonia's Line	2/2	*"The best film of 1996!"* **—Lawrence Schubert, Detour *magazine***
Black Sheep	2/2	*"The best comedy I've seen this year!"* **—Brad Nimmons, *NBC-TV***
Beautiful Girls	2/9	*"The first great comedy of the year!"* **—Kathryn Kinley, *WPIX-TV***
City Hall	2/16	*"The first great movie of 1996!"* **—John Corcoran, *KCAL-TV/L.A.***

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Before and After; Broken Arrow; City Hall; Happy Gilmore; Mr. Holland's Opus; Unforgettable.* Opening 3/1: *Up Close and Personal.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Black Sheep; Broken Arrow; City Hall; Mr. Holland's Opus; Rumble in the Bronx; The Juror.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Babe; Beautiful Girls; Before and After; Black Sheep; Broken Arrow; City Hall; Dead Man Walking; Happy Gilmore; Leaving Las Vegas; Mary Reilly; Mr. Holland's Opus; Mr. Wrong; Muppet Treasure Island; Rumble in the Bronx; Sense and Sensibility; The Juror; Unforgettable.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—3/2 and 3/3: "The Art of Screenwriting." 3/2: *Get Shorty* (1995); writer Scott Frank will be on hand, as will Richard LaGravanese for the screening of *A Little Princess* (1995). 3/3: *Georgia,* Script to Screen: Barbara Turner and Ulu Grosbard in Person. 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entrance on 35th Ave.; 718-784-0077); $5.

A Different Light—2/25: *Now, Voyager* (1961). 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Donnell Media Center—2/27: *Linda* (1928). 2/29: "That's Blaxploitation!" *Space is the Place* (1974). 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619); free.

Film Forum—*Taxi Driver* (1976). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $8.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—(The Walter Reade Theater)—"Polish Cinema from 1930 to the Present." 2/27: *Underground* (1995). 2/27 and 2/28: *Camera Buff* (1980) and *Blind Chance* (1981). 2/29 and 3/1: *A Woman Alone* (1981) and *Shivers* (1981). 3/1-3/3: *Crows* (1994) and *89 MM From Europe* (1993). 3/2: *Sex Mission* (1984). 3/3: *Austeria* (1983). At Avery Fisher Hall, 2/26: *City Lights* (1931). 65 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600); $7.50.

French Institute—2/27: *Panique* (1946). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $7.

Japan Society—3/1: *Message from Space* (1978), the Japanese version of *Star Wars.* 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015); $7.50.

Museum of Modern Art—"Asta: The Tenth Muse." 2/26: *The Merry-Go-Round* (1920). 2/27 *The Film Prima Donna* (1913), *The Little Angel* (1913), *Zapata's Band* (1914), and *Tragedy of the Street/Women Without Men* (1927). 3/1: *The Abyss* (1910), *the Black Dream* (1911), *The Ballet Dancer* (1911), *Frontstairs, Backstairs/Vertigo* (1914), and *White Roses* (1914). 3/2: *Hamlet* (1920). 3/3: *Lusts of Mankind* (1927) and *According to Law* (1919). "The Century of Cinema." 2/26: *Silver Lode* (1954). 2/26 and 2/27: *Force of Evil* (1948). 2/27: *Leave Her to Heaven* (1945). 3/1 and 3/2: *I Am Curious, Film* (1995). 'The Films of John Frankenheimer." 2/29: *Andersonville* (1996). 3/1-3/3: "Academy-Nominated Films—Feature Length Documentary." 3/1: *The Battle over Citizen Kane, Fiddlefest—Roberta Guaspari-Tsavaras and Her East Harlem Violin Program,* and *Troublesome Creek: A Midwestern.* 3/2: *Anne Frank Remembered, Fiddlefest,* and *Troublesome Creek: A Midwestern.* 3/3: *The Battle over Citizen Kane* and *Hank Aaron: Chasing the Dream.* 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); $8.

Museum of Television & Radio— "Directed by John Frankenheimer: The Television Work." 25 West 52nd St. (621-6710); $6.

Symphony Space—"The Best Films of Our Lives." 2/27: *Black Narcissus* (1946) and *Sunrise* (1927). 2537 Broadway (864-5400); $7.

Movie Listings Online

***New York* Magazine Online (on CompuServe) now offers expanded movie listings, covering more than 250 theaters throughout New York City, Long Island, Westchester, northern New Jersey, and southern Connecticut. These listings, which are updated daily, also contain show times for all movies. To subscribe, call 1-800-305-3280. If you're already on CompuServe, you can find us at *go* NYMAG.**

art

Janine Gordon...Luba Art...Gretna Campbell

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Pierre Bonnard—Watercolors and drawings ranging in date from 1891 to 1945, including, among other works, studies for commercial posters, designs for four folding screens, designs for sheet covers for the music of his brother-in-law, and a project for an illustrated alphabet for children; through 3/23. Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. (517-4715).

András Böröcz—Sculptures of elongated figures carved from pencils; through 3/9. Baumgold, 128 E. 72nd St. (861-7338).

Adolph Gottlieb—Abstract paintings from his "Burst" and "Imaginary Landscape" series that were executed between 1956 and 1964; through 3/9. Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (794-0550).

Rolf Julius/Hans Otte—A collaborative sound installation by these two German artists that was curated by Wulf Herzogenrath, director of Bremen's Kunsthalle; through 3/30. Goethe House, 1014 Fifth Ave. (439-8700); Tues. and Thurs. 10–7, Wed. and Fri. 10–5, Sat. 12–5.

John Lees—New paintings from which the images of a pond, a saxophone, a mountain, and a figure emerge, plus related drawings and sketchbooks; through 3/23. Hirschl & Adler Modern, 21 E. 70th St. (535-8810).

57th Street Area

Steven Assael—New figurative paintings and drawings; through 3/23. Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St. (664-0907).

Drew Beattie and Daniel Davidson—Recent paintings by this collaborative team who work without a preconceived composition on the same canvas at the same time and using the same materials to produce works that simultaneously evoke Brueghel and Bosch, Surrealism, and the cartoon imagery of Philip Guston; 2/28–3/30. Helman, 20 W. 57th St. (245-2888).

Gretna Campbell—Paintings of Aix-en-Provence and Cranberry Island, Maine, from the early seventies through the early eighties; through 3/2. De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St. (421-3780).

Giorgio Cavallon—The artist's subtle, abstract paintings from the fifties, in which his characteristic oranges and reds are obscured by veils of white; through 3/9. McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (319-1996).

Vija Celmins—Night sky paintings and drawings from 1994 to 1996; through 4/5. McKee, 745 Fifth Ave. (688-5951).

Mark Dagley—Paintings of multicolored geometric configurations; through 3/19. McGrath, 20 W. 57th St. (956-3366).

Dorothy Dehner—Drawings, prints, and sculpture from the forties through the early nineties; through 3/16. Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave. (307-5730).

Lois Dodd—The artist's recent paintings are a continuation of a series of studies and studio paintings based on observations of moonlit woods, rural landscapes, and headlight-illuminated roads and roadsides; through 3/2. Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. (759-2345).

Jean Dubuffet—Paintings, drawings, and sculpture from the fifties, including examples of his butterfly and leaf collages; through 3/23. PaceWildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3292).

Lucian Freud—A survey of prints made between 1948 and 1995; through 3/9. Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (541-4900).

Keith Haring—A selection of paintings and sculpture made between 1981 and 1989; 2/29–3/23. Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (752-0124).

Andrew Masullo—Pop-ish, thick-surfaced paintings of bars, stripes, lozenges, heraldic shields, and other geometric and emblematic shapes; through 3/30. Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (752-0124).

Milton Resnick/Jean-Michel Basquiat—Recent paintings/Drawings from the artist's estate. Through 3/9. Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (980-5454).

Max Weber—An overview of the artist's paintings, sculptures, and works on paper that depict the female figure; through 3/9. Forum, 745 Fifth Ave. (355-4545).

Steve Wheeler—An exhibition that pairs the late artist's library of rare and out-of-prints books with his paintings—colorful, puzzlelike works that drew on, among other sources, Cubism, ethnographic art, and the paintings of Paul Klee; through 3/16. Snyder, 20 W. 57th St. (262-1160).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Matthew Antezzo—Paintings and drawings that focus on the student protest/Vietnam War era and explore the ways in which social and political conditions influence artistic production; through 3/16. Basilico, 26 Wooster St. (966-1831).

Massimo Antonacci—Geometric works constructed from glass and tar; through 3/9. Weber, 142 Greene St. (966-6115).

Dan Asher—Figure drawings and related clay sculptures; through 3/30. Inglett, 100 Wooster St. (343-0573).

Louise Belcourt—New abstract paintings; through 3/23. Sundvik, 26 Grand St. (226-6361).

Stefano Bicini—Large-scale abstract paintings that are characterized by luminous opalescent color and the artist's use of renaissance techniques for fresco painting and glazing; 3/2–30. Silverstein, 591 Broadway (226-0640).

Christina Bothwell—Recent clay sculptures; 3/2–3/30. K & E, 462 Broome St. (431-7783).

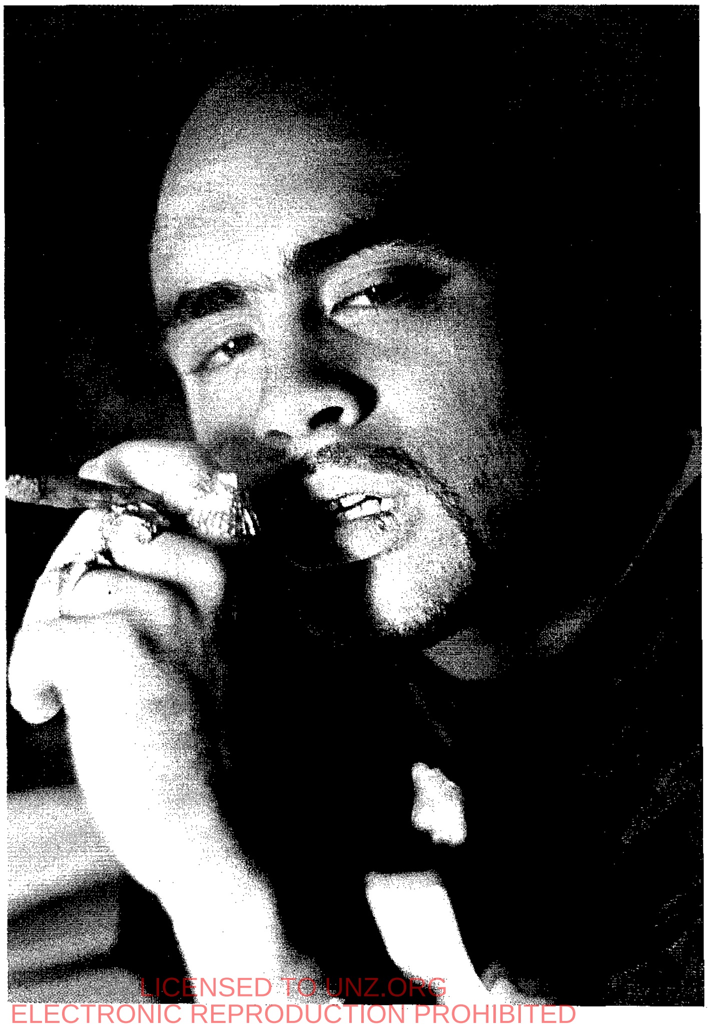
Paul Bowen—Sculptures constructed from wood planks and pieces of fish boxes that are found by the artist on the beaches of Cape Cod; through 3/9. Shainman, 560 Broadway (966-3866).

Lisa Bradley—Recent abstract paintings; through 3/12. Donohue, 560 Broadway (226-1111).

Photography

Membership *Rules*

Janine Gordon spent eighteen months with a street gang in Greenpoint, Brooklyn, in order to record its membership rituals and came away with these startlingly frank images. At John Gibson Gallery, 568 Broadway; through March 9.



Photograph by Janine Gordon.

Linda Burgess—Paintings inspired by the artist's travels through southeast Asia and the tropics; through 3/30. Goldstein, 39 Wooster St. (431-0314).

Gregory Corn—Steel sculptures in which interlocking objects are held together through tension and supension; 3/1–30. Arstark, 568 Broadway (431-7334).

Margaret Curtis/Jeffrey Hoone—Paintings whose molded, decorative surfaces comment on the femininization of the decorative/Photographs of objects, such as a slip or a watch, that are named for and described by their form, function, or use. Through 3/16. P.P.O.W., 532 Broadway (941-8642).

Carl D'Alvia/Judith Eisler—Sculpture/New paintings. Through 3/16. Wittels, 580 Broadway (219-2211).

Peter Drake/Tom Butter—Recent figurative paintings/Sculptures whose kinetic elements emphasize the process of metamorphosis. Through 3/16. Marcus, 578 Broadway (226-3200).

Peter Dreher—More than 200 small paintings, each of which depicts a simple glass of water, from an ongoing series the German artist began in 1974; through 3/16. Knowlton, 568 Broadway (966-2625).

Chiara Dynys—Three-dimensional geometric wall pieces made from marble, resin, and porcelain; 3/2–4/13. Cristinerose, 395 W. Broadway (431-1862).

Chris Finley/David McIntosh—A large-scale assemblage made from domestic objects of the contemporary American home —Tupperware containers, carved pencils, shower curtains, and the like—that "unfolds" into eleven separate works or structural units/Abstract paintings by an artist who lives in Taos, New Mexico. Through 3/9. Tilton, 49 Greene St. (941-1775).

Michael Goldberg—Four new large-scale abstract paintings that are predominantly black and white and have a gritty, urban air about them, and three small canvases whose delicately detailed tangles of color and gesture were inspired by early jazz piano compositions; through 3/16. Lennon, Weinberg, 560 Broadway (941-0012).

Leon Golub—New paintings from the series "Snake Eyes" and paintings from the series "Sphinx & Other Enigmas" that were made between 1952 and 1956; through 3/30. Feldman, 31 Mercer St. (226-3232).

Robert Grosvenor—New sculpture, through 3/23, at Cooper, 155 Wooster St. (674-0766), and a selection of the sculptor's drawings from 1969 to 1994, through 3/23, at Markey, 55 Vandam St. (627-4446).

Paul Ramirez Jonas/Ricci Albenda—Sculptures in which small objects encased in bottlelike glass vacuums move when exposed to light/Seven paintings that appear to be identical but in fact represent a variety of optical distortions. Through 3/9. Postmasters, 80 Greene St. (941-5711).

Y. Z. Kami—New works, including painted portraits and blown-up manipulated photographs; 2/29–3/30. Solomon, 172 Mercer St. (941-5777).

Dennis Kardon—Recent figurative paintings; through 3/30. Anderson, 476 Broome St. (431-8547).

Alex Katz—A show that pairs two of the artist's recent, large-scale landscapes of Maine with his small 1959 painting, *Provincetown*; through 3/16. Blum, 99 Wooster St. (343-0441).

Edward Kienholz and Nancy Reddin Kienholz—A survey of works created at the Los Angeles–based artists' workshop, Gemini G.E.L., first solely by Kienholz and then later in collaboration with his wife, Nancy Reddin Kienholz; through 3/30. Gemini G.E.L. at Joni Moisant Weyl, 375 W. Broadway (219-1446).

Lani Maestro—Three installations that question preconceived notions about immigration, exile, origin, and identity, by an artist who lives in Montreal; through 4/13. Art in General, 79 Walker St. (219-0473).

Gina Manola—Works that consist of family photographs transferred onto sheets of plastic stretched over wood supports; through 3/16. Martz, 580 Broadway (334-3348).

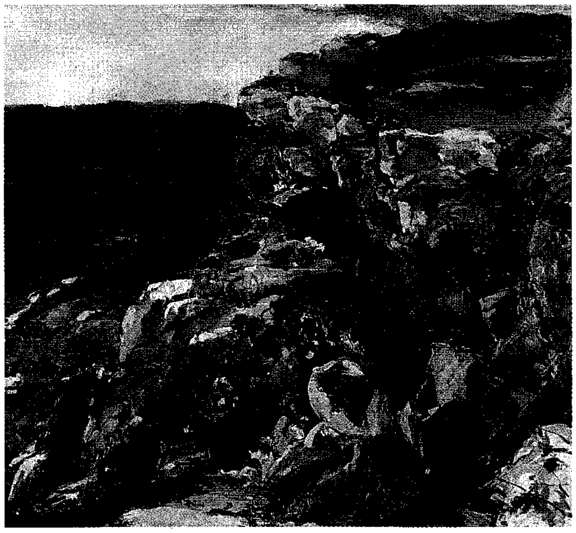
Matt Marello—Altered movie posters and trailers; 2/29–3/23. Collins, 83 Grand St. (226-1861).

Ed Paschke—New paintings whose imagery continues the artist's exploration of the isolation and detachment produced by multiculturalism and global information networks; through 3/12. Kind, 136 Greene St. (925-1200).

Debra Priestly—A series of paintings titled "Caddisworm Chronicles" that draws on the artist's memories of her childhood; 3/1–28. Kelly, 591 Broadway (226-1660).

Julia Scher—A multi-media installation titled *American Fibroids*; 3/2–4/6. Rosen, 130 Prince St. (941-0203).

Julian Schnabel—Recent large-scale paintings in a series titled "The Conversion of St. Paolo Malfi" that were painted in memory of Paolo Malfi, an Italian artist and friend of the artist's who was tragically killed in Rome in 1995; through 3/23. PaceWildenstein, 142 Greene St. (431-9224), and Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (431-3685).



Talent **Whether working in New Jersey or Aix-en-Provence, Gretna Campbell (1923–1987) was a familiar figure to her neighbors—glimpsed painting alone by a river or in a copse, her easel propped against a tree, the weather notwithstanding. Her paintings are as exuberant and dauntless as she was. At Tibor de Nagy, 41 West 57th Street; through March 2.**

Judith Streeter—Mixed-media abstract paintings on wood panels; 3/2–30. Haller, 560 Broadway (219-2500).

Peter Voulkos/Darren Waterston—Recent wood-fired ceramic works in the artist's signature "plate" and "stack" forms/Atmospheric landscape paintings that depict nature between twilight and night. Through 3/23. Cowles, 415 W. Broadway (925-3500).

Daniel Weiner/Robert Melee—Biomorphic polychromed sculptures that hang from the ceiling/An installation inspired by haunting childhood memories. Through 3/30. Bravin Post Lee, 80 Mercer St. (966-2676).

Kevin Wixted—Paintings whose abstract renderings of invented space make reference to architectural forms; through 3/23. Beitzel, 102 Prince St. (219-2863).

Betty Woodman—New ceramic works, including a series of wall pieces titled "Balustrade Vases" that combine window motifs, architectural details, and vases, as well as a 23-foot-by-three-foot wainscotting inspired by Egyptian wall painting, and a selection of drawings; through 3/23. Protetch, 560 Broadway (966-5454).

Jan Zakrzewski—Paintings and drawings of landscapes and people overlaid with abstract passages; through 3/30. TZ'Art & Co., 28 Wooster St. (966-9059).

Other

Daniele Galliano—Photo-Realist-style paintings that depict people at their most debauched moments; through 3/13. Nosei, 530 W. 22nd St. (741-8695), Wed.–Sun. 11–6.

Roni Horn—Five new installations that utilize a wide range of materials and media, among them gold, rubber, plastic, and photography; through 4/14. Marks, 522 W. 22nd St. (861-9455), Thurs.–Sun. 12–6.

Randy Walz/David Storey—Large-scale paintings whose colors and bold, abstract shapes are inspired by the artist's trips to Mexico and the Southwest/In his first solo show of drawing, the artist takes a wry look at some of the pillars of modernism, among them Wifredo Lam, Picasso, and Miro. Through 3/24. Morris Healy, 530 W. 22nd St. (243-3753).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Davis & Langdale—231 E. 60th St. (838-0333). Paintings and works on paper by three generations of Bloomsbury artists, including paintings and drawings by Vanessa Bell (1879–1961) and pottery by her son Quentin Bell (born 1910) and by his daughter, Cressida Bell (born 1959); 3/1–4/13.

Hunter College—68th St. and Lexington Ave. (772-4991). "Handmade Readymades," an exhibition of works by artists who reverse the practice of exhibiting mass-produced objects as art, including works by Richard Artschwager, Peter Fischli & David Weiss, Robert Gober, Haim Steinbach, Rachel Whiteread, and others; through 3/16.

Sculpture Center—167 E. 69th St. (879-3500). Sculptures that share a common interest in personhood and in the human body as a metaphor, by Binda Colebrook, Matt Freedman, and Gail Goldsmith; through 3/12.

Ubu—16 E. 78th St. (794-4444). Objects, collages, assemblages, paintings, prints, and photographs that use the gun as a central image and/or theme, by Berenice Abbott, Arman, Jonathan Borofsky, Al Hansen, Robert Mapplethorpe, Tom Sachs, Andy Warhol, and others; through 3/9.

57th Street Area

Associated American Artists—20 W. 57th St. (399-5510). Paintings that take a nontraditional approach to the still-life genre, by Patricia Bellan-Gillen, Phyllis Bramson, Patrick LoCicero, and Liliana Porter; through 3/16.

Baron/Boisanté—50 W. 57th St. (581-9191). Works that incorporate animal imagery by Curtis Anderson, Donald Baechler, Joseph Beuys, Michael Byron, Ingrid Dinter, Malcolm Morley, Pablo Picasso, and others; through 3/23.

Marlborough—40 W. 57th St. (541-4900). Works on paper made between 1943 and 1995 by 29 artists, among them Frank Auerbach, Lucian Freud, Red Grooms, Jasper Johns, Ellsworth Kelly, Catherine Murphy, Ed Ruscha, and Terry Winters; through 3/9.

Spanierman—45 E. 58th St. (832-0208). "In Praise of Women: Images of Leisure and Independence in American Art, 1860–1940," with paintings, watercolors, and drawings by Mary Cassatt, William Merritt Chase, William Glackens, Winslow Homer, Maurice Prendergast, and others; through 3/30.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Artists Space—38 Greene St. (226-3970). "Unnaturally Yours," with works that use the natural elements (air, earth, fire, and water) as a point of departure, by Alejandro Berlin, Nicole Carstens, Daniel O. Georges, Wendy Lewis, Ben Jones, and Peter Whitney, selected by Willie Cole; "Exhibit A: Design/Writing/Research," a design installation by J. Abbott Miller and Design/Writing/Research; through 3/16.

Bonakdar—130 Prince St. (925-8035). "Multiple Pleasure," with works by Angela Bulloch, Meg Cranston, Jessica Daimond, Mike Kelley, Sol LeWitt, Jason Rhoades, Lawrence Weiner, and others; through 3/16.

Clocktower—108 Leonard St. (233-1096); Thurs. and Fri. 4–10, Sat. and Sun. 1–7. "Model Home," an exhibit that explores issues of style, taste, design,

Photograph courtesy of Tibor De Nagy Gallery.

and aesthetics in the domestic environment, with works in various media by more than 60 artists, among them Angela Bulloch, Sarah Charlesworth, Robert Gober, Frank Moore, Elaine Reichek, Haim Steinbach, and Lawrence Weiner; through 3/31.

Einstein—591 Broadway (226-1414). Prints that depict the face and figure, by Jack Beal, Eric Fischl, Red Grooms, Philip Pearlstein, Larry Rivers, and others; 3/2–30.

Exit Art/The First World—548 Broadway (966-7745). Curated by Brian Wallis, "Counterculture: Alternative Information From the Underground Press to the Internet" examines the role of the alternative media in fostering social, cultural, and political change in America from 1965 to the present; through 4/13.

Roeder—545 Broadway (925-6098). Works that use a process of repetition as a central mechanism in construction, by Vito Acconci, Elena del Rivero, Michael Ensminger, Bernhard Garbert, Tom Marioni, Nam June Paik, and Jeff Price; through 3/9.

Stellweg—87 E. Houston St. (431-5556). Works that are born out of obsession with method by Robert Adams, Chakaia Booker, Agnes Denes, Maria Elena Gonzalez, Mr. Imagination, and others; through 3/30.

Thread Waxing Space—476 Broadway (966-9520). Three installations by Dawn Dedeaux, a New Orleans-based artist who explores the origins of man's violent behavior; a two-person show of paintings by Douglas Argue and Brett Cook-Dizney; through 3/16.

Other

Baruch College—135 E. 22nd St. (387-1006), Mon., Tues., Wed., Fri. 12–5, Thurs. 12–7. "The Dial Family: A Celebration of African-American Self-Taught Artists From the Collection of Ronald and June Shelp" features works by the self-taught Alabama artist Thornton Dial; his brother, Arthur; his sons, Richard and Thornton, Jr.; and a cousin, Ronald Lockett; through 3/14.

Columbia University—Miriam and Ira D. Wallach Art Gallery, Schermerhorn Hall, Broadway and 116th St. (854-7288); Wed.–Sat. 1–5. "Building the Collective: Soviet Graphic Design, 1917–1937, Selections From the Collection of Merrill C. Berman" features more than 100 posters by such artists as Gustav Klutsis, El Lissitzky, and Alexander Rodchenko; through 3/30.

St. Marks Position—20 St. Marks Place (475-1644). The gallery's inaugural exhibition features new installations by Sol LeWitt, Lisa Hein, and Elana Herzog; through 4/6.

Photography

Robert Adams—Recent photographs that depict the shore where the Columbia River meets the Pacific Ocean; through 3/23. Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. (334-0010).

Miles Coolidge—Large color photographs of the interiors of garages attached to single-family homes in Los Angeles; through 3/16. Kaplan, 580 Broadway (226-6131).

Bruce Cratsley—A retrospective of work from 1976 through 1995, including portraits of friends and images of tabletop arrangements of curious objects, mannequins in street windows, museum interiors, and Gay Parade participants in drag; through 3/23. Richardson, 560 Broadway (343-0839).

Jedd Devine—Recent photographs that pair still-life objects, such as skulls and melons, for their unexpected resemblances to each other; 2/29–4/13. Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. (517-3766).

MacDuff Everton—Panoramic views of landscapes in Iceland, Chile, India, Japan, France, and America; 2/29–3/23. Borden, 560 Broadway (431-0166).

Janine Gordon—Black-and-white photographs of members of a gang in Greenpoint, Brooklyn, that were taken over a period of eighteen months; through 3/9. Gibson, 568 Broadway (925-1197).

Dennis Hopper—Recent photographs of abstracted views in London, Los Angeles, and New York; through 3/16. Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. (274-9300).

Craigie Horsfield—Large-scale photographs taken in Barcelona over the past two years that focus on particular faces, bodies, streets, and buildings; through 3/16. Gladstone, 99 Greene St. (431-3334).

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1777); Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2.50 students and seniors. "Fazal Sheikh: A Sense of Common Ground." Portraits of refugees from Sudan, Ethiopia, Somalia, Rwanda, and Mozambique living in the African camps; "Highlights from the ICP Permanent Collection: One Hundred Years of Contemporary Photography and Photojournalism"; through 3/31.

ICP Midtown—1133 Sixth Ave. (860-1783), Tues. 11–8, Wed.-Sun. 11–6. "Intimate Nature: Ansel Adams and the Close View." Photographs that depict the minute, specific aspects of nature; through 3/22. . . . "Country Beside Itself: Lars Tunbjörk." Photographs of Swedes enjoying leisure time; through 3/22.

Bill Jacobson—Black-and-white images of landscapes and figures that continue his themes of love, elusiveness, and loss; through 3/23. Saul, 560 Broadway (431-0747).

Lelong—20 W. 57th St. (315-0470). Recent photographs and videos by Juan Downey, Angela Grauerholz, Gary Hill, Alfredo Jaar, and Annette Messager; through 3/9.

Tim Maul—A new series of Cibachrome photographs that document the interior of the National Library of Ireland in Dublin; through 3/16. Senior, 375 W. Broadway (941-0960).

Judith Joy Ross/Sheila Metzner—A series of portraits taken at the Hazelton Public Schools in Hazelton, Pennsylvania, between 1992 and 1994/Photographs of South American landscapes; 3/1–4/6. Danziger, 130 Prince St. (226-0056).

Thomas Ruff—The artist's series of midsize *Andere Portraits*, straight-on headshots of men and women that were pirated from his own *Portrait* series and re-photographed, and a group of stereoscopic images; through 3/9. 303, 89 Greene St. (966-5605).

Leeanne Schmidt—Images of nude men and women submerged in moving water; through 3/23. 292, 120 Wooster St. (431-0292).

Bianca Sforni—"Oyster Portraits," a series of black-and-white platinum prints made in 1993 that depict close-ups views of oysters, and a more recent series of color carbon prints that show the effects of changing light; through 3/9. Kasmin, 74 Grand St. (219-3219).

Staley-Wise—560 Broadway (966-6223). Cityscapes by Berenice Abbott, Margaret Bourke-White, Andreas Feininger, Frank Horvat, Andre Kertesz, Herbert Matter, Edward Steichen, Bert Stern, and others; through 3/30.

Swiss Institute—495 Broadway (925-2035). Works by seven contemporary Swiss photographers; through 3/30.

Museums

Alternative Museum—"Mei-Ling Hom: Offering." A mixed-media installation that reflects on the ancient Chinese ritual of grave sweeping, which is part of Chinese ancestor worship; through 4/6. . . . "Saiman Li: Photography." Self-portraits inscribed with digitally manipulated text and graphics appropriated from immigration and other identification documents; through 4/6. 594 Broadway (226-2158), Tues.–Sat. 11–6; $3 donation suggested.

American Craft Museum—"White House Collection of American Crafts." Works by 78 American artists working in the craft media of clay, fiber, glass, metal, and wood; through 3/3. . . . "Craft in the Machine Age 1920–1945." A retrospective of crafts made between the World Wars; through 3/3. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues. 10–8, Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $5, $2.50 seniors and students.

American Museum of Natural History—"Amber: Window to the Past." A history of amber in fossil specimens and decorative objects; through 9/2. . . . "Witness: Endangered Species of North America." Photographs of animals and plants in immediate danger of extinction; through 10/6. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.-Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $6 suggested contribution, $4 students and seniors, $3 children.

Asia Society—"Points of View: Selections From the Permanent Collection"; through 5/5. 725 Park Ave. (288-6400); Tues.–Sat. 11–6 (Thurs. 6-8 free), Sun. 12-5; $3; $1 seniors and students.

Brooklyn Museum—"Converging Cultures: Art & Identity in Spanish America." Paintings, sculptures, costumes, textiles, domestic and religious objects, and manuscripts from the Spanish colonial viceroyalties of New Spain and Peru; 3/1–7/14. . . . "Alone in a Crowd: Prints of the 1930s–1940s by African-American Artists From the Collection of Reba and Dave Williams"; through 4/21. . . . "Early Renaissance Paintings From the Brooklyn Museum." The museum's own collection of thirteenth- and fourteenth-century Italian panel paintings; through 8/31. . . . "Alison Saar: The Woods Within." A site-specific sculpture installation; through 9/8. . . . "Elsa Schiaparelli: Surrealism in Fashion From the Brooklyn Museum"; through 3/24. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Sun. 10-5; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Dahesh Museum—"Cupids: Flights of Fancy, Love, and Mischief." Images of Cupid in nineteenth-century paintings, sculpture, drawings, and prints by Friedrich Bouterwerk, Joseph Guichard, Fèlix Lucas, Henry Picou, and others; through 6/8. 601 Fifth Ave. (759-0606); Tues.–Sat. 11–6; free.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Jessica Stockholder: Your Skin in This Weather Bourne Eye-Threads & Swollen Perfume"; through 6/23. . . . "European Couples, and Others: Works by Dan Flavin"; through 6/23 . . . . "Komar and Melamid: The Most Wanted Painting on the Web"; through 6/23. . . . "Gerhard Richter: Atlas"; through 6/23. 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5912); Thurs.–Sun. 12–6; $3 suggested contribution.

El Museo del Barrio—"Leandro Katz: Two Projects/A Decade." Two photographic installation works by the writer, filmmaker, and visual artist; through 5/5. . . . "Portrait: A Site-Specific installation by Carla Preiss"; through 4/7. . . . "Recent Acquisitions: Works From the Permanent Collection"; through 5/6. . . . "Historia de la Isla: Graphic Works by Puerto Rican Artists, 1968–1990"; through 4/7. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5, Thurs. 12–7; $4, $2 seniors and students.

Frick Collection—1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Guggenheim Museum—"Abstraction in the Twentieth Century: Total Risk, Freedom, Discipline." The history of abstraction, from paintings made as early as 1912 by Mondrian, Kandinsky, and Malevich, to works made by Frank Stella and Richard Long specifically for this exhibition; through 5/12. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $8, $5 students and seniors.

Japan Society—"Rainbows and Shimmering Bridges: Contemporary Japanese Lacquerware"; through 4/7. 333 E. 47th St. (832-1155), Tues.–Sun. 11–5; $3 suggested contribution.

Jewish Museum—"Recent Acquisitions 1993 to 1995." 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5 free); $7, $5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Fabergé in America." All of the 400 objects in this exhibition were collected by Americans, including 15 of the 44 extant Imperial Easter Eggs commissioned by the last Russian czars; through 4/28. . . . "Poussin: Works on Paper, Drawings From the Collection of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II"; through 3/31. . . . "French Seventeenth-Century Drawings in the Metropolitan Museum of Art"; through 3/31. . . . "Klee in Munich." One in a series of continuing installations from the Berggruen Klee Collection, which was a gift to the museum in 1984, this exhibit traces the artist's stylistic development during his most formative period; through 6/30. . . . "Pergamon: The Telephos Frieze From the Great Altar." Forty marble sculptures from the Pergamon Museum in Berlin that once decorated the Great Altar of Pergamon in the citadel of Pergamon in northwest Asia Minor; through 4/14. . . . "Haute Couture"; through 3/30. . . . "Textiles of

Late Antiquity"; through 4/30. . . . "Picturing Paradise: Colonial Photography of Samoa, 1875–1925"; 3/1–4/4. . . . "Enamels of Limoges"; 3/5–6/16. . . . "Works Progress Administration Color Prints in the Metropolitan"; 3/5–6/16. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $7 contribution, $3.50 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September).

Museum for African Art—"Memory: Luba Art and the Making of History." An exhibit of sculpture, memory boards, beaded objects, ornamented royal scepters, and other arts of the Luba of Zaire from the seventeenth to nineteenth centuries; through 9/8. 593 Broadway (966-1313); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $4, $2 children, seniors, and students.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Discovering Ellis Ruley." Paintings by the self-taught African-American artist (1882–1959) from Norwich, Connecticut; 3/2–4/28. 5. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533); Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—"Brancusi: Selected Masterworks from the Musée National d'Art Moderne and the Museum of Modern Art, New York"; through 4/23. . . . "Roy DeCarava." A survey of the photographer's works, from his pictures of everyday life in Harlem, through the civil-rights protests of the early sixties, to his recent lyrical studies of nature; through 5/7. . . . "Projects: Oliver Herring/Leonilson." Ethereal, elegiac knitted and embroidered works that commemorate loss and mortality in the era of AIDS by Herring, an artist who lives in New York, and Leonilsen, a Brazilian artist who died of AIDS in 1993; through 3/12. . . . "Sol LeWitt Prints 1970–1995." More than 200 of the artist's prints, ranging from his early, austere screenprints to the baroque, undulating woodcuts of 1995; through 5/7. . . . "Michael Schmidt: U-NI-TY." Black-and-white photographs by the German photographer that are a meditation on national identity and history; through 3/26. . . . "Lilly Reich: Designer and Architect." Drawings and documentary photographs of exhibition installations and furniture and product designs by the influential German architect and designer (1885–1947); through 5/7. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 11–6, Thurs. and Fri. noon–8:30, closed Wed.; $8, $5 students and seniors (Thurs. and Fri. 5:30–8:30, pay what you wish).

Museum of the City of New York—"The Talk of the Town: Rea Irvin of *The New Yorker*." Original covers, drawings, and cartoons by *The New Yorker*'s first art director, from the museum's own collection; through 5/5. . . ."Growing Up in New York: The Photography of Arthur Leipzig." Photographs of New York City and its street life taken during the forties and fifties; through 3/31. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

National Academy of Design—"The Figure in American Sculpture: A Question of Modernity." Organized by the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, this exhibition explores the basic concepts of early twentieth-century modernism through the works of eighty figurative sculptors, among them Alexander Calder, José de Creeft, Harriet Frishmuth, Malvina Hoffman, Paul Manship, and Isamu Noguchi; through 5/5. . . . "Rodin: Sculpture From the Collection of Iris and B. Gerald Cantor"; through 5/19. . . . "American Masterworks From the National Academy of Design Collection"; through 5/25. 1083 Fifth Ave. (369-4880); Tues.–Sat. 11: 30–5:30 (Fri. until 8); $5, $3.50 seniors, students, and children under 16.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"A Labor of Love." Works by more than 40 contemporary artists who use handmade folk- or craft-oriented processes to create their work; through 4/14. 583 Broadway (219-1222); Wed., Thurs., Fri., Sat. 12–8 (6–8 free), Sun. 12–6; $4, $3 artists, students, and seniors.

On View

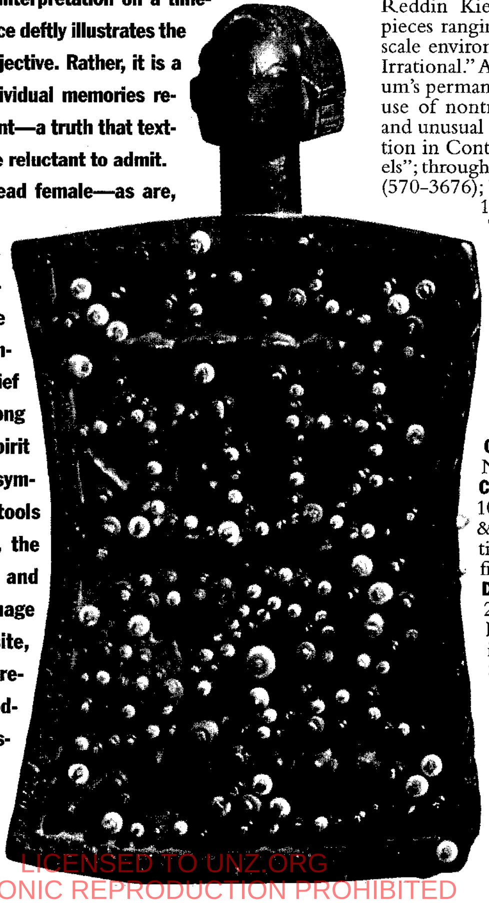
Speak, Memory

The head—a woman's, proud and serene—has been carved from wood and burnished so that its sienna hue glows. It tops a rectangle that stands vertically, narrowing at the center, as if to indicate a waist. From this scarified "body" protrudes not breasts, belly, or genitals but a cryptic landscape of colored beads, hammered into place with iron nails. This is a *lukasa*, a mnemonic device of the Luba people of Zaire and a key item in "Memory: Luba Art and the Making of History," the intelligent, beautiful exhibition at the Museum for African Art (593 Broadway) through September 8.

Fingering the *lukasa*'s patterns, a Luba historian of the eighteenth or nineteenth century, whose rank was second only to that of a king, recounted his society's past orally, shaping it according to his personal viewpoint and the needs of the moment, just as a dancer imprints his own interpretation on a time-hallowed role. Luba practice deftly illustrates the fact that history is not objective. Rather, it is a complex construct of individual memories reworked to serve the present—a truth that text-sprung scholarship can be reluctant to admit.

Why is the lukasa's head female—as are, indeed, nearly all the representations of the human figure in Luba artifacts created before the culture's diaspora? The answer lies in the Luba belief that only a woman is strong enough to contain the spirit of its sacred kings. So symbolic staffs of office, stools that were royal thrones, the paraphernalia of ritual and divination center on an image of the female—exquisite, fiercely self-contained, reverberating with her encoded, seemingly eternal, mystery.

TOBI TOBIAS



Photograph courtesy of the Museum of African Art.

New York Public Library—"The Hand of the Poet: Original Manuscripts by 100 Masters." This exhibit of original manuscripts from the Berg Collection's holdings includes such treasures as the typescript of T. S. Eliot's *The Waste Land* with handwritten corrections by Ezra Pound; through 4/27. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

New-York Historical Society—"New York Then and Now: The Upper West Side." Vintage photographs of New York's Upper West Side from the Society's permanent collection; through 5/19. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Wed.–Sun. noon–5; $3, $1 seniors and children.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"The Art of the Brontës: Drawings and Manuscripts." Drawings and manuscripts by Charlotte, Anne, Emily, and Branwell Brontë; through 4/14. . . . "A Great Heritage: Renaissance and Baroque Drawings from Chatsworth"; through 4/21. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6, Sun. noon–6; $5 suggested donation, $3 students and seniors.

Queens Museum of Art—"City Speculations." Projects, proposals, architectural and conceptual models, videos, and other forms of documentation related to the ideas embodied by the Panorama of the City of New York; through 3/10. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700); Wed.–Fri 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $3 suggested donation, $1.50 seniors and children.

South Street Seaport Museum—"Sacred Waters." More than 40 works by contemporary Outsider artists, among them Thorton Dial, Sr., Sam Doyle, Sister Gertrude Morgan, Elijah Pierce, and Alfred Wallis; through 5/1. 207 Front St. (748-8600); Wed.–Mon. 10–5 (closed Tues.); $6, $5 seniors, $4 students, $3 children.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Explorations in the City of Light: African-American Artists in Paris, 1945–1965"; through 6/2. . . . "The Listening Sky: An Inaugural Exhibition of the Studio Museum in Harlem Sculpture Garden"; through 8/25. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Kienholz: A Retrospective." The first museum retrospective of the artist's own work and his 20 years of collaborations with his wife and partner, Nancy Reddin Kienholz, including more than 100 pieces ranging from intimate objects to house-scale environments; 2/29–6/2. . . . "Altered and Irrational." An exhibit of works from the museum's permanent collection that examines artists' use of nontraditional materials, altered forms, and unusual processes; through 3/3. . . . "Collection in Context—Joseph Cornell: Cosmic Travels"; through 3/10. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $8, $6 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Matthew McCaslin: Harnessing Nature"; through 3/29. Park Ave. at 42nd St. (878-2550); Mon.–Fri. 11–6 (Thurs. to 7:30); free.

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave. (546-1000). Next auction on 3/7.

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (546-1000). 2/28 at 1: "European Furniture & Decorative Arts From the Collection of Norma Kamali." On view from 2/23.

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). 2/28 at 10: "English and Continental Furniture, Decorations, and Paintings." On view from 2/24.

Sotheby's—York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 2/28 and 2/29 at 10:15 and 2: "Arcade Furniture and Decorations." On view from 2/25.

Swann—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 2/29 at 10:30: "Photographic Literature." On view from 2/24.

theater

Joe Orton...Julie Taymor...G. Daniele

Opening Last Tango

As last spring's 'Chronicle of a Death Foretold' showed, director-choreographer Graciela Daniele excels at grafting theatrical mises en scène *onto Latin dance. Daniele and writer Nilo Cruz's 'Dancing on Her Knees,' a piece about two tango champions rediscovering their love in a dreamlike afterworld, opens this week at the Public.*

Photograph by Michal Daniel.

Broadway

Previews and Openings

Getting Away With Murder—The ads and press for this show take pains to emphasize that it *isn't* a musical—and for what other writer would it be considered necessary to point that out besides Stephen Sondheim? With collaborator George Furth, Broadway's preeminent purveyor of sophisticated dissonances has turned his attention to a straight play in the comedy-thriller vein, in which a crew of neurotic New Yorkers gather on the Upper West Side for a group-therapy session only to learn that that their psychologist may have encountered foul play. With John Rubenstein, Terrence Mann, and Christine Ebersole; directed by Jack O'Brien. $30–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2 , Sun. at 3. In previews for a 3/17 opening. *Broadhurst Theatre, 235 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Inherit the Wind—Since it opened on Broadway in 1955, there's been literally no time when Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee's fictionalized version of the Scopes "Monkey" trial—the 1925 court case pitting biblical against scientific accounts of creation—hasn't been playing *somewhere.* Ironically, its first Broadway revival ever comes at a time when the debate over creationism, originally used by the play's authors as a mere cover for registering outrage against the political depredations of Senator Joseph McCarthy, has (re)-emerged as a compelling public issue in its own right. Tony Randall's National Actors Theatre version stars George C. Scott and Charles Durning in the roles based on Clarence Darrow and William Jennings Bryan; theater veterans may recall that Randall himself played E.K. Hornbeck, a character based on H. L. Mencken, in the original production. $20–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Beginning previews 2/27 for a 3/18 opening; through 4/14. *Royale, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6280).*

Now Playing

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Christianne Tisdale plays the girl; Jeff McCarthy plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward. Lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. $22.50–$67.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Defending the Caveman—Rob Becker's one-man show, which posits a genetically inherited difference from prehistoric days to explain why men ("hunters") and women ("gatherers") get irritated with each other in Bloomingdale's. $44.50 through 3/5; $47.50 thereafter. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 5. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (228-3626, or just dial CAVEMAN). 1 hr. 40 mins.*

Grease!—A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy rock-and-roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. With Jeff Trachta (*The Bold and the Beautiful*) as bad boy Danny Zuko and Joe Piscopo (*Saturday Night Live*) as the D.J. $30–$67.50. Mon.-Tues., Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6. Opened: 5/11/94. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—Armed only with charming dishonesty, aggressive young striver J. Pierrepont Finch (the role created by Robert Morse) rises swiftly to the top of the corporate world in a new Broadway revival of the 1961 musical. Has much become dated in Shepherd Mead's classic farce about raging ambition? Well, the Man in the Gray Flannel Suit wears Armani these days, but the songs and lighthearted satire are as sharp as ever. John Stamos (*Full House*) recently replaced Matthew Broderick in the starring role. $25–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 40 mins.*

In the Loneliness of the Cottonfields—Kicking off the Brooklyn Academy of Music's spring (well, late-midwinter, anyway) season, which is devoted this year to things French, actor and director Patrice Chéreau (*Queen Margot*) is currently in residence with a staging of Bernard-Marie Koltès's abstract, Beckettian drama about two strangers who engage in an enigmatic game of buying, selling, and existential inquiry. $50. 2/27–29, 3/1–2 at 8. *Brooklyn Academy of Music Opera House, 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (307-4100).*

Les Misérables—This pop-opera adaptation of the sprawling Victor Hugo novel, currently in its ninth year on Broadway, recently became the fourth-longest-running show in Broadway history. With a book by Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schonberg; music by the latter; lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer. $15–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-880-0740.

2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

Master Class—In the early seventies, opera star Maria Callas took her diva persona from stage to classroom with a celebrated series of tutorials for young hopefuls. Slightly fictionalized, they're the subject of Terrence McNally's newest play, starring Zoe Caldwell as the great *monstre sacrée* herself. $32.50–$50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Miss Saigon—A reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon. Score by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$67.50. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2; dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Molly Sweeney—Brian Friel's story of a woman blind from birth who, owing to the efforts of an ambitious ophthalmologist (Jason Robards) and a Micawberish husband (Alfred Molina), regains partial vision after 40 years but—feeling that an essential dimension of her personality has been lost in the process—ultimately chooses to revert to sightlessness. "You will be glad to see a play as fine as brian Friel's *Molly Sweeney;* you'll be thrilled to catch three performers making drama the way a marvelous chamber group plays, say, the Fauré trio; and you'll be telling your grandchildren that you saw, at the apex of this triangle, Catherine Byrne as Molly. Do not, I implore you, miss this play, miss this cast, miss Ms. Byrne's self-tamed tiger burning bright." (Simon; 1/22/95.) $45. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. *Laura Pels Theater at the Roundabout, 1530 Broadway (869-8400).*

Moon Over Buffalo—In Ken (*Lend Me a Tenor*) Ludwig's new farce, Carol Burnett and Phillip Bosco play a husband-and-wife team of theatrical hams in no danger of being mistaken for Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. (On 3/5, Lynn Redgrave and Robert Goulet take over.) $40–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 1 hr. 50 mins.*

The Phantom of the Opera—In its ninth year on Broadway, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, passing the 3,200-performance mark recently and edging into sixth place among the longest-running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. $15–$67.50. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Pomp, Duck & Circumstance—An "entertainment-and-dining extravaganza" imported from Berlin and performed in Salon Zazou, a thirties-vintage circus tent; actors sing, dance, juggle, clown, and otherwise disport themselves as you're eating a gourmet meal. $95–$150, tax and gratuity included; beverages charged separately. Tues.–Thurs.: Opens at 6, dinner and performance at 7:30. Fri.–Sat.: Opens at 6:30, dinner and performance at 8. Sun: Opens at 5:30, dinner and performance at 7. There's also a Sunday brunch performance at 1 with a special price of $50 for children twelve and under. Through 3/31. *DeWitt Clinton Park, Eleventh Ave. at 53rd St. (307-4100).*

Show Boat—Because it covers three generations of show folk, because its action spans four decades, because it shuttles between steamy Natchez and boreal Chicago, and because it touches on such varied subjects as race relations and the dispersal of families, *Show Boat* is usually described as having epic sweep. In a production such as this, certainly. There are problems with the plotting, but director Harold Prince's staging moves so swiftly and involvedly that there is no time for questions. He is seconded by choreographer Susan Stroman, who with this effort surges to the forefront of Broadway dance creators. This *Show Boat* is a dreamboat. (Simon; 10/17/94) $30–$75. Opened: 10/2/94. *Gershwin Theater, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100). 3 hrs.*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. You don't like crazy music? (We keep forgettin'.) Don't feel that way; baby, that is rock and roll. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Have a drink and dig the band. Can't you hear the flügelhorn? Can't you hear the bell? Come to them sickly, they'll make you well. We don't know why our heart flips (and, baby, we don't care); we only know it does. Heartbreakin' nights, only in America. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $49.50–$67.50. At the *Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

Sunset Boulevard—"Patti LuPone's Norma Desmond was a tough gutter sparrow; Glenn Close's—close, but no cigar—a cross between the cigar-store Indian and a cathedral gargoyle. Now there is Betty Buckley, whose presence appears to have rewritten, recast, and redirected the entire show. With her trueness heightening everyone else's acting while giving us a Norma who will remain the norm, 10086 Sunset Boulevard becomes as important a number in musical annals as 1066 in English history—that of the Norma(n) Conquest." (Simon; 8/7/95.) $25–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 11/17/94. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4007). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Victor/Victoria—Reprising her title role in husband Blake Edwards's 1982 film, Julie Andrews—returning to the Broadway stage for the first time since the early sixties and *Camelot*—struts her stuff in (the late) Henry Mancini and Leslie Bricusse's musical adaptation of Mr. Edwards's comedy of sexual manners. "One way or another, *Victor/Victoria* will make history. Like a karaoke record, it's got everything minus one: a true star, a solid cast and ensemble, savvy staging and choreography, lush scenery and costumes and lighting, a funny (or at least doggedly farcical) book—everything but one really good song. This will be the test: Can a Broadway musical make it without a score? Julie Andrews has a look, voice, and personality that live in perfect harmony with one another, whether she is singing, dancing, acting, or just being. But there is—or rather, isn't—the unrelievedly second-rate music of the late Henry Mancini, augmented by three songs from Frank Wildhorn, which blend in seamlessly, alas. All the lyrics are by the once capable Leslie Bricusse, now given to such stuff as 'Paris is so sexy/ Riding in a taxi [texi?]/ Gives you apoplexy.' Still, *Victor/Victoria* may be the best unmusical musical you are ever going to see." (Simon; 11/6/95.) With Tony Roberts, Michael Nouri, and Rachel York; written and directed by Mr. Edwards. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis, 1535 Broadway (382-0100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Blue Velvet

Following World War II, existentialist philosophers sensed the new anxiety of a world in which everything was permitted. A similar anomie besets the characters of *Motherland,* caught in the paralyzing freedom unleashed by Czechoslovakia's Velvet Revolution during the late eighties.

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Dancing on Her Knees—$30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. Opening 2/29. *LuEsther Hall, Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (260-2400).*

Floyd Collins—In the early days of America's transition from a paper-media culture to one based on film and radio, national attention was focused on individual horrors in a peculiarly grotesque manner. Adam Guettel and Tina Landau's new musical is taken from the real-life 1925 story of a farmer, trapped in a cavern, whose plight engenders the first modern media circus. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat.–Sun. at 3, Sun. at 7:30. In previews for a 3/3 opening at 7:30. *Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Forbidden Hollywood—Gerard Alessandrini, creator of the long-running, often updated *Forbidden Broadway*, has redirected his irreverently satirical gaze—best characterized as a wiseass smirk with a leavening dollop of genuine affection—from stage to silver screen. Getting the whole *Waterworld* thing into a smallish cabaret setting with limited plumbing will be a challenge, of course, but we have no doubt he'll work out *something.* $25 in previews, $35 thereafter. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 7:30, Sat. at 10:30, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 3/7 opening. *The Triad, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

The Green Bird—$10–$25. Thurs.–Sat. at 7, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6; special performances 3/5, 6 at 7. Beginning previews 3/1 for a 3/7 opening. *New Victory Theater, 209 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Nixon's Nixon—After a successful run at MCC Theater last fall, Russell Lees's two-character play about a certain former ketchup-on-cottage-cheese-eating U.S. president and his national security adviser has transferred uptown. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Wed. at 2, Sun. at 3. Beginning previews 3/5 for a 3/12 opening. *Westside Theater, 407 W. 43rd St. (315-2244).*

Overtime—In A.R. Gurney's comic sequel to *The Merchant of Venice,* the author of *Love Letters* and *The Dining Room* leaves his usual subject of dysfunctional northeastern Wasp gentility for something new: a comic fantasia that not only looks in on Shakespeare's Venetians just after the trial scene but transmutes them into a gumbo of contemporary, issue-driven ethnic characters including Jews, blacks, Latinos, and Irish-Americans. $30. Tues.-Sun at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Opening 3/5. *Manhattan Theatre Club at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Scenes From an Execution—With examples ranging from Diego Rivera's left-leaning murals—ripped out of Rockefeller Center's lobby in the thirties by right-leaning Nelson himself—to Richard Serra's recent *Tilted Arc,* New Yorkers have a long history of experiencing firsthand the conflicts that arise when art begins to rub politics the wrong way. With the story of a fifteenth-century Venetian painter whose evocation of the Republic's warlike past enrages her Establishment patrons, British playwright Howard Barker takes up the issue in the second production of the recently formed Blue Light Theater Company. Previews begin Saturday. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Opening 2/27. *Atlantic Theater, 336 W. 20th St. (239-6200).*

Virgins & Other Myths—Colin Martin's solo performance about a personal journey through stages of sexual innocence, New York hustling, and (whew) inner peace. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 10:30, Sun. at 7. Through 3/31; no performances 2/27–3/3. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).*

Now Playing

After-Play—After a successful limited run at the Manhattan Theatre Club early last year, the actress Anne Meara's debut play about four old friends sharing a New York evening of dinner, theater, and memories is currently a few blocks west, with Meara stepping into the role previously performed by Rue McClanahan and Rita Moreno and Jerry Stiller replacing Barbara Barrie and Larry Keith. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. (239-6200).*

The Amazing Metrano: An Accidental Comedy—In 1989, while performing minor house repairs, comic actor Art Metrano (*Police Academy*) suffered a fall from a ladder that left him paralyzed and (according to the doctors) unlikely to walk again. His new one-man show tells the story of how a sense of humor helped him to beat the odds. $25–$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun. at 7. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (505-0700).*

Bed and Sofa—The creative team responsible for 1986's *Goblin Market*—Polly Pen and Andre Ernotte—is back on the scene, this time with a musical adaptation of Abram Room's 1926 cult film about the birth of the modern age in 1920s Moscow. "*Bed and Sofa* is somewhat unsure about what it is spoofing. Silent movies? The housing shortage and general chaos of the early days of Bolshevism? Finally, though, none of this matters, because the show makes up for its discursiveness by being fresh in both senses of the word. It's a cheeky farce that is as original as it is impudent." (Simon; 2/19/96.) $30. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3. Through 3/10. *Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. (353-3874).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. $35–$45. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri, and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

Blue Window—"All art aspires to the condition of music," claimed Walter Pater, and every so often a writer—the Chopinesque Proust, that consummate jazz stylist Jack Kerouac—will take the suggestion more or less literally. In this play, originally presented Off Broadway in 1984, Craig Lucas (*Prelude to a Kiss*) bends language into intricate, Bachlike counterpoint by simultaneously following the inhabitants of five neighboring Manhattan apartments as they converge for a dinner party. Directed by Joe Mantello, whom you may recall as Louis from *Angels in America*. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30, Sun. at 7. *Manhattan Theatre Club, 131 West 55th Street (581-1212).*

Bus Stop—After a string of Broadway hits in the fifties including *Come Back, Little Sheba* and *The Dark at the Top of the Stairs,* William Inge saw his carefully drawn portraits of emotionally frustrated, often inarticulate Midwesterners fall out of fashion in the sixties, when they (literally) ceded the stage to flashier sorts of technical experiment. (Back then, playwrights like Lanford Wilson working the same vein of lyrical realism were commonly dismissed by hip theater types as "the Inge fringe.") It's a fate he didn't deserve. This play, one of his best, examines the secret dreams of a saloon singer and a cowboy thrown together in a cafe by a raging snowstorm. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Circle in the Square, 1633 Broadway (239-6200).*

Chez GARBO—In Michelangelo Alasa's environmental musical, the audience strolls through a conceptual artist's gallery recreation of Greta Garbo's East Side apartment—and, as well, through the last 50 years of the famous recluse's life. $20. Thurs.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7, Sun. at 3. *DUO Theatre, 62 E. 4th St. (598-4320).*

The Coyote Bleeds—A drama by Tony DiMurro about police misconduct. $22.50–$27.50. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 5. *Worth Street Theater, 173 W. Broadway at Worth St. (279-4200).*

Double Identity—The Folksbiene Playhouse, which proudly bills itself as "the only remaining Yiddish Theatre in the United States," is honoring the eightieth anniversary of Sholom Aleichem's death with a new, post–*Fiddler on the Roof* musical based on his stage comedy *Hard to Be a Jew.* It's performed in Yiddish, with simultaneous translation provided into English and—can there be any doubt?—Russian. $20–$25. Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2. *Folksbiene Playhouse, 123 E. 55th St. (755-2231).*

Entertaining Mr. Sloane—$25–$27; Quick Tix $15, students/seniors $10, high-school students in grades 9-12 admitted on a "pay what you can" basis. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 3/17. *Classic Stage Company, 136 E. 13th St. (677-4210).*

A Fair Country—The enduring subject of the young dramatist Jon Robin Baitz is a currently unfashionable one: the demands of what used to be called Conscience. In such dramas as *The Substance of Fire*, *Three Hotels*, and *The End of the Day*, Baitz has impressed critics and hypnotized audiences with a kind of modern morality play, featuring characters caught between a morass of compromising circumstances and their own elusive sense of what it means to Do The Right Thing. His latest script, based on a childhood experience, examines the private and public agonies of a family of American diplomats assigned to a nowhere posting in South Africa, including a man whose status as husband and father is corroded by a series of vicious, petty compromises as his Cassandra-like wife quietly (and sometimes not so quietly) goes mad. "If you have been hungering for sheer intelligent dialogue, you can satisfy your craving at Jon Robin Baitz's *A Fair Country.* Whereas most current plays seem to be an hour too long, this one makes you wish for at least half an hour more. The writing has texture without thickness, and the lesser roles are equally artfully drawn." (Simon; 3/3/96.) $37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater at Lincoln Center, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Theater, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

The Food Chain—The playwright Nicky Silver (*Pterodactyls, Raised in Captivity*) is a young master of the theater's most challenging trick, often attempted and rarely successful: making audiences gasp in (moral) horror while simultaneously shrieking with laughter. (Aristotle thought this was impossible; shows you how much *he* knew.) His latest black farce, arriving here after a successful run in Washington last summer, concerns the import of obesity upon sex (straight, gay, and varied) and its attendant emotions. And a Jewish mother is thrown in—just, no doubt, to make sure the whole thing remains a comedy. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (307-4100).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding*, written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $35–$55, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Wed. at 3, Wed.–Thurs. at 7:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse (formerly Playhouse on Vandam), 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

Lion in the Streets—Canadian playwright Judith Thompson's take on the contemporary urban nightmare, as seen from the ghostly/posthumous perspective of a young murder victim. $20. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. Through 3/17. *29th St. Repertory Theater, 212 W. 29th St. (465-0575).*

Mrs. Klein—The latest project of that fine actress and New York stage veteran Uta Hagen is Nicholas Wright's new play about the mysterious 1934 death of the son of early Freud disciple and psychotherapist Melanie Klein. With Amy Wright and Laila Robins; directed by William Carden. $32.50–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed at 2:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 3/17. *Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).*

Party—Truth-or-dare high jinks are at the center of Chicago playwright David Dillon's comedy about seven gay men. Scene to watch for: a nude group tribute to Karen Carpenter. $40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Onstage
Sex, Please (We're British)

Joe Orton, whose high-camp japes at sexual prudery restored comic frankness to sixties English theater, made a career of exploding taboos. 'Entertaining Mr. Sloane,' his first produced play, is currently at the Classic Stage Company.

Photograph by T. Charles Erickson.

Picasso at the Lapin Agile—Steve Martin's playwriting debut is about modern art, the Theory of Relativity, sleeping with girls, the creative process, *Les Demoiselles d'Avignon*, sleeping with girls, the romance of transcendental mathematics, sleeping with gi—well, many interesting beverages, and Elvis. $40–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. (239-6200).*

Rent—Hours after his newest production's first dress rehearsal, the talented young writer and composer Jonathan Larson died—suddenly, unexpectedly, and sadly—of a heart attack. The show—a reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary young and hip types living in the East Village—in the best theatrical tradition, goes on. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. *New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (460-5475).*

Schoolhouse Rock Live!—A musical adaptation of the award-winning ABC–TV children's series. $20–$25. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 10, Sun. at 3. *Lamb's Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Sleep Deprivation Chamber—The Signature Theater Company's Adrienne Kennedy season continues with the world premiere of the playwright's latest script (written in collaboration with her son Adam), a story of upper-class blacks coming into contact for the first time with the rougher edges of the criminal-justice system. $20. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 3/24. *Susan Stein Theater at the Public, 425 Lafayette St. (260-2400).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dance, clap, and generally bang on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. $29–$39.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (307-4100).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.*, then a reception at *147 Waverly Pl.*, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $60–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88 (279-4200).

The Universe—Unlike Pascal, the unnamed protagonist of Richard Foreman's new stage piece isn't frightened by the eternal silence of those infinite spaces: After blinding himself to free his eyes from the pain of a woman too beautiful to bear, he finds himself speaking directly to—whoa—the cosmos at large. $15 Fri.–Sat.; $10 other performances. Tues., Thurs.–Sun. at 8. Through 3/31. *Ontological-Hysteric Theater, St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th St. (533-4650).*

Wasting Time With Harry Davidowitz—The story, pace its flippant title, of one Jewish man's spiritual journey from disbelief to renewal. $20. Sat. and Mon. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

The Winter's Tale—The (sort-of) comedy by Shakespeare. $21–$26. Tues., Thurs.–Fri. at 8, Wed. and Sun. at 2, Sat. at 5 and 9. Through 3/16. *Pearl Theatre, 80 St. Mark's Place (598-9802).*

Off-Off Broadway

And Things That Go Bump in the Night—A revival of Terrence McNally's first Broadway play. $12. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Through 3/9. *Trilogy Theatre, 341 W. 44th St. (604-4741).*

Black Coffee—$12; $8 students. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Through 3/9. *Creative Place Theatre, 750 Eighth Ave., Suite 602 (388-2772).*

Booby Hatch Jive—$10; on Thursdays 2/29, 3/7 and 3/14, admission is on a "Pay What You Can" basis. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Through 3/16. *Ground Floor Theatre Lab, 107 Suffolk St. bet Rivington and Delancey (330-6884).*

Catfish, Guns and Corndogs—$8, plus two-drink minimum. Mon. at 8. *Duplex, 61 Christopher St. (255-5438).*

The Club Champion's Widow—$10. Beginning 3/1, Thurs.–Sun. at 8. Through 3/17. *Common Basis Theatre, 750 Eighth Ave., Room 500 (340-1112).*

The Corner Bar's My Lover Since You Ran Out On Me—Tues.–Sat. at 8. Beginning performances 3/1 for a 3/7 opening. *HERE, 145 Sixth Ave. (769-7194).*

Creditors—The play by Strindberg. $12. 3/1–4, 6–9 at 8. *Tribeca Lab, 79 Leonard St. (966-9371).*

Distortion Taco—As the MTV explosion proved in the eighties, rock music—from Duran Duran to Nine Inch Nails—has always had a not-so-secret tendency toward dramatic narrative. Writer-performer Stephen Brantley takes it to the stage at P.S. 122 with the story of a deranged rocker on a drug-induced sojourn involving beatniks, the Bluebird of Happiness, and Janis Joplin. Through 3/3. $12/TDF. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave. (477-5288).*

The Ends of the Earth—$15/TDF. Beginning 3/1, Wed.–Sat., Mon. at 8, Sun. at 3. Opening 3/4 at 7, with a benefit performance including a post-show party: $50. Through 3/24. *Theatre Row Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. (886-1889).*

Freestyle Repertory Theatre—A rotating bill of four improvisational-comedy shows; call for detailed schedule. $15 Thurs.–Sun.; free Mondays. Mon., Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 10:30, Sun. at 3. Beginning performances 3/1; through 4/21. *John Houseman Studio Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (642-8202).*

Haphazard—$10. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. Through 3/17. *Theater for the New City, 155 First Ave. (254-1109).*

The Impostor—$12. Wed.–Sun. at 8. *Workhouse Theatre, 41 White St. (967-0400).*

Les Palmes de M. Schutz—A French-language drama about Pierre and Marie Curie. $14. Through 3/3; call for detailed schedule. *Le Studio Dramatique, Park Avenue Christian Church, 1010 Park Ave. (866-3481).*

Locofoco—$12/TDF. Thurs.–Sun. at 8, Sun. at 3:30. Through 3/10. *La MaMa E.T.C., 74A E. 4th St. (475-7710).*

Motherland—$15. 3/1–2, 7–9, 14–16, 21–23 at 8; 3/3, 10, 17 at 6. Greenwich Street Theatre, 547 Greenwich St. (604-4222).

The Odd Couple/The Mousetrap/California Suite—*Couple*, Fri. at 8; *Mousetrap*, Sat. at 8; *California*, Sat. at 10. $15, plus two-drink minimum. Through 5/25. *Trocadero, 368 Bleecker St. (330-7607).*

Quixote—$10. Thurs.–Sat. at 8. Through 3/9. *One Dream Theatre, 232 W. Broadway (479-7335).*

Radio Free New York—Free. Fri. at 8. Through 3/15. *The Fort at Sidewalk Cafe, 94 Ave. A (718-832-8436).*

The Rivals—The comedy by Sheridan. $10. 3/5–9 at 8, 3/10 at 3. *Hamlet of Bank Street Theater, 155 Bank St. (501-6124).*

Rockland County No Vaudeville—$10. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. Through 3/31. *Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. (929-5285).*

School Belles—$15. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 3/3. *Fool's Company Space, 311 W. 43rd St. (539-7620).*

Split Ends/. . . And She Cooks Too!/The Housekeeper—A mixed bill of three separate shows offering cabaret, murder mystery, and lighthearted comedy. $15 (groups over 20: $12), plus a two-drink minimum; all three shows, $30. Call for detailed schedule. *Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. (838-8528).*

Spyz—$8. Sat. at 10:30. Through 3/2. *Workhouse Theater, 41 White St. (946-4440).*

The Lady's Not for Burning—Christopher Fry's verse fantasy—much, if not all, of the overheatedly vivid stage poetry has held up surprisingly well—about medievalism, life, love, reality, and other stuff like that. $12. Wed.–Sun. at 8. Through 3/10. *Grove Street Playhouse, 39 Grove St. (841-0366).*

Women's Work—A two-part festival of one-act plays directed by women. Program 1: "Baby Love," "Chamber Music," "Hands in the Mirror." 2/28, 3/1 at 8, 3/2 at 4. Program 2: "The Woman Who Became A Mountain," "Journey (A Self-Portrait)," "Looping." 2/29 , 3/2 at 8, 3/2 at 1. On 3/3, all six plays will be performed at 1. *Phil Bosakowski Theatre, 354 W. 45th St. (718-643-0919).*

Working Class—Following the enthusiastic reception of Richard Hoehler's award-winning portrait gallery of working-class Americans at the Mint Theater several months ago, the latter has decided to extend its production through 3/10. $15. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 5, Sun. at 3. *Mint Theater, 311 W. 43rd. St., fifth floor (315-9434).*

Preview

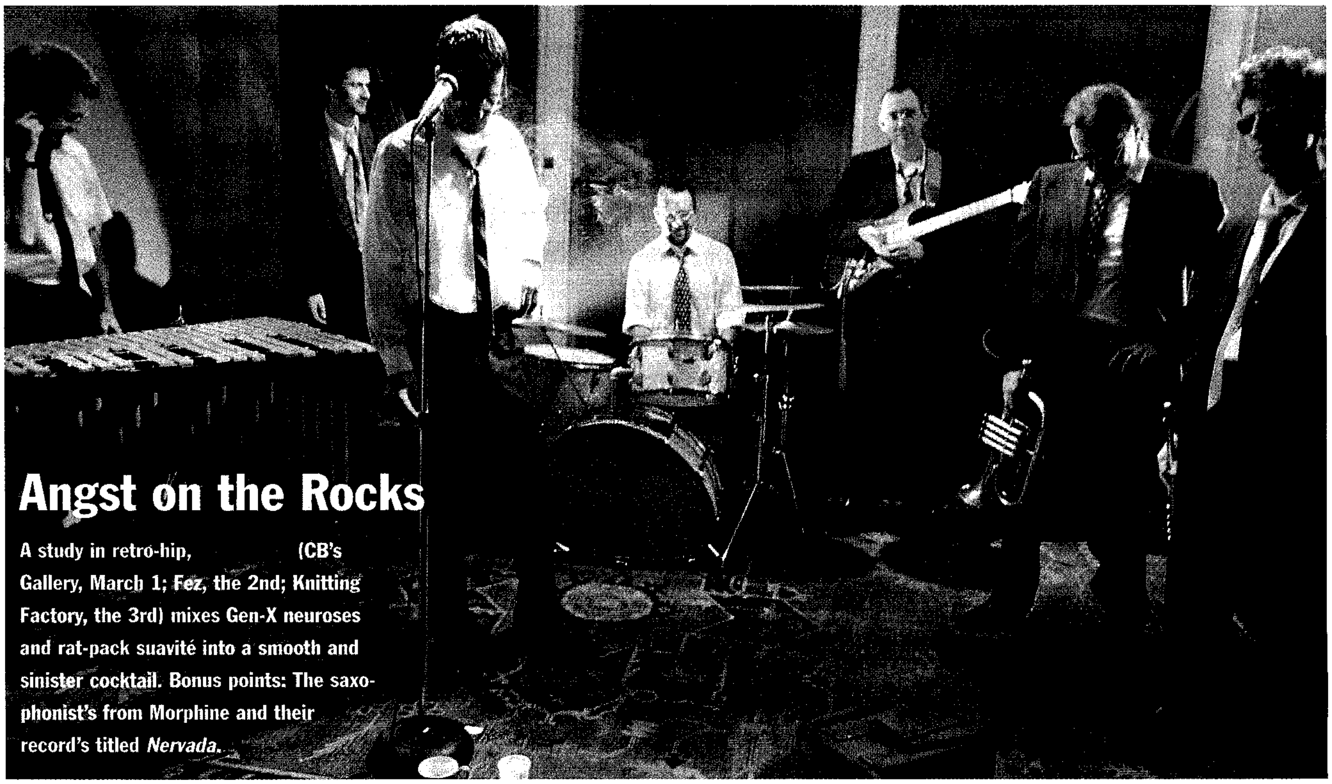
Puppet Regime

In the back room of the rehearsal space on lower Broadway, puppet builders are applying a last touch or two to the constructions that hang by cable from the rafters: a sinuous, lazily swaying dragon and a bird like the one in Wallace Stevens whose "fire-fangled feathers dangle down." To anyone familiar with New York's experimental-theater scene, their presence can leave little doubt as to the names of the artists currently working there. Who else but Julie Taymor and Elliot Goldenthal? In such works as *Juan Darien, The Transposed Heads,* and an unforgettable *Titus Andronicus* at Theatre for a New Audience two seasons ago, the director and composer have evolved a theatrical style unmistakably their own: a sort of magic realism, frequently taking off from literary texts, that concretizes poetic metaphor into a dizzying mixture of live actors, puppets, masks, and hallucinatory sonorities. Their newest piece, a musical adaptation of Carlo Gozzi's mythic rite-of-passage drama *The Green Bird,* begins previews Friday at the New Victory Theater. Taymor and Goldenthal feel a special affinity for Gozzi, whose *The King Stag* formed the basis of one of their earliest collaborations: Gozzi's rejection of his era's currently fashionable naturalism for more expansive flights of fancy obviously reflects their own interests. They also share a special affection for Gozzi's reassertion of Italian commedia dell'arte traditions, classic styles of shtick to which many of the pair's works refer. "It's very important," says Goldenthal, "to teach people that you can arrive at another layer of reality, even spirituality, through irreverence." RANDALL SHORT

Photograph by Ken Van Siccle.

nightlife

Fugees...Doc Watson...Ramones' Last Stand?



Angst on the Rocks

A study in retro-hip, (CB's Gallery, March 1; Fez, the 2nd; Knitting Factory, the 3rd) mixes Gen-X neuroses and rat-pack suavité into a smooth and sinister cocktail. Bonus points: The saxophonist's from Morphine and their record's titled *Nervada*.

Concerts

k. d. lang—Once the Canadian reincarnation of Patsy Cline, then a sultry torch-songstress, now a crafty songwriter and, in fact, all of the above, the beloved k. d. lang enchants New York City with songs from her latest opus, *All You Can Eat*. 3/7–3/9 at 8 P.M. *Radio City Music Hall, 50th St. and Sixth Ave. (307-7171). $41–$61.*

Sting—Sitting in his sixteenth-century Wiltshire abode, plucking Bach lute suites and gazing at the river, Sting is perhaps a bit removed from the concerns of the average working stiff. This may be why his contributions to the otherwise devastating film *Leaving Las Vegas*—including preening versions of jazz standards like "Angel Eyes" and "My One and Only Love"—were so jarring. Once an angel-headed hipster of New Wave, the ex–Police man has become a gentleman farmer of pop tropes—hiring jazzbos and L.A. session musicians, referencing Freud and Jobim, writing tunes in 9/8 at 8 P.M. And while the end product inspires grudging admiration for the craftsmanship, it tends to leave the soul pretty much unmolested. He'll be performing music from his new record, *Mercury Falling*, his sixth since forsaking Andy Summers to the wastes of prog-rock guitar, and he'll doubtless enjoy tremendous support from Police fans and liberal-arts students everywhere. 3/2 at 8 P.M. *The Academy, 243 W. 43rd St., between Seventh and Eighth Aves. (249–8870). $50.*

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

"Irish Music, Song & Dance: Concert For Peace"—This well-timed concert, dedicated to peace and reconciliation in Northern Ireland and Bosnia, features Northern Ireland's singer-songwriter Tommy Sands, banjo and mandolin player Mick Moloney, fiddler Eileen Ivers, uillean piper Jerry O'Sullivan, multi-instrumentalist Seamus Egan—who scored the recent film *The Brothers McMullen*—and Vedran Smailovic, a cellist from Sarajevo. 3/1 at 8 P.M. *Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. (864-5400). $16.*

Mandy Patinkin—Belting out standards with Paul Ford on the piano. 2/28 at 8 P.M. *The State Theatre, 19 Livingston Ave., New Brunswick, NJ (908-246-7469). $25–$50.*

Ray Davies—The charming and witty raconteur (and ex–Kinks singer) has yet again extended his highly acclaimed one-man show *20th Century Man*, 2/27–3/1 and 3/3 at 7:30 P.M. *Westbeth Theatre, 151 Bank St. (307-7171). $35 and $40.*

String Trio of New York—The acoustic jazz ensemble performs original works and classics by Mingus, Monk, Ellington, and Miles Davis. 3/4 at 7 P.M. *Merkin Concert Hall at the Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3358). $10.*

Donna Summer—Endless Summer, the "Last Dance" that never ends. 3/6 at *Radio City Music Hall. $31–$51.*

Tlen-Huicani—The 23-year-old Mexican traditional-music group. 3/2 at 8 P.M. *Merkin Concert Hall at the Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330). $16.*

Clubland

Academy—As was reported in these pages some months ago, New York's greatest living rock band is calling it quits—"sometime in February," quoth guitarist Johnny, "give or take a month." Well, this show, on 2/29, would certainly suggest the eleventh hour has arrived. The end of the Ramones is not to be taken lightly and the ferocious show these punk godfathers continue to put on is not to be duplicated. (That is, of course, until Ramonesmania has finished casting and rehearsing for its tour.) Do your civic duty and wish Joey, Johnny, Marky, C.J., and—who knows?—Dee Dee and maybe even Tommy, well and thank them for the memories. Shows at 8 P.M. *243 W. 43rd St., bet. Seventh and Eight Aves. (249-8870).*

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries—that recently celebrated its twentieth anniversary. Given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 2/28–2/29: John McLaughlin and the Free Spirits. 3/1: Country legend Doc Watson; Marge Calhoun. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Brownie's—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beers, on-the-rise bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. Cozy and congenial, even if you're not pierced. 2/29: Antietam. Shows nightly at 9. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

CBGB & OMFUG—Ground zero of punk's stateside explosion and, twenty years later, still a smoking, flier-strewn pit—in a good way. (Punk-rock credibility points for ID-ing its acronym.) Next door, CB's Gallery offers a more well-heeled atmosphere and, on 3/1, the band Lars Vegas. *315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). $.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A downtown blueserie, comfortably down-home, with living-room couches behind the stage. Dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital.

Photograph by John Capron

2/28: Sweet Daddy Cool Breeze. 2/29: Larry Burton. 3/1: Buddy Miles. 3/2: "Monster" Mike Welch and Little Sammy Davis. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

Coney Island High—The one and only Ramones play this seedy little St. Marks venue on 2/28. The show is at 8, costs 20 bucks, and must be paid for at the door. *15 St. Marks Place. (475-9726).*

The Cooler—The meat-packing district's subterranean steel-corridored home to alternative rockers, avant-garde-jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.'s. A sleekly refurbished meat locker with black light, moody atmosphere, and a Patti Smith photo. 2/29: James Chance. 3/4: Marc Ribot. 3/5: The live hip-hop salon "Funk Hut." *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).*

Fez—Mingus fever and lush *faux*-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house. Hidden beneath the Time Cafe, Fez takes some ambition and assertiveness to access on a crowded night. 3/2: Lars Vegas. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—A midsize bi-level rock venue with moody chandeliers and a sort of haunted-bordello look. It's a bit of a crush near the stage, but there's an amiable bar, 119, right around the corner for a preshow aperitif. "Savoy Sundays" are weekly swingfests of ballroom dancing. 2/28: Israel Vibration. 3/1: The great blues grand-dame Koko Taylor; the Holmes Brothers. 3/2: Deep Blue Something. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—The Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, two stages, two microbrew-bearing bars and some of the biggest names in now music. 2/29: Those swashbucklers of klezmer music, the Klezmatics. 3/2: Squirrel Nut Zippers; Magnetic Fields. 3/3: Lars Vegas; Mark Dresser's Force Green. 3/4: David Murray Big Band. 3/5: Dinosaur Jr.' s Mike Johnson. 3/6: Yoko Ono and Ima. *74 Broadway, bet. Leonard and Church. (219-3055).*

Manny's Car Wash—A little Chicago on the Upper East Side. Mondays, beware salivating yuppie swells here for Ladies Night. 2/29: Johnny "Clyde" Copeland. 3/1: Roxy Perry Blues Band. 3/2: Little Anthony and the Loco–motives. 3/3: Manny's World Famous Blues Jam. *1558 Third Ave. (369-BLUE).*

Maxwell's—Hoboken's indie-rock central or CBGB West, the site of many of rock's recent groundswells. 2/28: Cucumbers. 2/29: Polvo;. 3/1: Solo performance by G. Love. 3/3: Dancehall Crashers. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken (201-798-4064).*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, frequently hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more *au courant* time slots of MTV. 2/29: Pulsars; Tina and the Beeside Movement; Chorderoy. 3/1: John Wesley Harding. 3/2: Wayne Kramer. 3/4: Francis Dunnery. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

Paddy Reilly's—The home of the rollicking hip-hop-accented Irish band Black 47 on Saturdays and the punkishly feisty Rogue's March on Sundays. *519 Second Ave., at 29th St. (686-1210).*

Sounds of Brazil—The city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadia back home. 2/26: Ray Baretto with Alberto Santiago. 2/27: The Essence All–Stars Dedication to Freddie Hubbard. 2/28: Espuelas de Bronce; Grito; Capsula. 2/29: Zulu Nation's "Deep Rooted Dance Party" featuring a female-M.C. showcase. *204 Varick St. (243-4940)*

Tramps—One of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock, Tramps eschews high concept for straightforward presentation. Avoid the neck-craning mid-stage column and muddy-sounding areas by getting there early. 3/2: Brooklyn Funk Essentials. 3/4: Fugees; Groove Theory. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid/activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. N.B.: Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. 2/28: Bisbees. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244).*

Jazz

Birdland—A comfy, two-tiered restaurant with huge bay windows, late-fifties jazz paintings, and striking light fixtures hovering from the ceiling. 3/1–3/2: Tenor saxophonist Benny Waters celebrating his 94th birthday. *2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228).*

Blue Note—Easily the city's highest-ticket jazz spot, the self-titled "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening and, as its empire expands (soon to take Korea with Blue Note Seoul), charges accordingly. 2/27–3/3: Michel Camillo Trio. 3/5–3/10: Bobby Watson and Urban Renewal; Special EFX. Sets at 9 and 11:30. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Bradley's—Jazz's secret garden and, at 25 years, second only to the Village Vanguard for longevity. It's an intimate, dark-paneled restaurant into which some of the city's best jazz musicians creep after hours. Through 3/2: John Hicks and Ray Drummond. 3/3: John Hicks, Russell Gunn, and Ray Drummond. 3/4–3/9: Russell Malone, Renee Rosnes, Ed Howard. Sets at 10, midnight, and 2 A.M. *70 University Pl., at 11th St. (473-9700).*

Iridium Room—The artfully wacky restaurant across from Lincoln Center crosses Dalí with Dr. Seuss in its décor and hosts some formidable jazz comers in its basement. 2/27–3/3: Slide Hampton and Jazz Masters. 3/5–3/10: The brilliant electric guitarist John Scofield leads a quintet. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

Knickerbocker Bar & Grill—A wood-paneled and brass-railed restaurant with Old New York ambience and excellent—occasionally legendary—pianists. *33 University Pl. (228-8490).*

Nuyorican Poets Cafe—Sundays through March, the star-filled William Cepeda Afro-Rican Jazz ensemble fills these eminently groovy confines with all manner of Latin percussion, fiery singers, and mad dancers. Shows are at 7:30. *236 East 3rd St. (780-9386).*

Small's—A cozy, candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Thurs.–Sun., shows start at 10. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Sunday, Doc Cheatham plays from 2 to 6. Through 3/3: David "Fathead" Newman. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Tavern on the Green—A somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop, the Tavern's Chestnut Room is still a top-flight jazz club—with excellent sound and a full roster of stars. Through 3/3: Illinois Jacquet Big Band. 3/5–3/10: tenor saxophonist Tom Anderson. Wednesday nights, the cover's a scant five bucks. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).*

Village Vanguard—Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. 2/27–3/3: Holly Hoffman and her All-Star Trio. 3/5–3/10 and 3/12–3/17: Tommy Flanagan Trio with Kenny Washington and Lewis Nash. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. and 1 A.M. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Visiones—Spanish food and avant-ish jazz guests, along with some funkified post-boppers. 2/28–3/2: Sheila Jordan Quartet. 3/5–3/9: Dave Liebman's "Far North." Late night jams happen Thursdays. Every Monday, the Maria Schneider Orchestra plays at 9

Talent

Strange Fruit

Right now, one of the dopest dance cuts rocking New York hip-hop is not by Method Man, L.L. Cool J, or Old Dirty Bastard. It's by Roberta Flack. Well, make that Roberta Flack and the Fugees (Tramps, March 4). Among the freshest hip-hop crews to emerge in recent years, the Fugees are about as unlikely a rap group as their sultry, dub-styled cover of "Killing Me Softly" is a club hit. Comprising two Haitian men (the moniker's short for "Refugees") and one soap actress turned Columbia student, the New Jersey trio came off on 1993's *Blunted On Reality* a bit like a reggae-fied Digable Planets, positing a literate, bohemian perspective and adding guitars, keyboards, and accordion (!) to the standard-issue turntable and sampler. Unlike Digable Planets, though, the trio of Prakazrel "Pras" Michel, Wyclef "Clef" Jean, and Lauryn "L" Hill actually *play* these instruments, lending an earthy acoustic funk to their streety rhymescapes. And while their politically minded messages and hyperclever rapping make them a perfectly worthy addition to late-nineties hip-hop, the lovely rap diva Hill brings the Fugees into something bigger. On the new sophomore album *The Score*, the full, dreamy alto of this could-be R&B queen carries "Killing Me Softly" and the transporting single "Fu-Gee-La" into blissful pop spaces, which she then fills with jabbing, amazingly skillful spoken-wordplay. It's a wonderful mix. And, to make them that much more of a rap oddity, word is they're even better live.

CHRIS NORRIS

Photograph by Mark Baptiste.

and 11. Every Sunday, it's the Gust. W. Tsilis Quintet. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra show Fri. and Sat. at 1 A.M. *125 Macdougal St. (673-5576).*

Zinno's—A pretty Italian restaurant with a tiny piano on its awning, Zinno's is more dining spot than jazz club, though its musical guests are often pleasant surprises. Every Sunday it's guitarist Jack Wilkins and pianist Kenny Drew Jr. *126 W. 13th St. (924-5182).*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—*Animal House* ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Wednesdays, Risa Barash hosts Women of Comedy Nights at 9:30. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Caroline's Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show. 2/28: All-Star Comedy Showcase; Comedy Fiesta. 2/29–3/3: Saturday Night Live's Jim Breuer. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100).*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Through 3/3: Greer Barnes; Wanda Sykes-Hall; Dave Attell; Rick Crom; Larry Amoros. Shows Sun.–Thurs., 9–2. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Through 3/3: Rob Magnotti; Gregory Giraldo; Tom Whitely; Billy Jaye; Nancy Redman; Quentin Heggs. 3/11–3/17: Gregory Carey; Brian McFadden; Gabe Abelson; Ben Creed; Mike Robles; Quentin Heggs. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Jane's Comedy Club—One of the more intimate comedy spots, with regulars on Comedy Central's "Stand Up Stand Up." *254 Greene St., bet. 8th St. and Waverly Pl. (475-5263).*

Luna Lounge—Mondays, it's The Show Formerly Known As Rebar. Shows at 8. *171 Ludlow St., at Houston. (260-2323).*

New York Comedy Club—Every Friday, the NYCC presents "New York's Best African-American and Latino comics." 2/21: All Female Show. Every Wed. and Thurs., there's sketch comedy at 7 P.M. Shows Mon.–Fri. at 9, with extra shows Fri. at 7 and 11; Sat. at 6, 7:30, 9:30, and 11:45. *241 E. 24th St. (696-5233).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. 3/1–3/3: Billy Jaye; Dave Attel; Eddie Brill; Tom Cotter. Sun.–Thurs. at 9; Fri. at 9 and 11:30; Sat. at 7:30, 9:30, and 11:30. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Through 3/2: John Pizzarelli. Tues.–Sat. at 9 (dinner at 7); Fri.–Sat. also at 11:30 (supper at 10:30). $30; $15 minimum. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).*

Arcimboldo—On Sunday evenings, this stylish trattoria in the U.N. neighborhood offers "Opera With Taste," a series of programs featuring selected arias performed by a rotating ensemble of up-and-coming young stars from the Metropolitan Opera, at 7 and 8:30. The prix-fixe dinner menu (seatings at 6:15 and 7:45) is $40; no music charge. *220 E. 46th St. (972-4646).*

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics with an emphasis on opera and operetta (frequently shoulder to shoulder *and* bolder and bolder) are the keynote of this Village landmark. No music charge. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105).*

Bemelmans Bar—Pianist and singer Peter Mintun is back for a return engagement here through 5/4. Tuesdays through Saturdays from 9:30 to 1:30. $10 music charge; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Carlyle—Through 3/16: Dixie Carter. Tues-Sat. at 8:45 and 10:45. $45 cover, no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Pierre—Dancing on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings from 9 to 1, backed up by the romantic stylings of singer/pianist Kathleen Landis and her trio. $10; jacket and tie required. *2 E. 61st St. (940-8185).*

F. illi Ponte—Pianist-singer David Raleigh rocking the room at the newly renamed BeCa (Below Canal) Bar with his group, the Little Big Band. Wed.–Sat. from 8 to 1. No cover, no minimum. *39 Debrosses Street (226-4621).*

Talent

A Legend to the Roots

The venerable Doc Watson—one of folk's greatest guitarists and an institution in American roots music—holds forth at the Bottom Line on March 1 (one day before his 73rd birthday).

Ibis—This Mediteranean-flavored supper club, popular in the early eighties, has recently reopened with a variety show incorporating song, dance, magic acts, and—what else?—belly dancing. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30, Sun. at 8. Dinner and performance, $45. Performance only: $15 with a $20 minimum Tues.–Thurs., $20 with a $20 minimum Fri.–Sat. *327 W. 44th St. (262-1111).*

La Rivista Ristorante—Singer-pianist Chris Barrett, Tues.–Sat. from 8 to midnight. No cover, no minimum. *313 W. 46th St. (245-1707).*

Michael's Pub—As always, Woody Allen and the New Orleans Funeral & Ragtime Orchestra on Mon. at 8:45 and 11. $35 minimum. *211 E. 55th St. (758-2272).*

Rainbow and Stars—Rosemary Clooney is back in town for her eighth annual engagement here. The theme of the singer's show—complete with a fourteen-piece big band this time around—is her mid-fifties collaboration with the great Nelson Riddle. Through 3/2. $40 cover. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 and 11; dinner required at early shows. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).*

Sardi's—The Joe Traina Quintet recently celebrated the first anniversary of its successful Friday-evening engagement here, playing jazz, swing, and show tunes with various guest vocalists at 10:30. This week, singer Bethany Smith performs the songs of Jerome Kern. No cover, no minimum. *234 W. 44th Street, Club Room, 2nd floor (221-8444).*

Bars

Bar 5757—At the Four Seasons Hotel. This swank mausoleum has thirteen different martinis on its menu. Included among the various fruity mutations is the James Bond Original—yes, you guessed it: "shaken, not stirred." *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700).*

Bar d'O—An elegant and secluded bar on a lost corner in Greenwich Village. Perfect for a rendezvous (whatever your preference). Be sure to catch Joey Arias's delinquent and daring drag show, every Tuesday night. *29 Bedford St., at Downing St. (627-1580).*

Beauty Bar—Another concept bar from the people who bought you No Tell Motel and Babyland. "Beauty parlor"—which the space was quite recently—is the theme, and trendy are the clientele, most preferring pierces and home dye jobs to the store-bought variety. (Don't ask for red wine, it's a henna.) *231 E. 14th St., at Second Ave. (539-1389).*

Beekman Bar and Books—A determinedly upscale lounge for men and the women who will marry them. The clientele is much younger than it pretends to be and is very serious about being civilized. Very serious. Very civilized. Expect cigar and whiskey know-it-alls; expect striped ties and strings of pearls. *889 First Ave., nr. 50th St. (980-9314).*

bOb—A house party in some out-of-town aunt's living room. A tribute to the city's night-crawling diversity—fashion divettes, funksters, losers, and hippie girls. Fat-lady mud wrestling on the televisions above the exit and the bar keeps the traffic at these vital transaction points light. *235 Eldridge St., at Houston St.*

Bowery Bar—Eric Goode's controversial wall boxes out the neighborhood and contains the giddy hipsters within a very cool lounge inspired by a fifties-era Miami Holiday Inn. So happy for a new place to have a genius time, the crowd doesn't seem to mind a bartender in whom a request for a neat bourbon inspires paroxysms of self-doubt. *358 Bowery, at 4th St. (475-2220).*

Café at Grand Central—If the bartender hasn't seen you before, don't expect the familiar-face treatment. The real regulars at this way station start every day here with a cup of coffee and then end it with a few for the track. The view is spectacular, and tossing a few back below the terminal's arching heavens is as close as anyone gets to human flight. *Grand Central Terminal, E. 44th Street at Vanderbilt Ave. (883-0441).*

Den of Thieves—Another thumping downtown concept bar. Comfortable banquettes and some down-on-your-luck linoleum deuces so the regulars can commiserate about how hard it is to be young and fabulous all the time. Gripping rhythm from the D.J. after 11. *145 E. Houston St. (477-5005).*

J. J. Beckett's—With the exception of the occasional overenthusiastic undergrad, most of the folks at the bar look as though they deserve a drink. On Wednesday nights, this Naugahyde-and-pressboard dive hosts the James Begian Three, an earnest, low-key trio that lends plenty of atmosphere. Finally, a destination bar on the Upper West Side that's not a pathetically phony friends-in-low-places theme bar. *Amsterdam Ave., at 90th St. (787-9628).*

Joe's Bar—A truly lousy pool table and a men's room that begs to have its floors pissed on don't detract from the good-time feeling powered by a jukebox that earned this place the moniker "Joe's Cowboy Bar." The urban-beat-cowboy thing among some of the regulars gets a little tired—but only sometimes. *520 E. 6th St. (473-9093).*

Riverrun—A hybrid beer hall–subway tunnel whose most architecturally significant objects are the phone-booth-size pissoirs. Have a beer with Danny, the best bartender in town. And have a boiled egg—they're free. While you're at it, drop a dime in the cheapest jukebox this side of 1940. *176 Franklin St., nr. Hudson St. (966-3894).*

The Rainbow Promenade—Head bartender Dale Degroff has been creating cocktails and perfecting the classics for years, and nothing beats the view at sunset. The line starts on Thursday and lasts all weekend, so drop by early in the week. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5100).*

Photograph by A. Maxwell.

in concert

Spanish Dances...Viennese Players...Blue Hills

Classical Music

Tuesday, February 27

New York Philharmonic—Performs Mahler's Sixth Symphony; Daniele Gatti, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 7:30; $15–$60.*

Speculum Musicae—Performs the New York premiere of Milton Babbitt's *Triad. Miller Theater, Columbia University (854-7799), at 8; $5.*

Iceland Symphony Orchestra—Performs works by Liefs, Grieg, and Sibelius; Osmo Vänskä, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $15–$50.*

Wednesday, February 28

Daniel String Quartet—Performs works by Mozart, Dvořák, and Shostakovich. *Miller Theater, Columbia University (854-7799), at 8; $20.*

Guarneri String Quartet—Performs Brahms's compositions for piano and string quartet, with pianist Elizabeth Leonskaja. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $30.*

Moscow Virtuosi—Perform works by Strauss, Mozart, and Part;Vladimir Spivakov, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $20–$40.*

Thursday, February 29

Bargemusic—Works by Bach, Boccherini, and Brahms. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge (718-624-4061), at 7:30; $15–$23.*

New York Philharmonic—Performs works by Bernstein, Gershwin, and Chadwick; Leonard Slatkin, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $15–$60.*

Concordia Orchestra—Premieres William Thomas McKinley's *Crazy Rags;* Marin Alsop, conductor. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $25–$35.*

Verdehr Trio—Performs new music by Erb, Biggs, and Bolcom. *Miller Theater, Columbia University (854-7799), at 8; $10.*

Vienna Philharmonic—With soprano Heidi Grant Murphy and mezzo-soprano Florence Quivar; Seiji Ozawa, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $25–$135.*

Musicians from Marlboro—Perform works by Mozart, Hindemith, and Dohnanyi. *Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum of Art (570-3949), at 8; $20.*

Friday, March 1

Richard Stoltzman, Clarinetist—With pianist Lukas Foss, performs works by Gershwin, Ives, and Copland. *Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $30.*

Vienna Philharmonic—See 2/29.

New York Philharmonic—See 2/29.

Saturday, March 2

Vienna Philharmonic—See 2/29, at 2.

Blue Hill Troupe—Performs highlights from Gilbert and Sullivan operettas. *Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum of Art (570-3949), at 2:30; $15.*

New York Chamber Symphony—Performs works by Handel,Vivaldi, and Richard Harvey. *92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100), at 8; $30.*

Dance of the Ancient Spider—World music and ritual dance by I Giullari di Piazza. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $15–$20.*

New York Philharmonic—See 2/29.

Sunday, March 3

Thomas Riebl, Violist—Third artist in a four-concert tribute to Hindemith. *Miller Theater, Columbia University (854-7799), at 3; $15.*

American Symphony Orchestra—Performs an homage to founder Leopold Stokowski; Leon Botstein, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 3; $20–$42.*

Maurizio Pollini, Pianist—Performs an all-Beethoven sonata program as part of his season-long marathon. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 3; $13–$60.*

Bargemusic—See 2/29, at 4.

St. Ann's 30th Anniversary—Distinguished alumni, including violinist Nick Eanet, composer Ben Yarmolinsky, and pianists Wendy Fang Chen and Justine Chen, perform for the Brooklyn school's birthday. *Town Hall, 123 West 43rd St. (307-7171), at 4; $30.*

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Marian Lee, Pianist—Performs works by Bach, Prokofiev, and Chopin. *Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 5:30; $14.50.*

Tribute to Dimitri Mitropoulos—Performed on piano, violin, and cello. *Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (721-6500), at 7:30; $15.*

New York Chamber Symphony—See 3/2, at Alice Tully Hall.

Monday, March 4

Orpheus Chamber Orchestra—Performs works by Beethoven, Sibelius, and Stravinsky. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $13–$60.*

Opera

Metropolitan Opera—Mozart's *Così fan tutte,* 2/27 at 8, 3/2 at 8;Verdi's *Aïda,* 2/28 at 8, 3/2 at 1:30; Verdi's *La Forza del Destino,* 2/29 at 8; Puccini's *Madama Butterfly,* 3/1 at 8. *Metropolitan Opera, Lincoln Center (362-6000); $23–$175.*

New York City Opera—Verdi's *La Traviata,* 3/1 at 8; Puccini's *Tosca,* 3/2 at 1:30; Puccini's *La Bohème,* 3/2 at 8; Gilbert and Sullivan's *The Mikado,* 3/3 at 8. *New York State Theater, 20 Lincoln Center (870-5570); $17–$78.*

Amato Opera—Donizetti's *Don Pasquale.* 3/2 at 7:30, 3/2 at 2:30. *Amato Opera Theater, 319 Bowery (228-8200); $18.*

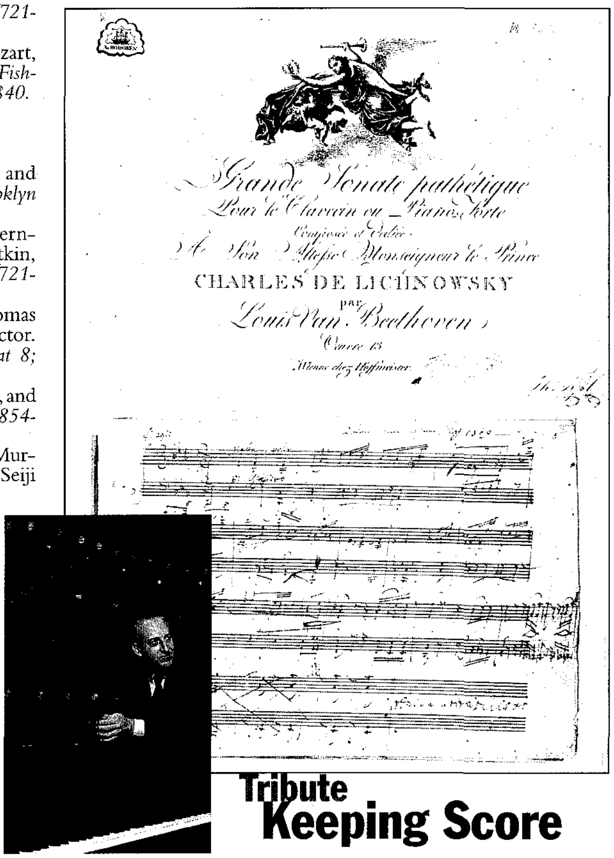
Dance

Feld Ballets/NY—2/27–3/3 at 8, 3/3 at 4. Through 3/31. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); $30.*

National Ballet of Spain—Merges classical ballet with traditional flamenco. 2/27–3/2, 3/5–3/9 at 8, 3/2 and 2/9 at 2. *City Center, 55th St. bet. Sixth and Seventh Aves. (581-1212); $25–$55.*

Kay Poursine—Performs classical South Indian dances from the Tanjore court. 3/1 at 9, 3/2 at 8. *Cunningham Studio, 55 Bethune St., eleventh floor (586-5885); $10.*

Amy Pivar Dances—Performs excerpts from *Wailing Wall.* 3/3 at 3. *92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (415-5552); $7.*



Grande Sonate pathétique
Pour le Clavecin ou Piano-forte
Composée et Dédiée
À Son Altesse Monseigneur le Prince
CHARLES DE LICHNOWSKY
par
Louis Van Beethoven
Oeuvre 13

Tribute
Keeping Score

Beethoven's piano sonatas get a double airing starting February 27, when autograph manuscripts and sketch pages, plus an ear horn or two, go on display at Carnegie Hall's Rose Museum in an exhibition concurrent with pianist Maurizio Pollini's season-long sonata marathon. He performs Sonatas 16 through 32 on March 3, 8, 17, and 21.

restaurants

A New Odessa...Winter Salad...Tabac Again

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Manhattan

Lower New York

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

American Renaissance—The dining room of Eric Blauberg's grand restaurant in the American Thread Building looks like the monastery of the order of Saint Liberace. Chef Blauberg uses very of-the-moment infusions to create some of the freshest and most carefully prepared food in town. *260 W. Broadway, two blocks south of Canal St. (343-0049). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Baluchi's—Indian fare served in a cozy, comfortable atmosphere in the center of SoHo. Have a seat on a patchwork chair amid fantastic imported treasures. *193 Spring St., bet. Thompson and Sullivan Sts. (226-2828). Also, 1565 Second Ave., nr. 81st St. (288-4810). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bo Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. *80 Bayard St. (406-2292). (I) ($).*

Bouley—Born to French parents and raised on his grandparents' farm in Connecticut, David Bouley knows the basics of classic French cooking, but he's given them his own signature style. Reserve weeks in advance, especially for Friday or Saturday night. There's a prix fixe at lunch and a six-course degustation at dinner. *165 Duane St., nr. Hudson St. (608-3852). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty. But then, the Hudson River figures prominently so many ways here. Chef Waldy Malouf uses farmers and their produce from along the Hudson River valley to reinvent traditional American fare. *4 World Financial Center (786-1500). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Il Palazzo—Dine in the backyard to the murmur of waterfalls. Try homemade pastas and other Italian fare. *151 Mulberry St. (343-7000). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Kelley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. *127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (228-1212). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

L'Ecole—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special three- and five-course menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sundays. *462 Broadway, at Grand St. (219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, TriBakery and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Nacho Mama's Brewery—A lofty new brewery in SoHo serving microbrewed beer and the kind of food, from chicken wings to gourmet burritos, that goes with it. The scene is as young and lively as would be expected. *40–42 Thompson St., at Broome St. (925-8966). (I) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Nick and Eddie—If every neighborhood had a corner comfort-food port like this one, most of us would never leave. So we travel to this muted room with the other strivers, hustlers, strictly business types, and family-night-outers who flock to feel like part of the woodwork. *203 Spring St., at Sullivan St. (219-9090). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (966-3518). (M) AE, MC, V.*

SoHo Kitchen and Bar—Grape nuts celebrate the 96-spigot Cruvinet, ordering flights of Cabernets or

Michael Kaufman and Will Jones.

Restaurant

Soul Asylum

Just east of the chaotic hubbub of Copeland's, WillieMichael's Southern Cafe serves up comparably scrumptious fried chicken and grits. This spring, the owners turn their cozy cafeteria into a national chain, using their Harlem outpost as a prototype. (1941 Madison Avenue, near 124th Street.)

Photograph by Steffen Thalemann.

seven Pinot Noirs to taste and compare, but SoHo neighbors love it, too—for all those beers on tap, for the thin-crust pizza, for a glance at the game on the TV overhead. *103 Greene Street., nr. Prince St. (925-1866). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—An 1807 landmark farmhouse, this BBQ joint serves up chicken and ribs that you're not likely to forget. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Zoë—Charmingly hosted, megadesigned, and packed at lunch. Exceptional American wine list and an eclectic menu featuring contemporary American dishes like crispy calamari with Vietnamese dipping sauce, wood-grilled Angus sirloin with basil mashed potatoes and bourbon sauce, and German chocolate cake with banana ice cream. *90 Prince St. (966-6722). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

South Street Seaport

Gianni's—A standout among the meager pickings at the Seaport. Good view of the people on parade, if that's important. Yes, an Italian menu. *15 Fulton St. (608-7300). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Harbor Lights—Comfort food in elegant French-ish environs with a breathtaking view of three bridges. *Pier 17, third floor (227-2800). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Pedro O'Hara—Nouveau Mexican and barrel-size frozen drinks on the promenade. *Pier 17 (227-6735). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sgarlato's Cafe—Italian cooking and a view of the three bridges that span the East River south of 59th Street. *Pier 17, promenade level (619-5226). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Casanis—A shrine to French barroom bric-a-brac in the basement. A bistro that is as Paris was in the sixties. Yes, that was Jean-Paul Belmondo. *54 E. 1st St. (777-1589). (M) ($).*

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Haveli—Haveli distinguishes itself from the Sixth Street strip, for its food as much as its upscale decor. Possibly the only East Village restaurant with an *intentionally* shattered windowpane. *100 Second Ave., nr. 6th St. (982-0533). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Miracle Grill—This is what Bobby Flay did before Mesa Grill, and some regulars still prefer the low-key, casual atmosphere and the lively garden out back. The grilled vegetable plate surpasses most. *112 First Ave., nr. 7th St. (254-2353). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Three of Cups—Proving that the East Village has room enough for another wood-burning oven pizza parlor besides Two Boots. The "mickey," a charred spud dripping with butter, shouldn't be missed. *83 First Ave., at 5th St. (388-0059). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Andalousia—This relatively undiscovered Village Moroccan rightly prides itself on its roster of tagines and couscous specials. B'stilla is a standout. *28 Cornelia St. (929-3693). (I) MC, V.*

Bar Pitti—This Tuscan trattoria, with tables spilling out onto the sidewalk, has simpler, cheaper food than Da Silvano next door, but it's just as good a spot to sip an espresso and watch the Village foot traffic. Great fettunta. *268 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-3300). (I–M) ($).*

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. *260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—Open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Try the veal couscous and the Mediterranean antipasto plate. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Le Zoo—The newest West Village scene, with lots of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like poulet grand mère, saumon en croute, and cassolette. *314 W. 11th St. (620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V.*

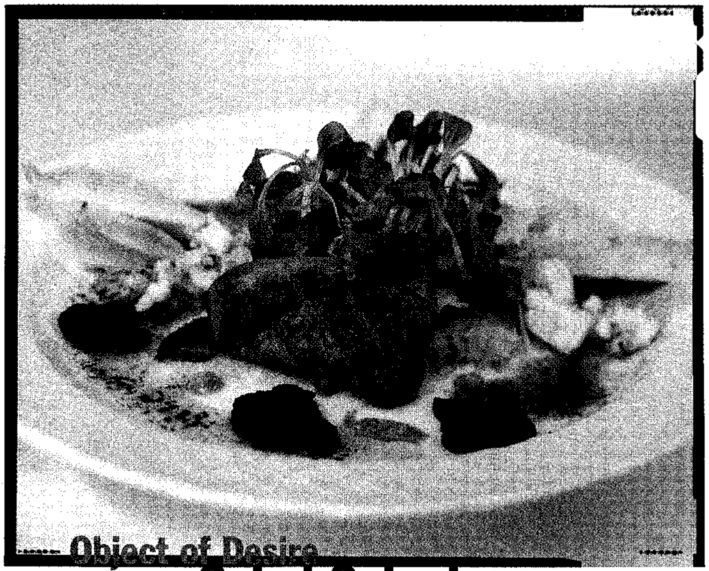
Rincon de España—Spanish restaurant offering excellent paella and seafood; very small and intimate. *226 Thompson St. (475-9891/260). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Rose Cafe—This quiet and casual American bistro draws a diverse crowd. One of the only places where you can go and sit on Fifth Avenue and not break the bank. *24 Fifth Ave., at 9th St. (260-4118). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Tio Pepe—A reliably festive spot for classic Mexican and Spanish fare, from tapas to paella Valenciana, with an enclosed sidewalk café and skylit garden room. *168 W. 4th St. (242-9338). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Villa Mosconi—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. *69 MacDougal St. (673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Ye Waverly Inn—This shrine to Colonial times offers American standards like chicken potpie, baked peasant meatloaf, Indian pudding, and hot mulled wine. The room in the landmark building, dated to 1844, has *three* working fireplaces, and is decorated, in true Laura Ashley fashion, with lace curtains and floral wallpaper. *16 Bank St. (929-4377). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*



Salad Spinning

Rather than concede to dreary February iceberg, La Gallerie chef Francis La Catena tosses uncommon ingredients—black truffles, greenhouse strawberries, Stilton, macadamia nuts—with mesclun, mâche, and a tart kalamata coulis for an unexpectedly satisfying winter salad. (1435 Second Avenue, near 75th Street.)

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot invented by Charles Palmer and designer Fernando Saralegui, but the food is all very twentieth-century: crispy shrimp cocktail, cod-and-salmon cakes, veal stew, an exciting cheese course. *36 E. 22nd St. (228-4399). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

An American Place—This venerable midtown spot is to New York as Chez Panisse is to Berkeley. With his eclectic American menu, Larry Forgione made the national cuisine interesting again. *2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Back Porch—Ideal spot for Murray Hill residents to meet for drinks alfresco and southwestern-flavored fare. Sit outdoors as long as the weather holds. *488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bobby O's City Bites—Patrick Swayze's second restaurant (with partner Bobby Ochs) specializes in casual American fare like steak, sandwiches, pizzas, and soup. The laid-back atmosphere and affordable food draw a young neighborhood crowd that mingles and eats surrounded by enormous photos of celebrities taking—you guessed it—big bites. *560 Third Ave., at 37th St. (681-0400). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Brew's—As casual and comfortable as a burger joint gets. This two-story landmark always pleases. Great beer selection, and the always hospitable longtime owners, the Brew family, make this an oasis in the desert above 14th Street. *156 E. 34th St. (889-3369). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Campagna—The *Late Show With David Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . .? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

The Cigar Room at Trumpets—This clubby hotel dining room features hearty American fare like steaks, chops, and seafood, should you feel like eating. The *real* specialty is the menu of 25 cigars from Nat Sherman and Davidoff of Geneva, any of which would be well-paired with a single-malt scotch. Jackets required. *Grand Hyatt New York, Park Ave. at Grand Central Terminal (850-5999). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, old-world establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, TM, V.*

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, borrowing from the flavors and ingredients of the American Southwest. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun. Great quesadillas. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

hotograph by Steven Freeman.

Restaurant
The Social Laws of Thermodynamics

This month, Cafe Tabac turns five. In trendy-restaurant years, that's the crucial juncture at which a place can either adapt its image or, painfully, become a has-been. The ebullient reign of this flash boîte, in 1992 as hot as any room in recent memory, lasted longer than most but suffered a rapid decline two years ago. Now it's coming into its own again. While the aisle from stairway to wall no longer doubles as a runway and you won't get the power hit of Keith Richards playing pool or Madonna answering the phones, this more mature Cafe Tabac is, for many, a more pleasurable dining experience. The low-lit room is flattering and romantic as always, the booming sound system still plays (at a more civilized decibel level) everything from old Al Green to cutting-edge releases, and maître d' Tim Moore remains, by all accounts, one of the best below 14th Street. As for the food, it's no longer worthy of mockery. Pumpkin ravioli in buttered sage broth or crisp cornmeal-coated oysters are a fine start, and shredded duck on wild-mushroom pancakes, broiled Canadian salmon with celery-root purée, roast chicken with mushroom demi-glace, and creamy polenta and broccoli rabe can be savored without fear of scrutiny by haughty staff or judgmental diners. You can even eat upstairs if you want, without clearing a door policy. **Beth Landman**

Photograph by Bernd Auers

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. *414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Rossini's—Northern Italian fare served in a musical room: a strolling guitarist Mondays through Thursdays, live piano music on Fridays, and a live opera trio on Saturdays. *108 E. 38th St. (683-0135). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Water Club—The setting and view from this East River barge is what all the fuss is about. The American fare, from crab cakes to Maine lobsters to Sunday brunch, is fine. *500 E. 30th St. (683-3333). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. *216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (243-4433). (I–M) ($).*

Bryant Park Grill—This long-awaited restaurant on the edge of the city's prettiest pocket park has been mobbed from day one. Go at an off-hour for Caesar salad, New York steak, soft-shell crabs, and scallion pancakes. *40th St., between Fifth and Sixth Aves. (840-6500). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cafe Americanstyle—An ideal rest stop for Lord & Taylor shoppers, whether they're simply grabbing a bite or resting their weary feet for hours. American fare in a simple setting. A welcome respite from the unruly retail throng. *424 Fifth Ave., nr. 39th St. (391-3344). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Luma—Luma used to be famous for its nutritional asceticism: no meat, no fat, no fun. Now the only restriction is the chef's efforts to use organic ingredients. Butter, beef, and crème brûlée abound. Enjoy. *200 Ninth Ave., at 22nd St. (633-8033). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Moran's—Charming and timeless New York City pub that's been around for 38 years. The friendly staff is, you guessed it: Irish. *146 Tenth Ave., at 19th St. (627-3032). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., 45th St. at Vanderbilt Ave. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. *99 E. 52nd St. (754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fresco—It's a family affair: The Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops and fish) on the table. *34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The $46 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (753-4500). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lutèce—The name is still synonymous with dishes like Dover sole, cassoulet, and rack of lamb. After three decades of defining traditional French cuisine, master chef André Soltner ceded the reins to relative innovator Eberhard Müller. The kitchen still astonishes. *249 E. 50th St. (752-2225). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Montebello—Shifting gears between neighborhood dinners and business lunches, the room transports patrons from their bustling surroundings to Northern Italy. *120 E. 56th St. (753-1447). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Oceana—Fish-savant Rick Moonen's extensive and excellent seafood menu make this room, reminiscent of the dining cabin on an elegant ocean liner, a favorite for business lunches and romantic evenings alike. The new upstairs bar is a perfect retreat for cocktails and seafood snacks in midtown. *55 E. 54th St. (759-5941). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ristorante De Grezia—A midtown spot, popular among the neighborhood's businessmen, serving gourmet Northern Italian cuisine. *231 E. 50th St. (750-5353). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Shinbashi-an—Sophisticated midtown spot for Japanese food, with specialties including tempura, sukiyaki, shabu shabu, and sushi in a sleekly modern setting. Closed Saturday. *141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. *Third Ave. at 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American fare with Continental touches. The dinner crowd comes to rubberneck and dance. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne—The Art Nouveau elegance and hush make this a perfect spot for an illicit tryst or a business lunch. A United Nations of flavors. *700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula. (247-2200). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. Seven hours' free parking after 5:30 P.M. *Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (332-7620). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Aquavit—An elegant midtown respite for sophisticated Scandinavian food, set in the glass-enclosed atrium of the former Rockefeller mansion. The menu offers delicately flavored Swedish versions of tea-smoked duck, lobster salad, venison, and, of course, gravlax and herring. *13 W. 54th St. (307-7311). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAS while you dine. Free dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Cafe Un Deux Trois—Theater District landmark serving French bistro food like steak au poivre, steak tartare, and grilled salmon. *123 W. 44th St. (354-4148). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

entury Cafe—Theater-district cafe popular among actors and fans alike, with a prix-fixe menu and American fare like filet mignon and grilled salmon. *132 W. 43rd St. (398-1988). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

ité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

'44'—Still the first stop for the officers of the Condé Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor feels like the center of the Earth. Given the theatricality, surprisingly terrific food. *44 W. 44th St., in the Royalton (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

ewel of India—A spicy bargain at lunch. Mother-of-pearl and gold-leaf trimming give this room an elegant appeal. *15 W. 44th St. (869-5544). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

udson Grill—Bustling space in midtown office tower with surprisingly inventive American grill food and a bar scene to rival most. *152 W. 52nd St. (582-5252). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

ulian's—This casual Mediterranean restaurant doesn't get as frenetic as its sister establishment next door, but it still qualifies as a fun place to dine in Hell's Kitchen. The menu offers grilled swordfish, sautéed chicken breasts with grapes and pine nuts, and a range of Sicilian and Southern Italian specialties. *802 Ninth Ave. (262-4288). (I–M) AE, DS, TM.*

a Bonne Soupe—Checked tablecloths, steak frites, onion soup, and crème caramel to fall in love with. Twenty years ago, long before New Yorkers knew they loved casual French dining, this midtown mainstay set the pace. *48 W. 55th St. (586-7650). (I) AE, MC, V.*

a Côte Basque—Jean-Jacques Rachou's transplanted shrine to French cooking has preserved the Basque murals and the coddled atmosphere of the original location one block east. Modernized, with a menu more "American with a French accent," and Richard Leach in charge of elaborate pastry design, the old-world institution has been successfully reborn. Open Sundays. *60 W. 55th St. (688-6525). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

a Reserve—Justifiably crowded during pre-curtain times; stop by during odd hours for sophisticated French offerings and environs. *4 W. 49th St. (247-2993/299). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

angan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

attanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. *361 W. 46th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only.*

e Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

lartini's—Convenient for pre- and posttheater, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and wood-oven pizza. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

atsy's—If it's good enough for Frank, it's good enough for you. Upscale Neapolitan eatery rooted in the glorious fifties. *236 W. 56th St. (247-3491). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Rainbow Room—"Where troubles melt like lemon drops," boasts this perch in the sky. The restaurant is 65 stories up and more than 60 years old, and its stellar views of New York give it reason to gloat. Romantic, with a solid Continental menu. Jacket and tie required. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. *148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Sea Grill—Plush, cozy dining room open to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, mint-touched carpaccio of yellowfin-tuna mignon, and swordfish steak at premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (332-7610). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

'21' Club—The new, old, younger '21' has lost its hauteur at the door but not its toys in the artfully restored saloon. Club classics alongside contemporary whimsy at prices that stagger, but from 10:30, supper is a bargain. *21 W. 52nd St. (582-7200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, second-story pastaria for slightly Americanized Italian classics. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home at I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Les Célébrités—Plush and old-fashioned, this imposing dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen. Dinner only. *160 Central Park So. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aïoli. *405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Motown Cafe—Motor City music, live and memorialized in showbiz displays, keeps the crowds lining up. So do the down-home midtown versions of barbecue, fried chicken, meatloaf, and crab cakes. *104 W. 57th St. (581-8030). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Petrossian—Fast food for the very rich in an Art Deco setting with carved frosted glass, mink-trimmed banquettes, and period bronzes—lean flappers with leaner wolfhounds. *182 W. 58th St. (245-2214). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Serendipity 3—A fun house for grown-ups and kids alike, with a foyer boutique and a wildly eclectic American menu featuring frozen hot chocolate, foot-long hot dogs, and fabulous dessert concoctions. *225 E. 60th St. (838-3531). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Arizona 206—Innovative southwestern, situated amid a cluster of movie theatres, and spitting distance from Bloomingdale's. Adobelike setting with fireplace and active sort-of-singles bar. Ideal spot for a drink or a feast. *206 E. 60th St. (838-0440). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

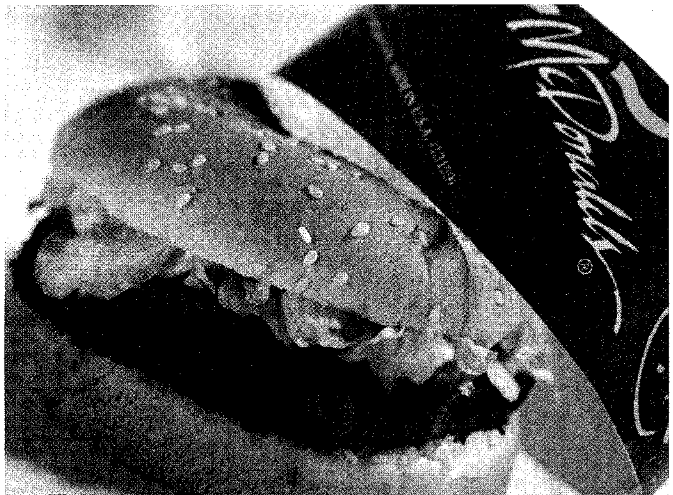
Baraonda—When the rest of the neighborhood is dark, this elegant Northern Italian hot spot is just starting to glow. The Rangers celebrated their Stanley Cup victory here, and yes, that was George Michael. *1439 Second Ave., at 75th St. (288-8555). (M) ($).*

The Boathouse Cafe—This is a glorious oasis in Central Park where you'll find an array of seasonal specialties like roast rack of lamb, farfalle with spring vegetables, and crabmeat-and-grapefruit salad. *Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Cafe Crocodile—A French Mediterranean bistro with dishes ranging from Provençal to Moroccan. An intimate, romantic restaurant in a townhouse crowded with flowers and oil paintings. Serious foodies from the neighborhood and the occasional gaggle of well-informed Euro-tourists. *354 E. 74th St. (249-6619). (M) AE.*

Cafe Pierre—The next best thing to room service is this warm, intimate dining room. Serving contemporary French cuisine, this is the perfect elegant spot to enjoy good food and discreet conversation. Dinner dancing, starting at nine Thursday through Saturday. *2 E. 61st St., in the Hotel Pierre (940-8185). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

China Fun—Bustling noodle house, with authentic Chinese dim sum, seasonal specials, and weekend brunch. Perfectly situated for post-movie dining. *1239 Second Ave., at 65th St. (752-0810). (I) AE, MC, V.*



Tribute

McLean, R.I.P.

Five years old and still ignored by fast-foodies, McDonald's seaweed-and-beef McLean Deluxe has been discontinued. New York sales are all-important, says the manager of a Murray Hill branch that sells, tops, eight a day, versus 400 Big Macs. "If an item can't make it here, it won't make it anywhere."

hotograph by Steve Wisbauer.

El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. *1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Elaine's—Primarily a clubhouse for the city's notables and wannabes. A table here is considered a badge of honor by some. While discussing the issues of the day, try American fare for very busy people. *1703 Second Ave., bet. 88th and 89th Sts. (534-8103). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Hi-Life Restaurant & Lounge—A seamless fusion of a steakhouse and an ocean-liner lounge. The dining room's landscape is speckled with round booths so big and luxurious that they seem structural. This place has two gears: As the evening wears on, the young-moms-with-strollers eatery gives way to an East Side hot spot complete with a sushi bar. *1340 First Ave., at 72nd St. (249-3600). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Hosteria Fiorella—This friendly neighborhood Tuscan trattoria serves especially fine antipasto and seafood, including a filet mignon of tuna and a claypot-roasted salmon, as well as a variety of pastas and thin-crusted pizzas. *1081 Third Ave., nr. 64th St. (838-7570). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Granita—A casually elegant two-story trattoria, serving charcoal-grilled fish, meat, and poultry, and thin-crust pizza from a wood-burning oven. Two fireplaces, and a smoking room for lighting up of a more personal nature. *1470 Second Ave., at 77th St. (717-5500). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Le Cirque—In the heady eighties, *haute* fashion, finance, and cuisine collided here. Owner Sirio Maccioni still orchestrates a lively scene, and Sylvain Portay still believes in the magic of foie gras and crème brûlée. *58 E. 65th St. (794-9292). (E) AE, CB, DC.*

Letizia—Upper East Side neighborhood Italian that treats everyone like a local. Try unusual pasta dishes like the half-moon ravioli filled with shrimp and broccoli rabe. *1352 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (517-2244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Lex—A spot for ladies who lunch, in exactly the right neighborhood. Lots of comfy food like club sandwiches, pot pies, beef stew, and brownies. *133 E. 65th St. (744-2533). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Marti Turkish Restaurant—Kebabs 'R' Us, and the stuffed cabbage is good, too. A dining room that seats 200 people, complete with live music and wandering belly dancers. There is also a "special party room." *1269 First Ave., nr. 68th St. (737-5922). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the *haute* neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sign of the Dove—Because the room is lush and romantic, this restaurant has sometimes been overlooked in the pantheon of memorable New York institutions. Right now, chef Andrew D'Amico is among the city's best, turning out eclectic cuisine that draws from influences all over the world. The prix fixe lunch is a good way to test D'Amico's talents. *1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (861-8080). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Toraya—A Japanese teahouse offering an enticing assortment of confections, green teas, and desserts. *17 E. 71st St. (861-1700). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

China Fun—Oodles of noodles, every which way, plus dim sum and Cantonese barbecue dishes. Try the Shanghai weekend brunch. *246 Columbus Ave., nr. 71st St. (580-1516). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Gabriela's—Real Mexican, promise. Don't come here for bulging burritos, but for fragrant chicken soup, steamed tamales that taste like corn, and tender pork marinated in Seville orange juice and spices. Try the *licuados*, fruit shakes, and the *aguas frescas*, fresh-fruit drinks, to cool off. *685 Amsterdam Ave., at 93rd St. (961-0574). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Hi-Life Bar & Grill—Big-city brasserie with retro feel. During the week, the mahogany French doors, an overstuffed banquette, and the oversize goldfish tanks provide a cozy refuge for the neighborhood. Fine food that ranges from steamed dumplings to strawberry sundaes. After dinner every weekend, a D.J. tilts the place toward a party. *477 Amsterdam Ave., at 83rd St. (787-7199). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Hunan Park—A standard Chinese restaurant on the Upper West Side, but when you have the craving, get your fix here. Yes, that was David Letterman. *235 Columbus Ave., nr. 71st St. (724-4411). Also, Hunan Park Two, 721 Columbus Ave., at 95th St. (222-6511). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Iridium—Amid every restaurant's struggle for uniqueness, this unusual American bistro has found its own. Its award-winning decor has been described as "Dalí Meets Disney" and is based o musical movements. Late-night jazz and Sunda brunch specials make it a welcome complemen to Lincoln Center. *44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121). (M AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

La Caridad—Chino-Latino soul food in a neighborhood notoriously devoid of restaurant personalit Mammoth portions, enormous lines. *2199 Broadway, at 78th St. (874-2780). (I) ($).*

Londel's—Food cooked soulfully on a bloomin strip off Strivers Row. Live music most nights an velvet rope at the front door create an ambienc not often associated with home cooking. Try th smothered pork chops, but be forewarned: Everything's cooked to order—*slow*-cooked to orde *2620 Frederick Douglass Blvd., at 140th St. (234 6114). (I–M) CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

M&G Diner—Dropping-off-the-bone short-rib sandwiches at the counter and low-key comfort. Jukebox is worth scanning. *383 W. 125th St. (864 7326). (I) ($).*

Main Street—This cavernous dining room with skylit atrium and general-store décor is a great plac for large parties (or hungry couples) dining family-style on enormous platters of meat loaf, terrines o macaroni and cheese, and trays of filet mignon a poivre. Bring an appetite. *446 Columbus Ave., n 81st St. (873-5025). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Ottoman Cuisine—This offshoot of a restaurant in Istanbul serves authentic Turkish fare like cream tarama, fresh dolma, savory lamb and chicken kebabs, and lamb shank with eggplant and tomato *413 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (799-6363). (I–M AE, MC, V.*

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at a it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky wit tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety fo gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass o port to accompany the amazingly rich and well chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (724-8585) (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Rain—Tamed for American consumption, the spices at this Upper West Sid Thai restaurant are fragrant rather tha fiery, but that doesn't detract from the appeal of dishes like pad Thai, prawn salad and curried beef. *100 W. 82nd St. (501 0776). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Sarabeth's—This New York institution a homey place for upscale down-hom food like chicken potpie and pancakes. also offers a children's menu and mouth-watering bakery counter, wit homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. *423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th S (496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sidewalkers—A smash-and-grab cra feast, but don't come alone. The mood this place requires a friend or ten to shar it with. *12 W. 72nd St. (799-6070). (M AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Sylvia's—A staple of the neighborhoo with a tradition and ambience stron enough to draw loyal customers from uptown and downtown. Live entertainme that truly aids digestion. *328 Lenox Ave bet. 126th and 127th Sts. (996-0660). (I) ($*

Tavern on the Green—A must for you country cousin. This mazelike collectio of dining rooms, each with a view of th park better than the previous one's, worth cutting the hansom-cab ride sho for. *Central Park at 67th St. (873-3200 (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

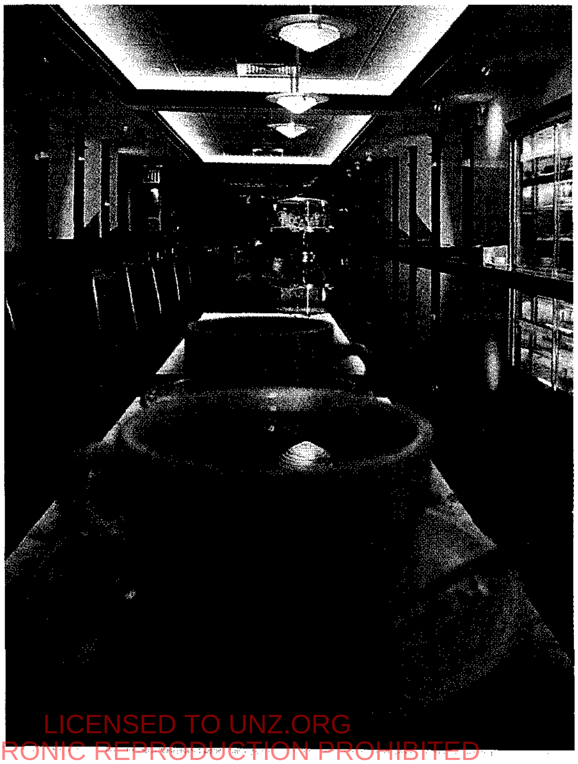
Wells—A talked-about chicken-and-waffle combination. One way or another, th restaurant has been a neighborhoo mainstay for nearly 60 years. *2247 Ada Clayton Powell Jr. Blvd., at 132nd St. (23 0700). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogan tables and red suede walls make this nic ified steakhouse less stultifying than i midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilin allow for a spectacular view of Linco Center, and there are seafood and pas for those who enjoy the company of meat-eater. *44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363 (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Preview

Upscaled Downtown

Scruffy Slavic coffee shop Odessa is trading in its vinyl booths and ancient paneling for spiffy new quarters next door. The revised menu includes steaks and chops—and tirami su?—but the pierogi and blintzes, as well as the 24-7 hours, remain (119 Avenue A).



Photograph by Warren Salow

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) ($).*

Gargiulo's—On its own block, with a fortress to fend off the encroaching pathos of Coney Island. Great food and service passed down through the family. The 100-foot Styrofoam octopus is gone, a casualty of the recent renovation. When pressed, Louis Russo will tell you he cooked it. *2911 W. 15th St., nr. Surf Ave. (718-266-4891). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Lundy Bros.—A restored Brooklyn landmark serving a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chicken, and steak but specializing in fresh seafood. Don't miss the raw bar or the reconstructed shore dinner. Closed Monday. *1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

The River Cafe—It's always worth crossing the bridge to sit waterside, enchanted by the skyline and a celebration of contemporary American cooking that predates the throng. Outdoor seating in season. *1 Water St. (718-522-5200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Two Tom's—Firehouse-kitchen ambience and a waiter who tells you what you want to eat. The double-rib pork chops are peerless, and the escarole is great, too, but refuse the mercilessly overcooked pasta when it's offered. Eat early during the week and call ahead on weekends. *255 Third Ave., nr. Union St. (718-875-8689). (I) ($).*

Queens

Elias Corner—Mix with the locals in Astoria as they queue up for a table at this Greek fish tavern. Don't wait for a menu; it won't come. Instead, eyeball the counter as you enter. If the offerings look like today's catch, they are. The owner fetches the fish each morning. Opt for the deep-fried, pinky-size bait fish over the squid. *24-01 31st St., at Astoria Blvd. (718-932-1510). (M) ($).*

Ralph's Italian Restaurant—Solid, hearty Italian food in a conventional restaurant setting. Dine under the chandeliers and try the osso buco, one of Ralph's specialties. *75-61 31st Ave., Jackson Heights (718-899-2555). (I) AE, DC, TM, V.*

Stick to Your Ribs—Deservedly heralded as New York's best barbecue, this cozy Queens joint draws fans from much further than across the East River. The barbecued Texas beef is sublime. *5-16 51st Ave., Long Island City (718-937-3030). Also, 433 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (501-7897). (I) ($).*

Water's Edge—East River views floor-to-ceiling windows; every table has a view of Manhattan. Quiet and elegant. *44th Dr. at the East River (718-482-0033). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Bronx

afe Sevilla—A cozy Spanish restaurant that people travel to from as far away as Yonkers. Try the chicken and rice and the seafood gumbo accompanied by sweet and garlicky plantains. *1209 White Plains Rd., nr. Westchester Ave. (718-792-3367). (M) AE, MC, V.*

arry's Jerk Center and Restaurant—An authentic island experience; not that polished resort ambience, the dirt-road-in-the-hills thing. *296 E. Gun Hill Rd., at Burke and Wilson Aves. (718-798-4966). (I) ($).*

Staten Island

esop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to this charming bistro and garden that serves inventive, bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis on handpicked fresh seafood. *1233 Bay St., Rosebank (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Scorsese *continued from page 40*

more blood. The more shining gold, the more blood, the more cracked skulls, the more heads they find in the desert. That's the basis of it. And it gets me angry."

"DE NIRO AND I HARDLY CHECK IN," SCORSESE says. "Usually when we work together, we're a lot together, but other than that, we only see each other on birthdays or holidays. But when we're doing a film and he gives me a look, I'll say, 'Yeah.' And he'll look at me and say, 'Well, you know what I mean.' I mean, we don't finish each other's sentences. Over the years, especially with *King of Comedy* and *Raging Bull,* he says, 'You know, they're really great. We were on our track, and maybe we were right then.' And I say, 'That's the whole point. You have to make your picture not for what's fashionable for the present but for, if we're lucky, some people who we're never going to see.' Bob says, 'If we're lucky, if you and I happen to look at it one late night on television, we won't be embarrassed by it.' " He laughs. " 'Twenty years from now, if we're still alive.' That's what he says. Both of us laugh."

"Marty and I'd known of each other, through friends, when we were 15 or 16," Robert De Niro says. But their lives hadn't intersected: De Niro came from 14th Street and ran with a clique called the Forty Thieves; Scorsese was the *botz*—slightly crazy—little downtown kid, nicknamed Marty Pills, who drew cartoon movies. They first met through a mutual friend—Jay Cocks's wife, the actress Verna Bloom—fifteen years after that. "I'd seen [Scorsese's *Mean Streets* precursor] *Who's That Knocking at My Door?,*" De Niro says. "And I understood where Marty was coming from with the material. Harvey Keitel played this guy going through religious ambiguities; his girl was giving him a hard time. I knew it was a personal statement from Marty."

De Niro has starred in eight Scorsese movies, and every one has been a deeply personal statement, even, to some extent, *Cape Fear.* "I've got the worst possible things about myself in those movies," Scorsese says. "Everything is up there on the screen. If they know how to look at it, they can see me, whether I like it or not."

What's been so striking about Scorsese's work, since he burst onto the world so brilliantly with *Mean Streets,* has been his struggle, as shown through the struggles of his protagonists, to come to grips with the fate of his own soul. Keitel's character's religious and sexual conflicts in *Mean Streets,* and the coke-addled final sequence of *GoodFellas,* were as great as anything Scorsese has done, and painfully autobiographical. What they showed was a soul on fire. What *Casino* seems to represent is a soul in which a certain amount of the fire has been quenched. With the Disney deal, Scorsese has finally erased all traces of the exile of ten years ago, and solidified his position of power. Will his art survive?

I FINALLY GET SCORSESE TO GO OUT. Not downtown; midtown. But out. We go to a restaurant a few blocks from his house, and we actually walk, at the risk of time and energy. I feel a little worried and protective about the little genius striding along beside me, but my protection is the last thing he needs. "I grew up in an area where on certain streets there was a sense of danger," he's told me. "I know how to walk across a street in New York. I can look a block away, and I can see some people might [pose a] difficulty, and I know how to avoid it."

We're installed, with fanfare, in the rear of the bright new Italian place, with a protective moat of empty tables around us, but Scorsese doesn't seem to register the obsequiousness: He's fully engaged with the task at hand, attending to the little recording machine on the tabletop. His concentration is almost frightening—even the concentration of his laughter. I ask whether there's anyone he envies. "Oh yeah, sure," he says. "I mean, people say [about me], 'Oh, he's the best director going,' et cetera. That's a very powerful thing to say. One has to be careful about that. I get excited when I hear it. I feel good about it for a few seconds. But then I realize I've seen more movies than they have." He laughs.

"I mean, one is always concerned," he says. "You're in a heavy marketplace, and the way things are these days, every film is such a throw of the dice. If one *Toy Story* is enough—as good a film as it may be; I haven't even seen it—but there's a certain trend. I know what happened to me in the early eighties because of a certain kind of picture that became successful. It makes it harder for you. And especially getting older, it makes it harder for you to keep fighting to stay alive. So you're competitive in that respect.

"Certain people's films—Bertolucci in particular, Kubrick—my mouth hangs open sometimes. Yeah, you wish you could do certain things like them. But then, you know, you look at your own films, and it's very important, I think, to keep yourself on a level of absolute uncertainty as to whether you can do anything. On *New York, New York,* I walked in and I thought I knew it all. Now I'll never let that happen again.

"I mean, you just try to do the best you can and you try to make it as honest as possible—to a certain way of life and to the characters and to what you want to say," Scorsese says. "I have no illusions. I know. I know what's going to happen. I mean, I don't expect anything to come of it for me, except one thing—hopefully, God willing, another picture. Nothing else!" He laughs. "That's all you can hope in life." ■

the mix

Catwalk . . . Garden Party . . . Papeterie

One-shot The [illegible] arrives at Madison Square Garden this weekend, with strictly amateur house pets competing against, and showing studied indifference to, "fabulous felines" such as LaPerm, Selkirk Rex, and Sphynx (the cat with wrinkles and no hair, above). Call 718-855-1928 for show-entry information.

John Leonard's Television Notes

Kidnapped by UFOs? ("Nova," 2/27; 8 to 9 P.M.; Channel 13) looks at the abduction craze; talks to Harvard psychiatrist John Mack, Cornell astronomer Carl Sagan, a hypnotist, and some refugees from the Mother Ship; thinks about beams of light, underwater bubbles, detached eyes, noses full of tracking devices, extracted semen, induced amnesia, alien babies, and orifice politics—and blinks. If so many people say it happened, well, then, maybe, who knows?—like witches in Salem and satanic pedophiles in day-care centers.

Breast Implants on Trial ("Frontline," 2/27; 9 to 10:30 P.M.; Channel 13) also reaches an adjournment of minds on the silicone gel–autoimmune disease controversy. If, says the editor of *The New England Journal of Medicine,* one percent of all women have connective-tissue diseases, and one percent have breast implants, then 10,000 women will have both implants and diseases just by chance. On the other hand, who funds these medical studies, and why are we always in such a rush to excuse corporate crimes, especially when the victims are female?

Blacklist: Hollywood on Trial (2/27; 10 to 11:30 P.M.; AMC) is more of what you saw three weeks ago if you were wired to Turner Classic Movies, with a bearded Alec Baldwin viewing with alarm the fifties Red Hunt, interviews with the victims (Lee Grant, Ring Lardner Jr.), snippets of their films, clips of the congressional hearings, and letters read aloud by the noble likes of Ron Howard, Morgan Freeman, Joe Mantegna, and Martin Sheen.

'Les Misérables' in Concert ("Great Performances," 3/2; 8 to 11:30 P.M. (including pledge breaks); Channel 13) is as good as you'll get without going there yourself—if what you feel you really need is a Victor Hugo music video, recorded in Royal Albert Hall on its tenth anniversary, with Colm Wilkinson and a loaf of bread as Jean Valjean.

Bruce Springsteen: Blood Brothers (3/3; 9 to 11 P.M.; Disney) gets all intimate with the Boss at his reunion, after a decade, with the E Street Band. Too much yak, to not much point, between chords, but Clarence Clemons gets to have his way-cool say, and the music written to talk back to Reagan sounds even better spitting in the eye of Newt.

Peter, Paul & Mary: Lifelines (3/11; 8 to 10:25 P.M.; Channel 13) wasn't available at press time for preview, but I went to the recording session and I can tell you not to miss the collegial walk-ons and sing-alongs of Richie Havens, Ronnie Gilbert, Tom Paxton, and Odetta. And Susan Werner, a young unknown (to me, till now), brings back Newport in the late fifties, when some of us strummed the guitar of ourselves as though we'd never die.

Good Company (Monday, starting 3/4; 9:30 to 10 P.M.; CBS) purports to be the anti-*Friends* sitcom: "This isn't and we aren't," says Wendie Malick, the new creative director of a New York ad agency, to Jon Tenney, who didn't get into art school at Yale, before they all have to come up with a campaign for toilet paper dosed with baking soda. We hear about Clios; we also hear about Wallace Stevens, who wrote poems while working for a Hartford insurance company. Malick is wonderful; the premiere (speaking, ah, semiotically) short on signifiers an therefore so-so.

Radio Highlights

Casper Citron—3/2 at 10 P.M.: Archduke Giza vo Habsburg talks with Metropolitan Museum o Art European curator Claire Le Corbeiller abou the exhibition "Fabergé in America"; directo Claire Le Corbeiller talks with actor Emmanuelle Beart about their new film *Nelly an Monsieur Arnaud;* Michelle Price, director of the Katherine Horney Clinic Treatment Center fo Incest and Child Abuse, talks with Professo Leah Lapidus on ways to help professionals recognize and report possible child abuse. WOR 710 AM.

Italian Sinfonia—3/3 at 6 P.M.: Nino Settipani, on of the owners of Caffe Biondi and Bruno Bakery visits Italian Sinfonia for a journey through culinary history. Caffe Biondi features seasonal an historical menus such as those based on food i 1942. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

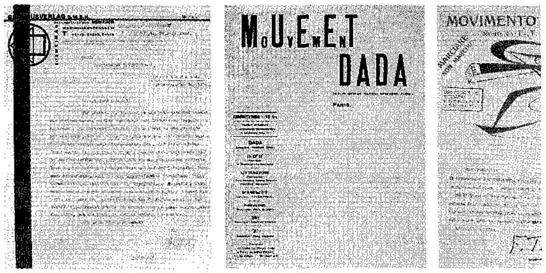
Symphony Hall—2/27: Beethoven's *King Stephen* Opus 117: Overture, and Dvořák's Symphon No. 9 in e, Opus 95, *From the New World.* 2/28 Mozart's Symphony No. 12 in G, K75b, an Schumann's Piano Concerto in a, Opus 54 2/29: Rossini's *William Tell:* Overture and Variations for Clarinet and Orchestra in C, Opus 109 3/1: Chopin's Piano Concerto No. 1 in e, Opu 11. 3/4: Vivaldi's Lute Concerto in D, RV 93 an *The Four Seasons,* Opus 8. 3/5: Mozart's Hor Concerto No.4 in E flat and Sibelius's Symphony No. 5 in E flat. Weeknights at 8; WQXR 96.3 FM.

Classic Radio—3/6 at 7 P.M.: The suspenseful *Dee Into Darkness,* starring Douglas Fairbanks J WFUV, 90.7 FM.

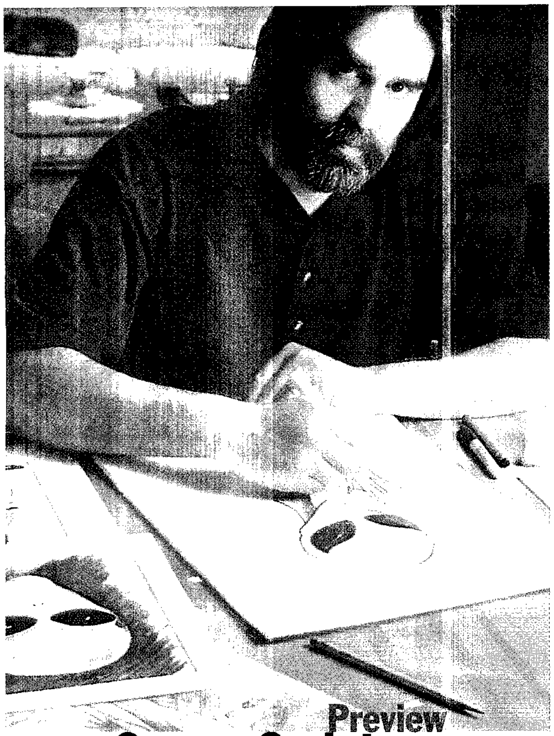
Texaco-Metropolitan Opera—3/2 at 1:30 P.M.: Verdi *Aïda.* With Nina Rautio, Dolora Zajick, Michae

Retrospective Paper Trails

Writing paper is not (yet) a casualty of progress, but little of today's formal stationery rivals the early-twentieth-century designs of "The Avant-Garde Letterhead" on view at the National Design Museum (860-6898).


MOUVEMENT DADA
PARIS
DADA
MOVIMENTO

Photograph: top, Barry Munge



Preview

Space Cadets

lien babies, induced amnesia, detached eyes, and other highghts of alleged extra-planetary abduction are mulled over by ome "refugees from the Mother Ship"; psychiatrists, hypnoists, and Carl Sagan also put in appearances in *Kidnapped by FOs?* (See listings.)

Slyvester, Juan Pons, and Hao Jiang Tian. Christian Badea conducts. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

oundprint—3/4 at 7:30 P.M.: "Skeletons in the closet." Gabriella was brought up under the impression that her father died in a drowning accident. Cathie Mahoney uncovers the dark secrets lurking behind a seemingly ordinary family situation. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

lew York and Company—2/27: Jean Houston discusses the meaning behind the myth in *The Passion of Isis and Oasis;* Elayne Rapping on *The Culture of Recovery,* which tries to make sense of the self-help movement in women's lives. 2/28: Brazilian pianist João Carlos Martins; authors John Dean and Jerry Zeifman on the crimes of Camelot and the impeachment of President Nixon in *Without Honor.* 2/29: Rodney Barker on his book *Dancing With the Devil,* the Clayton Lonetree story of sex, espionage, and the U.S. Marines; David Foster Wallace on his novel *Infinite Jest.* 3/1: Screenwriters Scott Frank and Richard LaGravenese compare notes. 3/4: Mark Rosenthal, who curated the exhibition "Abstraction in the Twentieth Century" at the Guggenheim Museum; feminist artist Judy Chicago discusses her autobiography, *Beyond the Flower.* 3/5: Robert Siegel, who edited *The NPR Interviews 1995;* Jack Rosenthal, editor of *The New York Times Sunday Magazine.* Edvard Radzinsky on his book *Stalin;* Pedro Almodóvar on his new movie, *The Flower of My Secret.* WNYC, 820 AM.

unday Night Opera House—3/3 at 8: Romberg's *The Student Prince.* John Owen Edwards conducts. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

The Written Word

iventing Desire: An Evening of Very Short Readings About Advertising, Product Fetishism, and Media Culture—3/4 at 8: Featuring Leslie Savan, Randall Rothenberg, *New York's* Paul Lukas, Sarah Saffian, and Mike Albo. The National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park So. (475-3424); free.

eter Carey and Nicholas Christopher—3/4 at 8: Reading at the 92nd St. Y on Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $8.

Sophie Cabot Black and Vijay Seshadri—3/6 at 8: The Poetry Project, St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th St. (674-0910); free.

Russell Banks and Deborah Eisenberg—3/7 at 7: D'Agostino Hall, 108 W. 3rd St. Free.

Bradford Morrow—3/7 at 7:30: Barnes & Noble at Union Square, 33 E. 17th St. (253-0818); free.

Lectures and Panels

Crisis in Education—2/27 at 7:30: Neil Postman, professor and chair of the Department of Culture and Communication at New York University, will host a discussion of his book *The End of Education: Redefining the Value of Schools.* Barnes & Noble, 1972 Broadway (595-6859); free.

War Correspondents: The Literature and Reporting of Conflict—2/29 at 8 A.M.: This Random House Literary Breakfast includes panelists Peter Arnett, Morley Safer, William Prochnau, Alfred Kazin, Jerry Nachman, and Liz Trotta. Mad.61, 10 E. 61st St. (940-7480); $35.

A Tribute to Henry Roth—2/29 at 6: A memorial program honoring the late author Henry Roth. Speakers participating will include: Morris Dickstein, Oscar Hijuelos, Alfred Kazin, Jonathan Rosen, and Robert Weil. Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 103rd St. (534-1672); free with suggested admission contribution ($5, $3 seniors and students).

Stanley Crouch—3/2 at 8: The jazz critic and essayist discusses "the decoy of race." 92nd St. Y on Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $18.

Mad About The Media—3/5 at 6: This conversation between Floyd Abrams, First Amendment attorney; Cynthia McFadden, legal-affairs correspondent for *ABC* News; and Jonathan Alter, senior editor of *Newsweek,* focuses on First Amendment issues relating to the media. Sotheby's, 1334 York Ave., at 72nd St. (800-444-3709); $25. Proceeds benefit the Lenox Hill Neighborhood House.

Black Male Writers and the American Dream—3/5 at 8: An evening of reading and discussion by contributors to *Speak My Name: Black Men on Masculinity and the American Dream.* Writers include Don Belton (who edited the anthology), Randall Kenan, and Walter Mosley. Miller Theater, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. (854-7799); $8, $5 students and seniors.

Events

New York Flower Show—3/8–3/17: The theme of the 1996 flower show is "Broadway in Bloom." Along with its numerous displays of flowers and demonstration gardens, there will be floral design demonstrations and other how-to presentations. The Horticultural Society will offer four free daily lectures at eleven in the morning, and afternoon lectures at 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30. The Coliseum, Broadway and 59th St. (800-553-2121); $12, $10 seniors and students, $6 children 6–12, free to children under 6.

International Cat Show—3/1–3/3: Close to 40 breeds will be represented at Madison Square Garden's 1996 show. Fri. 3–9 P.M., Sat. 10 A.M.–6 P.M., Sun. 10 A.M.–5 P.M. (465-MSG1); prices vary according to day of show, $10.50–$16.50.

Sports

Knicks—Mon., 2/26, at L.A. Lakers at 10:30. Wed., 2/28, at Sacramento at 10:30. Fri., 3/1, at Utah at 8. Sun., 3/3, vs. Golden State at 6.

Nets—Tues., 2/27, vs. Miami at 7:30. Thurs., 2/29, vs. Orlando at 7:30. Sat., 3/2, vs. Seattle at 7:30.

Rangers—Tues., 2/27, vs. Washington at 7:30. Wed., 2/28, vs. Boston at 7:30. Fri., 3/1, vs. Buffalo at 7:30.

Devils—Fri., 3/1, vs. Islanders at 7:30. Sat., 3/2, at Ottawa at 7:30.

Islanders—Tues., 2/27, vs. Detroit at 7:30. Thurs., 2/29, at Detroit at 7:30. Fri., 3/1, at New Jersey at 7:30. Sun., 3/3, vs. Winnipeg at 1.

Online

Physician Chat—Get some online advice about the treatment of childhood traumas and multiple personalities from two experts who treat these conditions. Chat with Drs. Stephen L. Trench and Susan Carpenter on America Online: 2/27 at 7 P.M.

Stars on Ice Forum—Professional ice skaters Kristy Yamaguchi and Paul Wylie (both Olympic Medalists) chat from the Nassau Coliseum, where they will be stunning the throngs of ice-skating fans later that evening. On Prodigy: 2/29 at 4:30 P.M.

Jon Avnet—Director of the upcoming film *Up Close & Personal,* starring Michelle Pfeiffer and Robert Redford. The film is said to be based on the life of the late NBC reporter Jessica Savitch. On Prodigy: 2/29 at 9 P.M.

Peter Lynch—Pick his brain for stock tips, bearing in mind that he's got enough money to make mistakes. On America Online: 3/1 at noon.

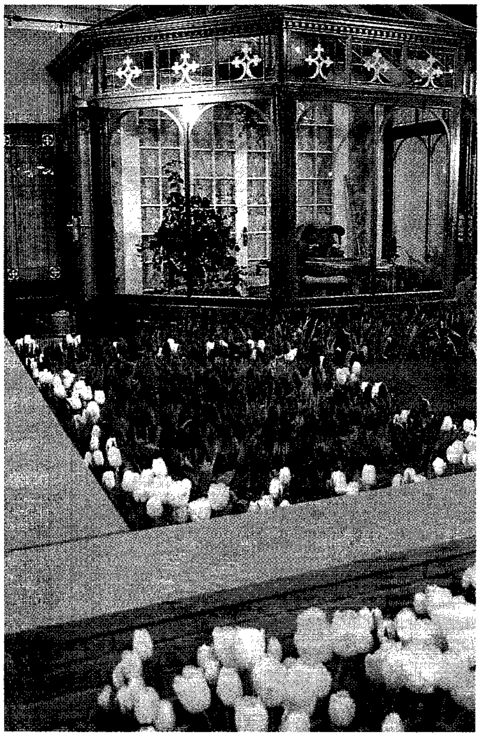
Mayflower Madam—Sydney Biddle Barrows (author, columnist, lecturer, and convict) will chat about her life: the ups, the downs, the mini-series. On America Online: 3/1 at 5 P.M.

Conferences last about one hour. Send suggestions to runnette@dti.net

On View

Flower People

"Broadway in Bloom" is this year's theme, and it sounds rather strenuously conceived (a twenty-foot castle and a waterfall for 'Camelot'). No matter: The 1996 New York Flower Show is still the best place for gardening inspiration and instruction. (See listings.)



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kids

Circus...Seville...Solar Hockey

Cue

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Robin Raisfeld
Restaurants & Bars

Randall Short
Theater
Cabaret

Children's Events

Ground Rules:

- ● = free
- ● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Bright Lights, Big Top—A human arrow, tightrope walkers, lions, and a guy from Kenya (by the name of Samson Power) who lifts heavy loads with his teeth are all in town, to perform in **Ringling Bros. and Barnum and Bailey's** self-proclaimed Greatest Show on Earth (see photo caption). Continental Airlines Arena (formerly Brendan Byrne Arena), 3/5–3/10; Nassau Coliseum, 3/13–3/19; and Madison Square Garden, 3/21–4/28. Ticket prices, regardless of location, are $10 to $35 (212-307-7171).

Weighing Both Sides—"Balancing Acts: Providing for Today, Preserving Tomorrow" invites visitors to play "solar air hockey," stroll through a German car-manufacturing plant that uses earth-sensitive production techniques, and see how wind energy is harnessed in Denmark; through 4/28. A hands-on "Black Achievers in Science" exhibit is also on display through 4/12. **Liberty Science Center,** Exit 14B off the New Jersey Turnpike, Jersey City (201-200-1000). Hours are Tues. through Sun. 9:30 to 5:30. Admission to the museum is $9 for adults, $8 for students and seniors, $6 for children ages 2 to 12.

Peter and the Wolf—Peter outwits the wolf in Prokofiev's classic introduction to instruments in the orchestra, narrated by NBC anchorwoman Jane Hanson. The Brooklyn College Conservatory Orchestra, conducted by Harry Saltzman, also performs a Vivaldi Concerto for strings, which the conductor uses to show the audience how the components of an orchestra work together. 3/3 at 2. Brooklyn Center for the Performing Arts, one block west of the intersection of Flatbush and Nostrand Aves., Brooklyn (718-951-4500); $8.●

All's Fair —Play life-size Candyland, join a West Side Manhattan–style Wheel of Fortune, or relax in what is being billed as a Waikiki-style cabaret. Admission is free; the price to participate in individual activities starts at 50 cents. 3/2 from 12:30 to 4:30. **The Day School Winterfest,** 1 West 88th St., at Central Park West (787-5315).

The Barber of Seville—**The Metropolitan Opera Guild** presents the comic opera sung in English with orchestra, full set, and costumes. The production is geared especially to children ages 6 through 12. 3/2, 3/3, and 3/10 at 2. John Jay Theater, 899 Tenth Ave., at 59th St. (769-7008); $25.●

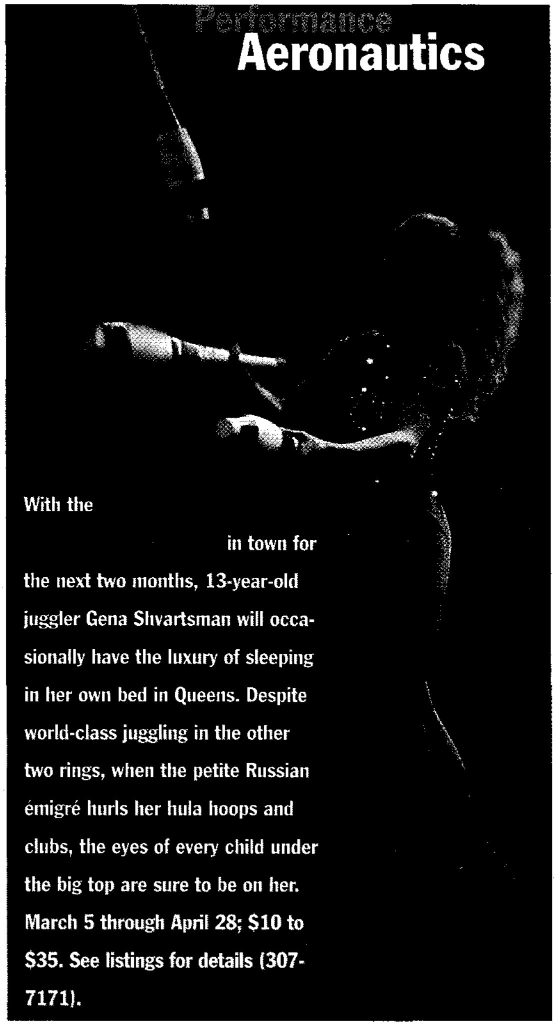
Where the Heart Is—The refurbished, renamed, and recently reopened **Museum of Chinese in the Americas** has on view "Where Is Home?," an exhibit of personal artifacts and shared family history. 70 Mulberry St., second floor (619-4785). Museum hours are Tues. through Sun. 10:30 to 5. General admission is $3, $1 for seniors and students, free for children under 12.

Educational Analysis—Once again the folks at the **92nd St. Y** shed light on a topic that can terrify the most stalwart parent: how to pick the right school for the kid in question. Beth Teitelman and Barbara Katz speak specifically about "Planning Your Child's Early School Years," with a look at how to observe and assess a preschool and how to take into consideration a particular child's needs. 3/7 at 8; $20 per family. Next week's sure-to-be-heated Wednesday Morning Seminar Series discussion is on whether you should urge your child "to give up the blanket, throw out the bottle, or stop using the pacifier" or not. 3/13 at 10:30; $5. 92nd St. and Lexington Ave. (996-1100). ●

Inside Out—Places that specialize in letting kids run amok, somewhere other than your apartment, during these frigid months: **The Children's Museum of Manhattan,** where two exhibits currently on display—"The World of Pooh" and "SoundsFun"—encourage running, sliding, jumping, and occasional banging; 212 W. 83rd St. (721-1223). **PlaySpace**'s two play environments with water, sand, ride-on toys, and dress-up outfits cater to kids up to 6 years old; 1504 Third Ave., at 85th St. (717-5200), and 2473 Broadway, at 92nd St. (769 2300). **WonderCamp** has a climb-on environment, karaoke, arts and crafts activities, and random jungle sounds; 27 W. 23rd St. (243-1111). **Discovery Zone** offers climb-through mazes, slides, ball baths, and bouncy surfaces of every description. DZ is at 258-278 Eighth Ave., at 23rd St., and several other locations around the city (691 6610).

For Art's Sake—Bring children to **The Museum of Modern Art** and let the professionals lead the discussion about what's there to see. "One-at-a-Time" drop-in guided gallery walks for children ages 5 to 10 are given Saturdays at 10 (doors open at 9:45). This week, the theme is "Hang It Up! Clothing and Art." Admission is $5 per family, including a free return pass. Call 708-9795 for a schedule of other programs. Enter through the Edward John Noble Education Center, at 18 W. 54th St. (11 W. 53rd St.; 708-9400.)

Theatrical—An elegant Spanish version of "Cinderella," replete with bullfights and a prince named Pépino, is at the recently renovated **Swedish Cottage Marionette Theater,** mid–Central Park at 81st St. Performances are Tues. through Fri. at 10:30 and noon, and Sats. at noon and 3. Reserve by calling 988-9093; tickets are $5 for adults, $4 for children. A musical version of the same, ever-popular story, performed with rod and hand puppets, is presented by the **Papageno Puppet Theater.** Sats. at noon, through 4/27, at the Brownstone School, 128 W 80th St. (874-3297). Reservations required; $6, free to children under 2. Slow and steady wins the race yet again in a musical version of "Tortoise and the Hare," the Aesop fable whose moral seems lost on New Yorkers of all ages, 3/2 at 1:30; **Tribeca Performing Arts Center** at BMCC, 199 Chambers St. (346-8500); $12 for adults, $7 for children. Favorite Gilbert-and-Sullivan songs "From Pinafore to Penzance" are performed around a piano for an audience of 7-to-12-year-old kids by the **Blue Hill Troupe**. The performance benefits several New York City Charities; 3/2 at 2:30; The Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1000 Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (570-3949); $15. "A Poppy Seed Purim" tells a musical version of the ancient story of Queen Esther and King Hamen, 3/3 at 11; **Merkin Concert Hall** 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330); $10. "Feeble Fable or the Princess and the Rock," in which the audience matches wits with the Terrible Tongue Twister Tangler and worse, takes place Sats through 3/30 at 1; **Here,** 145 Ave. of the Americas, one block south of Spring St. (647-0202) tickets are $5. **The Puppet Company** present "Franklin the Wizard," a musical marionette fairy tale hosted by Al E. Gator; 31 Union Square West, at 16th St., Loft 2B; Sat. and Sun. at 1 and 3, through 4/28; $7.50. Reserve (741-1646). Magician Shawn O'Toole brings his "Amazing Shawnee" dancing birds and bunnies to **Wing Theatre** Suns. at noon through 3/31; 154 Christopher St. (627-2961); $5. Schoolhouse Rock Live! is at the **Lamb's Theatre** Wed. and Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 8 and 10, Sun. at 3 130 W. 44th St. (239-6200); $20 to $25.



Performance Aeronautics

With the in town for the next two months, 13-year-old juggler Gena Shvartsman will occasionally have the luxury of sleeping in her own bed in Queens. Despite world-class juggling in the other two rings, when the petite Russian émigré hurls her hula hoops and clubs, the eyes of every child under the big top are sure to be on her. March 5 through April 28; $10 to $35. See listings for details (307-7171).

Photograph courtesy of Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey

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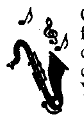

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Down To Earth, Single Jewish Male—41, businessman who is caring, sincere, intelligent and possesses traditional values, enjoys movies, sports, music, dining out and quality time with friends and family. Looking for a Jewish woman, 29-40, with similar interests, for friendship that could lead to romance and more. Note/photo/phone. 5315 ✉

You'll Probably Laugh—Jewish lawyer (a rarity in NY), 35, 6', 180-lb male, creative, kind, musical, balding (not by choice), yet still nearly attractive (in here, who isn't?), never married, understated and at my best in crowds of two and fewer ...seeks smart, talented, articulate, insightful, quietly exceptional woman, smoke-free and without pretense. Detailed letter please/photo (of you) helpful. 5336 ✉

Unique Opportunity—Unusual, very successful Manhattan male, 46, generous, fit, with integrity, humor, easy smile, rugged good looks - enjoys travel, the arts, beach and kids. Seeks slender, bright, affectionate, truly beautiful, special woman, 30-42, sensual, upbeat, to share thoughts and life's surprises. Note/photo. 5399 ✉

Successful Journalist—Down-to-earth, intelligent, pretty brunette, 35, 5'4", well-toned, well-traveled, Asia specialist. I enjoy art, architecture, hiking, biking, cooking; seeks ambitious, passionate, like-minded man, for serious relationship. Photo appreciated. 5417 ✉

Professional Gentleman, 32—Cute, well-built, 5'7", down-to-earth Jewish male with great sense of humor - seeks honest, attractive, intelligent woman to share life with. I enjoy long conversations, writing, drawing cartoons, horseback riding and attempting to cook. 5362 ✉

Slender, Attractive, Educated—Tall Jewish lady seeks tall, emotionally and financially secure, youthful 60ish man for friendship, laughter and beyond. 5389 ✉

Sensuous, Creative Brunette—Open-minded, 50s, high-end romantic homebody with rewarding career - seeks best friend and more to enjoy city living, the arts, garden by the sea, and me. Note/phone please. 5364 ✉ ☎

Lacking Nothing—Except you! 34, Jewish, surgeon specialist, 6'2", GQ looks/style, in combination with great values - seeking Jewish woman, 26-33, who is physically stunning, intellectually captivating and very kind. For outstanding, serious relationship. Phone/photo a must. 5382 ✉

Jet-Set Yachtsman—Handsome middle-aged male seeks woman, 20-35, to join him in following the sun year-round. Exotic travel and luxurious surroundings. Send note, photo and phone. 5378 ✉

Seeking Elusive Dream—Attractive white male, 46, professional, seeks sincere, commitment-minded female to share life's simple pleasures...forever and ever. Note and photo. 5342 ✉

Woman Of Substance Sought—By single Jewish man, 37, warm, sentimental, affectionate and fit, with diverse interests, both cultural and literary. Seeking a strong, spirited, intellectual woman, perhaps (just perhaps) with a bit (just a bit) of an edge, for dancing, for romancing and for keeps. Photo appreciated (not required). 5361 ✉ ☎

Interesting, Sensual Female—Desirous of meeting male, 45-50, with the following attributes, qualities or interests: a psychologically-conscious being; fit in body; a sentient being; well-established in business or profession, with excellent finances; a cultured and literate person whose idea of fun could be attending an opera, producing a dinner party, dancing ballroom or salsa, rollerblading, initiating deep conversations, singing at a piano. You'll know if you're close. Please, no fisherman. A personal note and photo are required. Thank you. 5386 ✉

Vibrant Surgeon/Inventor—An old-fashioned romantic with fire, good looks, artistic, really nice guy - tall, slim, athletic, 41, funny. Desires a sincere lady under 36, smart, tallish, for romance/family. Reply requires phone/photo. 5372 ✉

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Lights, Camera, Action!—Casting leading man, 38-50, in romantic comedy starring attractive Jewish executive woman. Let's create a happy ending. 5390 ✉

Beautiful, Classy Lady—Very romantic and very successful redhead who loves golf, tennis, traveling, Las Vegas, laughter and "living", seeks active professional male, 5'10" plus, 45-60, with similar interests, who enjoys working hard and playing hard. I'm in my 40s and looking good. Note/photo. 5318 ✉

Japanese, Long-Haired, Miniskirted—Happy smile, entrepreneur, 37, 5'4", seeks other half: Wall Street MBA (29-43) with suspenders. Both enjoy piano, French cooking, Bermuda. (212) only. 5330 ✉

Intelligence Is Sexy—To this athletic, warm, funny (to some), handsome, successful, late 30s Ivy League attorney. Tired of a procession of meaningless dates and yearning to enjoy friends, family, NYC as well as the country with a well-bred, unpretentious, pensive, challenging, playful non-smoking woman with a sense of humor, over 25. Slim or buxom or anywhere in-between doesn't matter as long as you're in decent shape. Prefer natural "Ivory Girl" or L.L. Bean type rather than glamorous or trendy. Cute as a button a plus. Fighting over who gets the sports pages first a big plus. Letter/photo/phone. 5353 ✉

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andsome Author/TV Personality—sychoanalyst, male, 47, 170 lbs, 6', green yes. Play golf, breed race horses. Enjoy rt and foreign travel. I seek an attractive, ndependent, intelligent and athletic emale. Photo. 5321 ✉

ay Woman—Early 50s, professional, arm and caring, seeks counterpart or friendship and possible romantic elationship. 5392 ✉ ☎

ute Jewish Female—36, 5'3", from orth Jersey. My interests are: art, omputers, working out and searching or the world's best pizza! If you're a ewish male with a good sense of humor especially about dating!), let's meet. ote/photo, please. 5319 ✉

ttractive European-Born Woman—Spontaneous, warm, 5'7", early 40s, computer-cientist/design architect. Enjoys the arts, ulture, mountains in all seasons, and ravel to unfamiliar places. seeks compati-le man, 40-55. Letter or e-mail. 5453.1352@CompuServe.com 5410 ✉

ophisticated Lady—Beautiful blond, 6, 5'5", warm, sensual, slender, athletic, uccessful professional - seeks a man, 8-60, who appreciates the finer things n life, for meaningful relationship. hoto/phone. 5348 ✉ ☎

ay NYC Female Health Professional—lim, 50s, seeks intelligent, sensitive oman with warmth/humor, for... 5363 ✉

onestly Youthful—In appearance and pirit - very pretty woman, 50, (212), ewish, well-educated, cultured, divorced, lender, with sense of humor and tact. eeks male countperart - attractive, kind, uccessful, who would relish a relation-hip with mutual respect and happiness volving the thrill of finding some-ne special, 50-68. Photo/note. 5394 ✉

retty, Petite, Professional—Blond lady, 4", 110 lbs, enjoy my home, music, the each, animals and good friends. Seeking handsome, secure professional gentle-an, 48-59, with an elegant soul. Note nd photo appreciated. 5329 ✉ ☎

pen House—Warm, handsome, youthful, ever married, Jewish male (45), executive PhD), North Shore, LI. Seeks a bright, pen, down-to-earth, attractive Jewish oman, who's ready and available to share ur lives. Photos exchanged 5408 ✉

o You Like Sports—(More partici-ation than spectator)? Can you hold a onversation well beyond a minute? Are ou a fit, stable, 29-35, respectably ttractive white male, at least 5'10", and ever married? If so, this 5'3" brunette male, who likes sports, is stable, nversant, attractive and fit, would like to ear from you. Note/photo a must. 5335✉

retty, Dynamic, Fun—Divorced ergen County female, late 40s - ontaneous, honest, sincere. Seeking lationship with Jewish professional, 4-57, who is honest, upbeat, romantic d fun. Photo appreciated. 5377 ✉

ith Style And Substance—Artistic and nsual, model-type Asian beauty, late 0s. Enjoys movies, travel, fine food, good challenge - both mentally and hysically. Seeks a sincere, intelligent, ccessful and charming single gentleman equal dynamic, 28-38. Note/photo/ one. 5328 ✉

Truly Beautiful—Fabulously exciting, happy, successful woman looking for Jewish man, nonsmoker, intelligent, 55-60, to share passion for ideas, love and each other. Photo/note/phone. 5395 ✉

Lost In Neverland—Jewish female psychologist, 35, 5'3", 110, long auburn hair, very pretty, ex-singer, single mom. Seeks grown-up Peter, unpretentious, good character, for real kiss, flight home. Note/photo, please. 5398 ✉

Friendship, Fun, Etc.—Liberal Catholic woman, 31, quiet but vibrant. Looking for 30ish, masculine man with a great smile. Enjoys art, music, dance, movies, ice-skating, outdoors. 5206 ✉

Asian Woman Sought—By cultured *gentleman. Your wit and intelligence lend* you a quiet confidence. I'm an Ivy professional, slim, 35, 5'10". My spare time: tennis, mountain climbing, biking, cooking, musician. I'm looking for friendship, partnership and that last(ing) relationship. Send letter to: 5325 ✉

Hopeless Romantic—Seeking my fair lady. Successful professional, 46, 6'1", handsome, sensual, fit, sensitive, caring and playful. I value intelligence and the ability to engage in meaningful, intimate communication. Romantic as I am, I seek the company of a special lady who is feminine, alluring, physically fit, intellectually stimulating and emotionally healthy. She should enjoy spontaneity, fun, laughter, and value life's precious moments. I like many things, but when in love I like everything. Hoping 1996 will be the year we can gaze into each other's eyes and say "I love you". 5375 ✉ ☎

Literate And Lovely—I'm a writer and art lover - blond, slim, 38 and "best in class" pretty. I value sports, friends and family. I'm also partial to France, England, Italy and Mexico. I'm looking for a gentleman friend of the moviegoing persuasion, who's fun, sophisticated, a good sport and clean-shaven. Photo please. 5337 ✉

Younger Man Seeks Older Woman—Good-looking male, 38, 6', awaits woman, 40-60, for hugs and friendship. 5179 ✉

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Single Jewish Male—27, MD, looking for an intelligent, attractive Jewish female, 23-30, to explore the possibilities. Photo appreciated. 5331 ✉

SWAT Team Man Wanted—By beautiful, churchgoing Catholic, 34, 5'9", slim, curly brunette, green eyes - educated and traveled. Note/photo please. 5339 ✉ ☎

Healthy, Handsome, Gay—Preppy, professional and creative, white Jewish male, 38, seeks same to eventually share long-term life relationship. I enjoy music, movies, country drives...and care deeply about honesty, trust, commitment, family and friends. Please send letter and photo, or call. 5327 ✉ ☎

Exceptional, Beautiful JD—28, 5'9", blond/blue - intriguing, selective woman with head-turning looks, who is secure, caring, passionate, cultured and hysterically funny. Seeks successful, intelligent professional with depth, who is confident, honest, affectionate and witty. You won't be disappointed. Note/photo. 5404 ✉

LI Beauty—Bright, blond, classy MBA, nonsmoker, seeks tall, generous, successful, affectionate white professional, nonsmoker, 38-50, for lifetime of love and devotion. Jewish a plus. Note/photo/phone. 5343 ✉ ☎

It's Not What You Have—It's who you share it with. Attractive LI woman, 45, searching for a special man to share love and marriage. Note/phone. 5169 ✉

Elegant Surgeon—6'3 1/2", 56 years old, Jewish, creative, with unusual interests, wishes to meet very special, elegant Jewish female, 5'10" plus, 45-50 years old, in area codes (516), (914), (201). Photo/letter, please. 5368 ✉

Vivacious, Attractive—Mature woman seeks unattached, attractive man, 55-65, for possible relationship. 5350 ✉

Attractive, Spirited, Professional—Woman of style, substance, warmth, intelligence, wit, humor. 53, slim, chic, interested, involved in art, music, movies, tennis, travel, philanthropy, fun. Would like to meet counterpart. 5356 ✉

Pretty, Petite—43-year-old Chinese woman - seeks 40-46-year-old man, well-mannered and educated, who can mingle and make small talk. Dinner at 8. Nonsmoker. Note and photo, please. 5323 ✉

High-Caliber Male—42, tall, trim, smart, successful, independent-minded, seeks attractive 30s female, any type (corporate, artistic, academic) if also genuine, intelligent and warm-hearted. Photo, please. 5393 ✉

Very Attractive Woman, MD—Slim, warm, upbeat, 46, seeks mensch. 5405 ✉

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I'm A Woman Of Joy And Energy—53, smart, healthy, happy, balancing allegiance to old-fashioned values and tradition, with a terrific sense of humor and adventure - seeking compatible man. 5409 ✉

Homesick—Former LA guy longs for those snotty, vain, phony (but oh, so lovable) LA gals. But I'll tolerate your better other qualities. I'm an immature and shallow Asian-American professional who prefers 30-40 white female. Note/photo. 5351 ✉

Petite And Fit—Attractive woman of substance seeks an honest, soulful man who loves music and knows the meaning of joy, 47-57. 5244 ✉

Rare Woman—38, beautiful, fit, extremely bright, sensitive, internationally educated, multilingual, sophisticated, intellectually and physically intense, good sense of humor, seeks one special man. Soul a must. 5411 ✉ ☎

Former Playboy Model—Savory brunette, 32, shapely size 4, green eyes, presently behind scenes for a top NYC model agency, seeking outstanding, confident male, extraordinarily established, for an honest and mature relationship. 5314 ✉

Saucy, Subtle, Sexy—Blond psychologist who likes honesty, good talk, courage, music, outdoors, surprise, travel, NYC life and optimism - seeks intelligent, aware, cultured, passionate man, 47-58, to build a loving partnership. 5355 ✉

Tall, Truly Handsome, Blue-Eyed—Successful Jewish dentist, 39, never married, seeks pretty, slender Jewish lady, 28-36, for serious relationship leading to commitment. It is time to settle down. Note/phone/photo a must. 5322 ✉

Handsome, Successful Professional—Male - who enjoys jazz, beaches, movies, fitness, great sense of humor - seeks successful, beautiful, slim, tall, intelligent female, 40-46. Note/photo/phone. 5401 ✉

Kind, Generous, Romantic—Single Jewish male, 41, good sense of humor, business owner, seeks full-figured, single Jewish female, 21-34, for friendship, loving relationship and more. 5359 ✉ ☎

Country Gentleman—Investment banker, fun, athletic (ski/tennis), handsome, 40s, preppy looking, Jewish, non religious. Seeks bright, trim, attractive, 30-something woman with good sense of humor for fairy tale ending now. Please include photo. 5414 ✉

Scan No Further—Head-turning, slim, blue-eyed brunette, divorced mother of one. Wanted: one witty, attractive, choosy man, 33-45. Note/photo. 5326 ✉

Vrrooom—Tall, lean, lithe, feminine physician who drives like a man, wishes to meet an attractive intellect, 39-45, who is ready to take the ride, (516). Note/photo. 5397 ✉

Dancer Turned Journalist—With Ivy degrees - cultured, pretty and petite, with soulful blue eyes - seeks brainy, embraceable man, age 37 7/8-48 2/3, with roomy heart and acute funny bone. 5316 ✉

Elected Political Leader—Seeks First Lady to make bid for White House in 2004, to be first Jewish couple at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. Outgoing, good-humored, single Jewish man, 36, 6'1", 170 lbs, brown hair, brown eyes. Seeks tall, vivacious, charming, Jewish young lady under 30, for ultimate partnership: marriage and family. Before 2004, let's enjoy life together so that we can suffer in a little white house in a poor neighborhood! Note/photo. 5383 ✉

Cute Jewish Portfolio Manager—35, slim, smart, funny, secure, loving and giving, with a passion for family, movies, theater, sports and laughter - seeks similar in handsome, trim, classy, sharp, highly successful, 32-42, Jewish man with a kind heart, to share the joys of marriage and family for the next fifty years. 5366 ✉ ☎

Pretty And Sweet—Chinese-American woman, 33, seeks successful and handsome partner to share life with forever. Note and photo please. 5346 ✉

Very Attractive—41-year-old, Upper West Side mom of one - professional, fit, seeks loving, passionate professional man to create enduring relationship. 5360 ✉

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Your Dream Come True—Beautiful, classy, 5'8", slim, Jewish LI businesswoman, 39, sweet, smart, sensitive, secure and funny - seeks professional male, 40-50, who is stable, successful, kind and humorous, and not afraid of commitment. Note/photo. 5371 ✉

Starlight, Star Bright—Where is he tonight? 33, 5'5", pretty, thin, chocolate-brown hair and eyes, with great smile. Marketing professional. Film enthusiast. Also enjoys travel, music (especially Gershwin), dining, theater, Cape Cod beaches, Pacific Northwest hiking, photography and books. Loves laughter and romance. Life is to experience, but so much nicer with someone you love. Note/photo optional. 5369 ✉

Dance Partner Wanted—By old-fashioned female - '30s, '40s, '50s style. Novices welcome. 5347 ✉ ☎

Ready-To-Be-Merry Widow—Pretty, petite blond, fit, seeks attractive, upbeat, secure, 60-something gentleman to share enjoyment of beach, dancing, theater, movies, fireside picnics, impromptu fun. Note/photo/phone, please. 5338 ✉

Pretty, Tall, Slim—Sensuous, classy, caring, curvaceous businesswoman, 50s. I enjoy outdoors, golf, music, theater dancing, etc. Love city and country living Seeking attractive Jewish business or professional man, 58-65. Let's have fun and a great relationship! 5344 ✉ ☎

Bright European Blond—Looks, TLC passion... Seeks man, 38-50. 5379 ✉

Amiable, Pleasant—Newly separated youthful 55-year-old attorney with Ivy League credentials - seeks intelligent pretty, petite lady with a sense of humor playfulness and compassion. 5358 ✉

Ready For Fun—Petite, stunning blond young 40s, cover-girl face, aerobicized body, classy, refined, warm and funny Multilingual, with highly successful career Lives and works in Greenwich, CT. Loves skiing, tennis, the arts and traveling. Seeks upbeat, communicative, intelligent attractive man - a leader in his field 40-55, to spoil...and share the best of life Note and recent photo. 5402 ✉

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Beautiful Brunette—Young-looking 40, ewish Manhattanite - cultured, sophis- icated, down-to-earth, shapely. Seeks good-looking, marriage-minded professional gentleman, 30s-40s, for romance and more. Kids okay. Note/photo/phone. 5334 ✉

Warm, Bright Brunette—Seeks well-educated, tall man, 50-60, for sharing/caring, walking/talking. Love nature, yoga, the arts. Live LI, love NYC. 5406✉

Face Of Emerald Isle—White female, 52, no dependents, advanced college degree, ormer psychology collegiate educator and currently a teaching specialist. A bibliophile who enjoys museums, bookstores, candlelight dining, theater... and takes ballet for fitness. White male, [illegible]0-plus, MD, who enjoys same - retirees welcome. Photo/note/phone. 5403 ✉☎

Take A Chance—On a lifetime of hugs, kisses and laughter. Very attractive, sensuous Jewish woman, 34, blue-eyed brunette - seeks tall (I'm 5'5"), handsome, successful Jewish professional (31-39), with good sense of humor, who enjoys the beach, movies, travel and sports. Note/photo/phone. 5385 ✉

Attractive—Divorced/43/5'9", 155. Travels to exotic countries for business. sraeli major, served 12 years in the I.D.F. Loves to cook, hike, swim, read, the opera and classical music. Seeks empathetic, sensitive, intelligent and emotionally balanced man. 5416 ✉

Power As Aphrodisiac—If you're tall exec, MD, JD, Christian gentleman, 42-[illegible]0, I'm 5'6", long dark-haired, feminine beauty, in politics. Penchant for travel, iner things. Honorable intentions only. Note/photo. 5384 ✉

Handsome, Fun-Loving, High-Energy—Gentleman, 36, Ivy League/MBA, Wall Street, seeking attractive, slim professional woman, 29-34, who loves to smile and laugh. Note/photo/phone. 5340 ✉

A Public-Service Message:—Studies prove professional men, 50s-62, who are unattached, risk serious health problems. But if you're a man of warmth, wit and intellect, you could save yourself by meeting this accomplished, sophisticated woman who is trim and shapely, 5'7", with a lovely smile. 5352 ✉☎

Beautiful, Bright, Loving—Jewish, 33, 5'5", 120, professional, former dancer, cultural, seeks family-oriented, attractive Jewish man to 40. Note/photo. 5332✉☎

Very Handsome—Large blue eyes, shock of blond hair, 6'2", 195 lbs, muscular... No kidding - I'm cute. Wall Street professional. Ranger games, movies, sushi, Pink Floyd fanatic. If you're an upscale, beautiful, dark-haired, dark-eyed woman, 25-33, no kids, nonsmoker - I'm guaranteeing no disappointments. 5380✉

Ice Cream Lover—Looking for the perfect sundae. Available: one Jewish CPA, handsome, 35, 5'9", slim. Only sweethearts need apply. Photo. 5387✉☎

Let's Paint This Picture Together—Seeking professional, physically fit, 40-55, caring, supportive male with a good sense of humor, who also enjoys the finer things in life. Do you enjoy long walks on the beach, lots of hugs, movies, museums, good food and dancing? If so, take out your paintbrush for a warm, attractive, classy, caring and successful woman who would like to paint this picture with you. Note/recent photo appreciated. 5354 ✉

Who Ever Thought...—Very pretty, successful, upbeat NYC financial professional, outdoorsy/athletic, 5'6", in good shape, 37, Jewish, with a passion for skiing, running, bicycling, the ballet, dining, traveling, the country, animals... Seeks a great guy who's refined, accomplished, financially secure, very aware and loves life! Preppy looks a plus. (203)/(914) welcome. Photo please. 5370✉☎

Down-To-Earth—36, single Jewish male, Wall Street professional with great sense of humor seeks female equivalent. Note/photo. 5413 ✉

Charming Manhattan MD/Artist—Early 40s, Jewish, fit, music/art lover, seeks creative, stylish professional woman, for love/marriage/family. Bring wit, travel bag, sneakers and heels. Photo please. 5412 ✉

Older Woman Desired—By romantic, intelligent, funny, trustworthy, sincere, very personable, great-looking, well-built, very mature 26-year-old, 5'10" doctor. I'm looking for a serious fun-filled relationship with a single, classy, intelligent, mentally stimulating lady. I would prefer someone who is a great dresser, over 40 and financially secure. 5388✉

Very Pretty NJ Golfer—30, green eyes, long hair, fit, affectionate, funny and financially successful, looking for handsome, fit and funny man with an interest in sports, travel, good fun and values. Send note/photo/phone. 5345✉

Will You Ache For Me?—Classy, brunette, single Jewish female, 32, sexy. Loves beaches, city life and falling in love. Seeks same with classy, warm, career man for friendship/marriage. Note/photo. 5415✉

Asian Lady—Pretty, cultured, seeking educated, accomplished male to 42, for love and marriage. Photo/phone. 5391 ✉

Handsome, Successful—Ivy League-educated entrepreneur. I possess rare intelligence, exceptional character, vitality and adventurousness and a unique balance of humor and intellect, playfulness and depth. Still idealistic, with a great capacity for love and devotion. I am Jewish, athletic, and truly ready for the woman of my dreams. Letter/photo. 5320✉

Smart, Sexy And Successful—Great-looking, fun-loving 50-year-old psychoanalyst, Jewish, divorced, dark eyes; sharp, enquiring mind - many, many interests... Seeks exciting, interesting, successful, handsome man, 50s. Photo helps. 5333✉

Very Attractive, Upbeat Woman—Seeking a 50ish guy - as cerebral, as sensuous, as financially independent as she. Enjoy outdoors (hiking, sailing, kayaking), cultural pursuits, travel and evenings in front of my fireplace. Need like-minded honey for friendship, hugs and mutual spoiling. LI, Manhattan, Jewish - all pluses. Write a note telling me why we should be together. A photo helps. 5365✉

Handsome Professional Male—35, seeks vibrant, fit, nonsmoking female to share great times and special moments. Note/photo/phone. 5376✉☎

Refined Blond Male—30, 5'10", Christian, secure - seeking a woman with traditional priorities. 5374✉☎

Dichotomies Abound—Outgoing but a bit shy, down-to-earth but off-the-wall, single Jewish male, 5'8", 37 - seeks sharp but simple, witty but wise, shapely but slim Jewish woman, nonsmoker...for tumultuous but stable relationship. 5357✉

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NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

MANY TOYS MADE OVERSEAS, STUDY SHOWS
G.O.P. FIELD NARROWS
CAT FINDS OWNER AFTER TWO-YEAR ABSENCE
LARRY FORTENSKY TO DIVORCE

Above, no news. Competitors are invited to compose one headline of small significance.

Results of Competition 843, in which you were asked for a quatrain, any rhyme scheme or none, on the topic spring/summer.

Report: Imitation Parker. *Faux* Chaucer. Ludle sing haiku. Cute masquerading as clever. In vacant and in pensive mood, occasionally a three-line quatrain appeared. All in green. Here and there a Nash-like long ending. No matter. These uplifted and horrified us. We thank you. Please write when you find work.

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

Last spring I summoned all the leaders of the great nations
And I said: "Who do you think you are?"
And they replied: "We are the leaders of all the great nations.
"Who are you?"
Manny Gumbiner, N.Y.C.

Spring. Its days gone now, leading to summer
The wondrous sky is azure blue.
A new day, a new season, and yes—a new life.
The wondrous sky is azure blue (or did I say that already?)
Larry Linkin, Las Cruces, N.M.

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

I dreamt I was Vivaldi—vibrant, flowing
With the fragrant harmonies of fecund spring and fetid summer
But then I woke unreasonably, of further beauty all unknowing,
Bummer.
Daniel Sitomer, N.Y.C.

Kissed a frog
In Quogue
But not a prince
Since.
Helen Rosenbaum, N.Y.C.

And Honorable Mention to:

The White
I swim to the moon here with you
At night
Ah, birds prevail over flowers.
Michelle Bega, Los Angeles, Calif.

I have company
Now that God's flowers
Are here . . .
Colorful gossip.
Ken Conner, Danville, Pa.

Blown bone-bare but chill,
Ice-flecked shards of wind
I lie prostrate, exhausted but eager,
On the crocus-strewn lawns of Spring:
Stamens stain me with gold. Heat builds.
Leslie-Jean Thornton, Armonk, N.Y.

Wear boots and gloves
And warmer things
As Autumn into
Winter Springs.
Irving Bros, Royal Palm Beach, Fla.

Summertime, it can be hot.
Or not.
But look at the swell reruns that
We've got.
Bob McAllister, N.Y.C.

Spring is late arriving,
Tra-la-la and so forth.
Spring is very late arriving
It's coming via Metro-North.
Louis Phillips, N.Y.C.

Spring-summer
Bugs appear.
Summer-spring.
The hell with it.
Sally Levine, Chicago, Ill.

April, May,/ June, July
Is D'Amato/ still at it?
Ken McCann, Somerset, N.J.

Energy
Allergy
Lethargy
Bugs.
Carly Mary Cady, North Hollywood, Calif.

Summon summer, call it now.
I am steeped in snow.
Like a bog-besotted cow,
My lowest instincts grow.
Patricia O. Simmons, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Celebrate greenery
Herbal pantomime
Parsley, sage, rosemary
But who's got the thyme?
Mike Olton, Los Angeles, Calif.

The days get longer
It's harder to sleep
And the smell gets stronger
In my compost heap.
J. Bickart, N.Y.C.

Spring is skin without hand creams
A time for extra-large Slurpies
And similar sizes in men—new men
Fresh episodes of headboard dreams.
Shirley Brandsen, Zeeland, Mich.

The days lengthened. The evenings,
Heavy with hibiscus musk, rang with cicada music.
Time moved slowly, prisoner of sleepy indolence,
Except when the cat threw up.
A. Shulman, Sarasota, Fla.

Birds, buds.
New duds?
Bill Robinson, Green Brook, N.J.

Cloudbursting
Spring rain
A passing cab,
Mud-splattered Armani.
Frank Klick, Muscoda, Wisc.

In the spring a young man's fancy
Turns to tennis, golf, or such
A dame will aim to make him antsy
Never wearing very much.
Winthrop W. Richardson, Peace Dale, R.I.

spring/summer
balmy/hot
sunbeams/sunburn
blissful/not.
Larry Laiken, N.Y.C.

Leaves grow in Brooklyn,
Window washers have a purpose,
Birds are heard above the din,
In the East River another body comes to the surface.
Geoff Diehl, N.Y.C.

Tulips popped
Snow has stopped
Robins sing—
Must be spring.
Heather A. Rogalski, Danbury, Ct.

Crocus, recluse in the rain,
Foretells the rise of tulip time,
A rose is thorned in prickly pain
Through honeysuckled August clime.
Preston Spickler, Hagerstown, Mass.

Spring'll be a tad late this year
Ludle sing "Oh My"
March went out like a lion
All we can do is wonder why.
Marcia De Fren, Rockville Center, N.Y.

Shall I
Compare thee
To a summer's day?
As if.
Joseph Lannon, San Jose, Calif.

Spring is a tease
Tempting you with warmth
Tormenting you with cold
Then discarding you to summer.
Louis B. Raffel, Northbrook, Ill.

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Easter erases pre–Mardi Gras sins
Time to shop for a bathing suit, I reckon.
Armando Pazos, Philadelphia, Pa.

More heat and light and green abound
Which spur my heart to play her
She's tall and blond and deeply tanned
'Cause there's no ozone layer.
Bart D'Ambra, Waldwick, N.J.

Spring it is a swinging thing
Getting your buds and bird's worth
So singeth Tony, Frank, and Bing
So wroteth Keats and Wordsworth.
M.E. Colby, Metuchen, N.J.

A truant walks on Broadway
He does not think of school
His head is full of Mujibur
His heart, of Sirajul.
S. Leader, Narabeth, Pa.

Shall I compare thee
To a summer's day,
Babe?
Temper, temper.
Lizabeth Kennedy, Scranton, Pa.

I've folded the scarves, put them away.
Stowed the humidifier, the space heater, too.
I'm ready. Like a Con Ed steam cone
My spirit ascends. Spring. Spring. SPRING.
S-p-r-i-
Thor Stockman, N.Y.C.

Staring out through the streaked windowpanes
I put down my glass of orange-apple-
cranberry juice
The sky won't be blue as long as I look, I know
'Cause the daffodils are courting cats in the
fog.
Dael Cagner, San Francisco, Calif.

Spring is a-coming soon
With summer on its tail
Then the Post Office will have no excuse
For not delivering our mail.
John Blumenthal, Rye, N.Y.

Arise! Align! O, come!
A new beginning has begun
Like every year so fresh
Then summer's heat burns.
Beth Porter, London, England

Be not by me, be somewhere else, Spring.
Summer rides the tailpipe
Of that rude dominatrix winter
Touch me again and I'll bludgeon you to
death with a tulip.
Brian Bauer, N.Y.C.

I, uh, I like spring
That's the one with all the flowers,
right?
Yeah, that one, I like that.
What was the question again?
Peter Degnan, Lafayette, Calif.

Competition Rules: POSTCARDS, PLEASE, TYPEWRITTEN IF POSSIBLE. ONE ENTRY ONLY should be sent to Competition Number 846, *New York* Magazine, 755 Second Ave., New York, NY 10017-5998 or e-mailed to 76711.2310@compuserve.com. It must be received by March 8. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become property of *New York*. Results and winners' names will appear in the April 1 issue.

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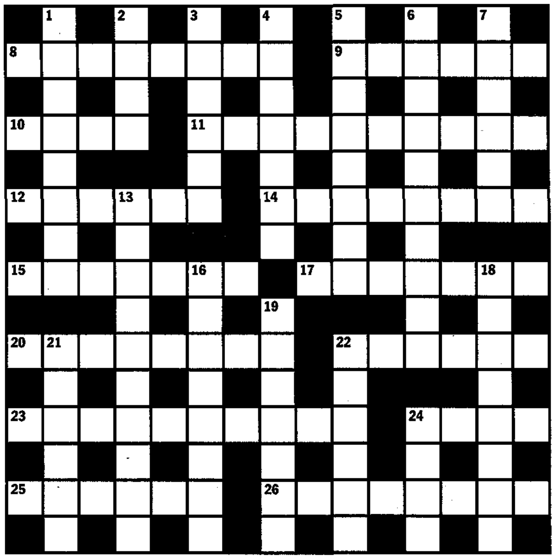
The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS
8 An allowance not quite everyone finds reasonable. (8)
9 Pressed for a smart turnout. (6)
10 A city that is indeed pleasant. (4)
11 A consortium fighting old fellow in catastrophic conflict. (10)
12 Hound the person behaving stupidly in punt. (6)
14 Give voice about reversing vehicle—so irritating. (8)
15 Tells of disquieted religious leaders. (7)
17 Heavyweight men got a break. (7)
20 Sound, like the taking individual. (8)
22 Took food outside to finish when repelled. (6)
23 Having words—it's an undisciplined Lower House! (10)
24 Continental staff. (4)
25 Serving men in a store can appear really useless. (6)
26 Point to nicer new structure. (8)

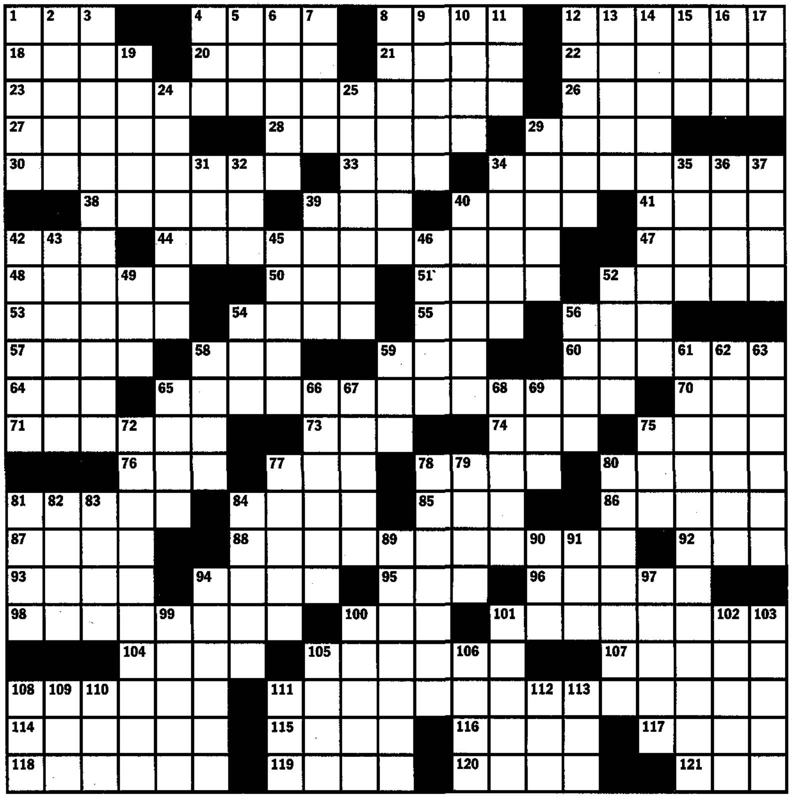


DOWN
1 Prepared for a soaking. (8)
2 Fell, so lie low. (4)
3 A child put into cooler casual shirt. (6)
4 See and note simple solution. (7)
5 Ill-repute of underworld woman. (8)
6 Honest over the effort needed to arrange transport. (5-5)
7 About a quarter have prominence. (6)
13 Tradesmen rent it so as to be flexible. (10)
16 Once working this is critical. (8)
18 Slip up on taking superior view. (8)
19 Abused—but there's release in retirement. (7)
21 Labour over an apt phrase. (6)
22 Afters could be served more quickly! (6)
24 The way to give some soup a thicker texture. (4)

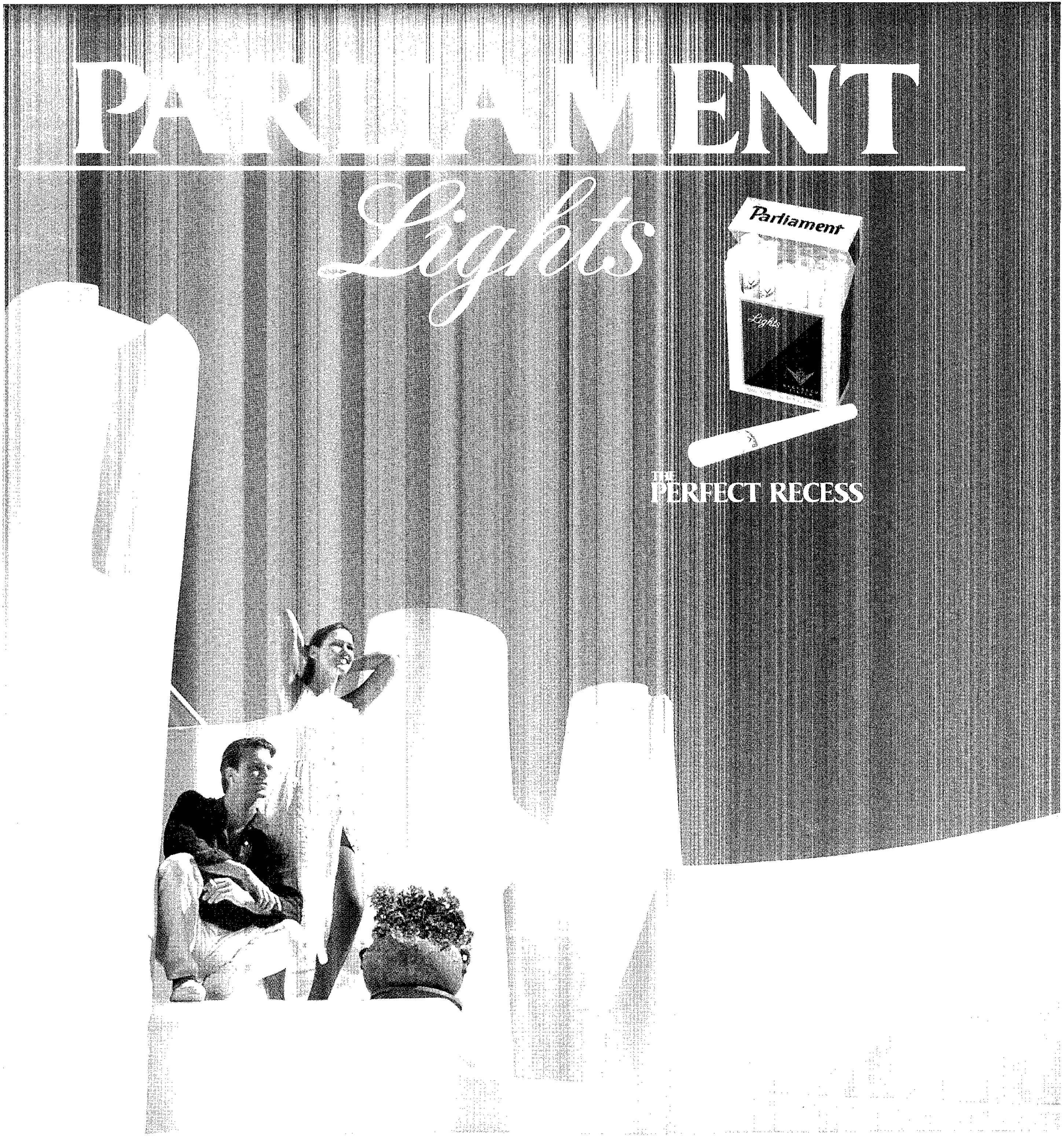
'Subjective Films': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS
1 With 109-Down, a rum drink
4 Wisecrack
8 Put in mothballs
12 Japanese port
18 Part of B.A.
20 In the sack
21 "La Bohème" heroine
22 Hammed it up
23 1957 film about Donna Karan?
26 Two-dot marks
27 "What's in ——"
28 Wobble
29 Kind of poker
30 Pietàs
33 Oohs' go-withs
34 Pointy sea denizen
38 —— a time
39 Uno plus due
40 Off-key
41 One of the Chases
42 H.S. math
44 1949 film about Abel?
47 Hammer's target
48 Marty Allen's comedy partner
50 Shad delicacy
51 Dropper's cry
52 Libya's neighbor
53 Acid found in apples
54 TV's Perry Mason
55 Dale's guy
56 Island, in the Seine
57 Server's point after deuce
58 Write down hastily
59 Peach discard
60 Hawk for which a car model is named
64 #4 on a dial phone
65 1982 film about Carlo Ponti?
70 Burns's "Scots, Wha ——"
71 Start of a carol
73 Half MMXXII
74 To the —— degree
75 Red planet
76 —— Aviv
77 "Down under" bird
78 Daddy has three
80 Bouquet greenery
81 State of India
84 Use a swizzle stick
85 Retirement acct.
86 Hardy, to Laurel
87 Old Glory
88 1946 film about Rip Van Winkle?
92 Ending for velvet or Hallow
93 Scrape the soil
94 Some Chevrolets
95 Command to Rover
96 Give a refund
98 Makes less clear
100 Cyst
101 Singer Manchester, et al.
104 Dentist's request
105 Composer Mascagni
107 Stock-market unit
108 Drill sergeant's "relax!"
111 1978 film about Pat Schroeder?
114 Stepped to the music
115 Butter sub
116 Campus bigwig
117 "Country" Slaughter
118 Septuagenarian's milestone
119 Pizarro's conquest
120 Did a glissade
121 This is dynamite

DOWN
1 Milady
2 Hippodrome
3 1955 film about Lassie?
4 Peerce of opera
5 Kimono cummerbund
6 Superman's parents
7 Border
8 Suffocate
9 Multiplied by
10 Khayyam the poet
11 Woo successfully
12 Drink of the gods
13 Toujours this
14 1964 film about King Midas?
15 Ear: prefix
16 Hankering
17 Classifieds
19 Garfunkel's colleague
24 Of hereditary factors
25 More fatigued
29 Flabbergasts
31 Slangy refusal
32 Had chow
34 Full of suds
35 "Now —— me down . . ."
36 Omit
37 Put a stop to
39 Explorer Heyerdahl
40 Without bumps
42 Sidonia's fleet
43 Soused
45 Consequences' alternative
46 Architecture style
49 Religious violation
52 General Robert ——
54 Conk
56 Need to scratch
58 Grey of "Cabaret"
59 "—— Love You" (Beatles tune)
61 1941 film about Princess Margaret?
62 Boxer Shavers
63 Diminish
65 Pipe feature
66 Playing marbles
67 Farther than a subur
68 Shaq of basketball
69 Finders, at tag
72 1939 film about Lee Strasberg?
75 Blanc or Brooks
77 Traits of a culture
78 Really get down to
79 Formerly, formerly
80 Like a dandy
81 Bouffant coiffure
82 Chunk
83 Bergdorf's competitc
84 Dutch genre painter
89 Peekaboo words
90 Afore
91 Adult elver
94 Avaricious
97 In which an old woman of rhyme liv
99 Sports surprise
100 Not as narrow
101 Drive-in lodging
102 Pyromaniac's crime
103 "Say what thou —— yond": Shak.
105 Lose a tan
106 Some postal rtes.
108 "The College Widow author
109 See 1-Across
110 U.K.
111 Trim twigs
112 "Bali ——"
113 Come to a conclusic



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page ;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Lights
THE PERFECT RECESS

mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

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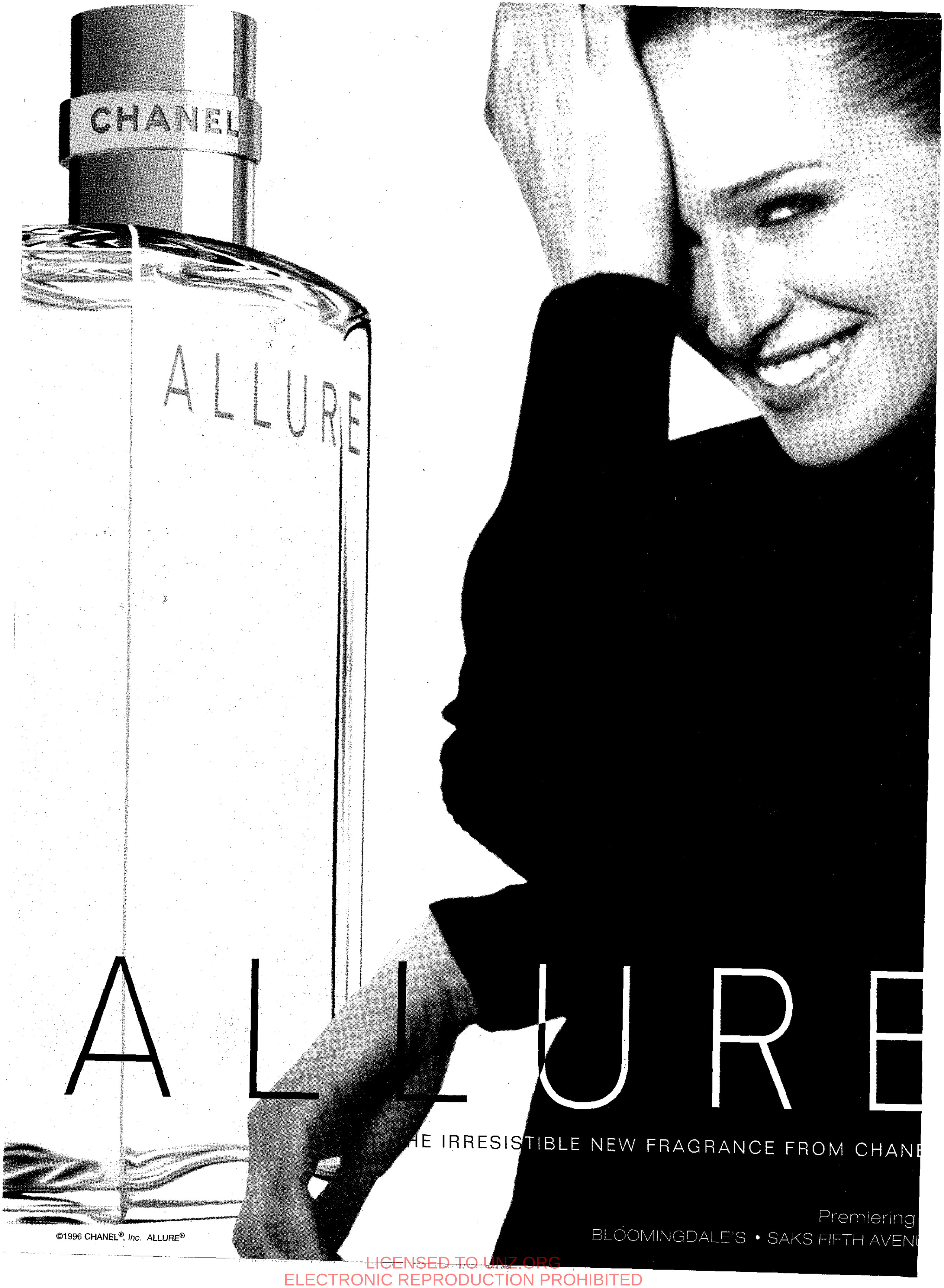
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